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COMMISSIONER SAMUEL HEPBURN

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If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

IF I HAD ONLY ONE SERMON TO PREACH

Four Volumes in One

English Series
American Series
Laymen Series
On Immortality

199
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for

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IF I HAD ONLY ONE SERMON TO PREACH
Four Volumes in One

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PROLOGUE

*In the beginning was the Word.
And the Word was with God.
And the Word was God.*

THE WORD OF THE LORD

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

I

AND seeing the multitudes, Jesus went up into a mountain : and when he was set, his disciples came unto him : and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit : for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal :

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal :

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye : if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness !

No man can serve two masters : for either he will hate the one, and love the other ; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them : otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth :

That thine alms may be in secret : and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are : for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they

may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret ; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do : for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them : for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye :

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you :

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged : and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye ?

If I had Only One Sermon to Preach

Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye ; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye ?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye ; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

II

A certain man had two sons :

And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land ; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country ; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat : and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger !

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

The Word of the Lord

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet :

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat, and be merry :

For this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field : and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

And he was angry, and would not go in : therefore came his father out, and intreated him.

And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment : and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends :

But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lost. and is found.

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.

How think ye ? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray ?

And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.

Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

III

Enter ye in at the strait gate : for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat :

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles ?

Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit ; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, 16

and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way : and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was : and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him ; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves ?

And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say into him, Friend, lend me three loaves :

For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him ?

And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not : the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed ; I cannot rise and give thee.

I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him,

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh receiveth ; and he that seeketh findeth ; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone ? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent ?

Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion ?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children : how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him ?

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory :

And before him shall be gathered all nations : and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats :

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world :

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me in :

Naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord,

The Word of the Lord

when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee ? or thirsty, and gave thee drink ?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in ? or naked, and clothed thee ?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee ?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels :

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink :

I was a stranger, and ye took me not in : naked, and ye clothed me not : sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee ?

Then shall he answer them saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

IV

It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

I am the bread of life : he that cometh to me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

I am the bread of life.

Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.

This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven : if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever : and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

It is the spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing : the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.

The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully :

And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits ?

And he said, This will I do : I will pull down my barns, and build greater ; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee : then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided ?

So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto

The Word of the Lord

you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat ; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

Consider the ravens : for they neither sow nor reap ; which neither have storehouse nor barn ; and God feedeth them : how much more are ye better than the fowls ?

And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit ?

If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest ?

Consider the lilies how they grow : they toil not, they spin not ; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If then God so clothe the grass, which is to day in the field, and to morrow is cast into the oven ; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith ?

And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

For all these things do the nations of the world seek after : and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

But rather seek ye the kingdom of God ; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Fear not, little flock ; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

V

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

That which is born of the flesh is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.

Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life ; and I will raise him up at the last day.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.

As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father : so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.

This is that bread which came down from heaven : not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead : he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.

Doth this offend you ?

Take, eat : this is my body. . . . This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many. Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

The Word of the Lord

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away : and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches : He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit : for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered ; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit ; so shall ye be my disciples.

As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you : continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love ; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Henceforth I call you not servants ; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth : but I have called you

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

friends ; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain : that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it to you.

These things I command you, that ye love one another.

If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you.

If ye were of the world, the world would love his own : but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.

Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you ; if they have kept my saying, they will keep your's also.

But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever ;

Even the Spirit of truth ; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth

him : but ye know him ; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless : I will come to you.

Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more ; but ye see me : because I live, ye shall live also.

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me : and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father : and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold : them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice ; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again.

No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father.

Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest ; and how can we know the way ?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also : and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

He that believeth on me, believeth not on me, but on him that sent me.

And he that seeth me seeth him that sent me.

I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness.

And if any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not : for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.

He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him : the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.

For I have not spoken of myself ; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak.

And I know that his commandment is life everlasting : whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak.

My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me.

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.

VI

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

I am the light of the world : he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Whom do men say that I the Son of man am ? And his disciples said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist : some, Elias ; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.

He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am ?

And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answered and said into him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona : for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church ; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Peace be unto you : as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

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Receive ye the Holy Ghost :

Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them ; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost :

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

LOVE ETERNAL

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH
AND PRIMATE OF ALL
IRELAND (THE MOST
REV. CHARLES FREDERICK
D'ARCY, M.A., D.D.)

Born in Dublin in 1859, he is a member of an ancient Anglo-Norman family, seated for many centuries in co. Westmeath. First Science Scholar and Senior Moderator of Trinity College, Dublin, he obtained a first class in Divinity, and was ordained in 1884. As a clergyman he served for five years as a curate in Belfast, and for ten years in the rural parishes of Billy and Ballymana, in co. Antrim. In 1900 he became Vicar and Dean of Belfast, and in 1903 Bishop of Clogher. From Clogher he was translated to Ossory in 1908, and thence to Down in 1911. In 1919 he was elected Archbishop of Dublin, and in 1920 unanimously appointed Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. In 1920 he became Hon. D.D. of Oxford. He has been several times Select Preacher before the Universities of Dublin, Oxford, and Cambridge. He was Donnellan Lecturer in 1897-8, and again in 1913-14; also Liverpool Lecturer in 1924; in 1927 elected a Fellow of the British Academy. His published works include: "A Short Study of Ethics," used as a textbook in the Universities of London, Calcutta, etc., and translated into Japanese for use in Tokio; "Idealism and Theology;" "God and Freedom in Human Experience" (Donnellan Lectures), and "Science and Creation" (Liverpool Lectures).

LOVE ETERNAL

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH

"Charity never faileth": "Love never faileth." Or, to paraphrase the saying in the light of its context, "There is a Love which is Eternal."—1 Cor. xiii. 8.

A GREAT American essayist tells us that there are some people "who read God in a prose translation." They have never caught a glimpse of the Divine Vision, nor heard the cry of the seraphim, nor even felt the shaking of the temple. The wonder and the glory of heavenly things have never awakened their faculties to an answering recognition, much less stirred their souls to such a cry as that of the prophet of old: "Woe is me! for I am undone . . . : for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts."

As it was with Isaiah, so it was with the writers of the New Testament. The manifestation of God which had been given them in Jesus Christ, sweeter, higher, better even than that granted to the Old Testament seer, endowed them with the power to discern, not only the truth, but also the Divine splendour and beauty revealed to man in Him. Their spiritual capacities were enlarged, their faculties of apprehension and expression augmented.

This is notably true of the evangelists, and especially of St. Luke and St. John. It is also, and most eminently, characteristic of St. Paul. He tells us himself that he was caught up into Paradise and heard things which could not be uttered. But sometimes he saw and heard

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things which had to be uttered, but could not find expression in the language of ordinary speech.

There is a lyrical splendour about some passages in St. Paul's writings. So it is, for example, in the Epistle to the Romans (ch. viii), where he exhausts the power of language to express the nature of the love of God in Christ, from which no power can separate the trusting soul. So it is in the Epistle to the Philippians (ch. iii), where he chants a psalm of Christian progress. So it is also in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians (ch. vi), where with impetuous utterance he pours forth his experience of the pains and triumphs of his labours as a minister of Christ. But nowhere is this power of impassioned expression more vividly and more movingly displayed than in the description of love, or charity, which is known to us all as the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

This chapter, beginning with a strong emphasis on that virtue which was already a mark of the Christian community, soars higher and higher in language and thought until it becomes a veritable vision of God, a song of Divine Love. It is one of those passages, of which indeed there are many in Holy Scripture, which the sympathetic reader not only believes to have been inspired by the Spirit of God, but in which that inspiration is plainly manifested.

The word which is translated "charity" or "love" here, and elsewhere in the New Testament, is one which is not found in classical Greek. It is a word which Christianity created; or perhaps took over from the common speech, the current Greek of the Hellenised East, and endowed with a new and special significance. It was indeed one of the new things of the wonderful

faith which Jesus Christ gave to men. And so we shall not go wrong if we regard this chapter as expressing an essential part of the new teaching, a message from heaven, central in the Gospel which the Apostles proclaimed. That will explain the fervour and exalted earnestness of St. Paul's language, as nothing else can.

In this lovely Psalm of Love the Apostle rises from his description of the "more excellent way," in which he desires all Christian people to walk, to the thought of Love in its perfection, as an eternal thing, Love as it is in God.

It is characteristic of St. Paul that, as he enlarges on any great theme, there comes to him, as in a flash, a sudden vision of some truth, arising out of the less exalted levels of thought on which he has been moving, and he is carried upward from earth to heaven. Many examples of this could be given from his writings. Here is a notable instance. "Love never faileth." In a moment the higher vision comes. Yes: it is eternal. Other things, even great things, change and pass away. Among the gifts which belonged to the Christian revelation and on which believing souls relied, and in which they rejoiced, were things which were yet fugitive in their nature. Prophecies, inspired teachings that is, cannot be for ever, because the prophet, the inspired teacher, speaks to his own age, in the language which belongs to it. His message is true and essential, but it is relative to a state of things which must pass. The gift of tongues was for an epoch only: it must cease. Knowledge, too, as we possess it, belongs to the imperfect order in which we now are; it will be lost in higher attainments. "For we know in part, and we

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prophecy in part : but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child : now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things."

Here we are like children, grasping truth imperfectly, with faculties but partially developed ; we are like those who dimly discern in some polished surface undefined shapes which we cannot fully comprehend. Such is our knowledge ; such are our best teachings. The time of full revelation is reserved for the great future life. But one thing we know which is eternal, unfailing, unalterable in its quality : love—that Divine love which was manifested in Christ and given to His people as the rule of life. So we must, I believe, interpret these glowing words of St. Paul in which he sums up the thoughts of this great utterance.

What is love ? Seldom do we ask ourselves that question. Perhaps it is well that we do not, for there is no question harder to answer. In the whole range of existence, material and spiritual, there is nothing more difficult to define. It is a great mystery. Perhaps it is the one final mystery. Some may doubt this assertion. If so, I am glad ; for the doubt shows that their experience has overleapt their critical faculties. In some wonderful way they have been able to live what the intellect has not been able to explore. The fact is, they know as long as they do not inquire. They understand as long as they do not try to understand, like a great thinker of old who said of another mystery, " As long as you do not ask me, I know."

What is love ? It is not knowledge ; for it is not possible to know, in the scientific sense of the term, the

soul of another. In every soul there is an unfathomable abyss. None can prove to demonstration the fidelity of a friend, or the love that is yet felt to be the surest fact of living. Again, love is not emotion. Our feelings, our emotions, come and go ; they change from day to day, from hour to hour. There are men and women who will go away into the heart of the Dark Continent, and give themselves for the souls of the heathen there, and yet it may be that their great love which involves the utmost sacrifice has not as much merely emotional force as the passion that many a youthful soul experiences and forgets in half a year. Yet one is great and heroic : the other trivial. No. Love is not emotion, though great emotions belong to it. Love owns feeling, but feeling is not love. Here is one of the marks which distinguish the love revealed by Christ from the merely human passion which, in our language, claims the same name.

St. John tells us that God is Love. It is a great revelation of the Divine Nature. It is also a great revelation of the nature of love—of the love which, as St. Paul teaches, is unfailing, eternal. I have said that you cannot know what love is, in the way of scientific knowledge. You can know it only by experience. But you can have great thoughts about it ; and one of the greatest of such thoughts is that God is Love. This is one of the greatest thoughts you can have about God—perhaps the very greatest. It is also, I think, the greatest thought you can have about love. For it means that love, being the very nature of God, is the greatest thing in the universe, and eternal.

Now, I think we can have other thoughts about love which will help us to see what all this means.

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Our ordinary experience makes us think of material things as permanent and of spiritual things as fleeting. Men live and die and pass away. States, nations, races of men, live and die and pass away. But the great material world remains. It seems more enduring. The mountains stand to-day much as they stood thousands of years ago ; they have been called "the everlasting hills." Rivers flow to the sea in their ancient courses : the Nile waters the Egypt of to-day as it watered the Egypt of the Pharaohs. Continents and islands are much the same now as they were when the Assyrians were lords of the East, or, later, when the Cæsars ruled their great Empire. Science, indeed, in these modern times has taught us that the great material world itself is in process of continual change. Yet how old it is compared with man and his works ! But, through religious faith, has come to us a deeper thought. We have come to discern the reality of the unseen spiritual things. We have learned to discern our own souls within, and to believe there is in us that which can possess the gift of immortality.

Again, all material things, the mountains, rivers, islands, continents, the very world which includes them all, nay, the whole multitude of worlds, to the farthest bounds of space—all material things of whatsoever kind they be—are united, held together, in one great material universe. Now pass, once again, from the material to the spiritual, from the universe of matter to the whole multitude of spiritual beings. They too, all spirits, must be held together by some great bond of union. And what is that bond of union, that all-comprehending spiritual life ? It is God. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

But when souls are united, when they are bound together in one, what do we call it? Surely we call it Love.

Thus we can attain to some idea, however faint, of love as the nature of God and of love as eternal. It is that which gives unity, harmony, completeness, to the whole spiritual universe. And love is eternal, because it is the very essence of eternity.

We have seen that all spirits must be held in the arms of God's love. But what about the sinner? Is he so held? Yes, he is; for if God let any man go, that moment he would perish. God is our life; we cannot exist at all without Him. But the sinner is one who has opposed himself to that which is the very source of his life; sin is lawlessness, division, the violation of love. Yet Divine Love does not let even the sinner go. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." The very heart and soul of those immortal words is that God has not let the world go, in spite of all the sin in it. He loves it still. And it is because of that love that it continues to exist. It is a very noteworthy fact that, throughout the New Testament, when atonement, reconciliation, is spoken of, it is always presented as the reconciliation of man to God, and not of God to man.

The very meaning of the Gospel of Christ is that all through the long ages of sin and shame the great Divine Eternal Love has persisted, never failing, never changing, never turning back because of human failure, never ceasing to work for the final overcoming of all evil and the perfecting of the Kingdom of God, which is the Kingdom of Love.

The central doctrines of Christianity are the Incarna-

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tion and the Atonement: God entering into human existence, and, incarnate, bearing the burden of our sin-stricken life, and passing through death for us. From the merely earthly point of view this wonderful Gospel story seems incredible. To the clever Greeks of old, as St. Paul tell us, it was foolishness. And so it is to many a clever mind to-day.

An old theologian used to say, "I believe because it is impossible:" certainly an amazing way of expressing the reason of his faith! But there was a profound truth underlying it; and here is that truth: What is impossible from the human point of view is entirely credible from the Divine point of view, because of God's exceeding greatness. It is only a low view of God's love which makes men think it incredible that the Divine Love should become incarnate, live a human life, and die upon the Cross. It is really because men's thoughts of God are so mean, so unworthy, that they think Him incapable of such a sacrifice. Is the Almighty not great enough, not noble enough, for such a thing?

There is a profound saying in the Epistle to the Hebrews which presents the truth to which we have attained in terms which are singularly appropriate in view of the conceptions of our own age. "It became Him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Here is a conception of God's relation to the world which might well be paralleled from the best philosophical thought of the time: "He for whom are all things, and through whom are all things." And it is just because of this vast conception of God's nature

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that the life and death of Jesus Christ are said to be in harmony with the greatness of God. Think the highest possible thoughts of God, and the sacrifice of the Cross is seen to be most worthy of Him. And the highest thought of all is that God is Love—Love Eternal.

THE LOVE OF GOD IN THE CROSS
OF CHRIST

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE
HERBERT MORRISON, D.D.

Minister of Wellington Church, Glasgow, since 1902, and Moderator of the United Free Church Assembly, 1926. He was born in Glasgow, 1866, where his father was Principal of the Stow Training College. Formerly minister in Thurso and Dundee and assistant to Dr. Alexander Whyte, Edinburgh, and Sub-Editor of the "New English Dictionary," Oxford. Among his publications are: "The Afterglow of God," "Flood-Tide," "The Footsteps of the Flock," "The Significance of the Cross," "Sunrise," "The Unlighted Lustre," "The Wings of the Morning." He has edited Thomas Boston's "Diary" and Hugh Macdonald's "Rambles round Glasgow," and is a constant contributor to the religious press.

THE LOVE OF GOD IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST

BY THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE H. MORRISON, D.D.

"God commendeth His love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. v. 8.

IN our text we are brought face to face with the Cross of Calvary, and we see that Cross standing in a light that glorifies it. That great transaction on Calvary may be viewed in many aspects, but perhaps the aspect in our text is the most sublime of all. Just as the wooden cross itself, that stood upon the hill, was touched with new and ever-varying glories, as the lights and shadows of the setting sun lingered for a moment on its bars, so to the eye of faith new glories fall upon the Crucifixion, under the light of a Sun that never sets. When God sends forth His light, we see the Cross as the master-work of grace. We see the Cross as the gateway into peace. We see the Cross as the type of self-denial. Over and above all that we see the Cross as the one triumphant argument for the love of God. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." What is it to commend? It is far more than to recommend. It is to exhibit, to demonstrate, to prove. This then must textually be our theme to-day—the Cross of Calvary viewed as the unanswerable proof of the love of God. First, I shall ask the need that this love should be commended thus. And, secondly, the nature of the love that is thus commended.

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I.—Firstly *the need that the love of God should be commended thus*. There are some attributes of God that need no proof. Some features of the Divine character there are, so universally conspicuous as to be self-evidencing. Think, for example, of God's *power*. If we believe in God at all we need no argument to convince us of His power. The mighty forces that engirdle us all cry aloud of that. The chambers of the deep, the chariot of the sun, are stamped with it. The devastating march of winter's storm, and, none the less, the timely calling of all the summer's beauty out of the bare earth—these things, and a thousand other things like these, teach us the power of God. We would not need the cross if all that had to be proved was the Divine omnipotence. Or take the *wisdom* of God. Is any argument needed to assure us, in general, of that? None. "Day unto day uttereth speech of it, and night unto night sheweth forth its glory." Our bodies, so fearfully and so wonderfully made; our senses, linking us so strangely to the world without; our thought, so swift, so incomprehensible; and all the constancy of Nature, and all the harmony of part with part, and all the obedience of the starry worlds, and all the perfections of the wayside weed,—these things, and a multitude of things like these, speak to the thinking mind of the wisdom of the God with whom we have to do. That wisdom needs no formal proof. It is self-evidencing. We would not need the cross if all that had to be proved was the wisdom of God.

Now, brethren, there are not a few who think that the love of God is like His wisdom and His power. Perhaps I should not say they think it, for such a view was never held by a thinking mind. 'Twould be more true if

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I said that there are multitudes who vaguely hold that God is Love, and never dream that such a statement calls for some strong argument to prove it. I wish to tell you that that is not the Bible standpoint. I wish to tell you that a shallow optimism like that must ever be rejected by the thinker. The love of God is not self-evident. It is not stamped upon creation like His power. It is not written on the nightly heavens like His wisdom. Nay, on the contrary, if it be a fact, it is a fact against which a thousand other facts are fighting. And if in that love I am to believe, some proof of it, some argument, I must have, strong enough to put these thousand militating facts to flight.

Let me mention one or two of these things that have made it hard for men to believe in the love of God. One is the tremendous struggle for existence that is ceaselessly waged among all living things. Man fights with man, and beast with beast ; bird fights with bird, and fish with fish. To the seeing eye the world is all a battlefield, and every living creature in it is in arms, and fighting for its life. The watchword of Nature is not peace, but war. The calmest summer evening, to him who knows old Nature's story, is only calm as the battlefield is calm where multitudes lie dead. Under the outward peace that oftentimes, like a mantle, seems to enwrap the world, by night and day, on sea and land, the bloodiest of wars is being waged. Creature, merciless and venomous, preys upon creature. For right to live, for room to grow, for food to eat, in grim and fearful silence the awful war goes on. Sir, can you wonder that men who have known all that, and nothing more than that, have ceased to believe in the love of God ? Can you marvel that he who has no other argu-

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ment for God's love than what Nature gives him, rejects as mockery the thought of the Divine compassion? Nature groaning and travailing in pain together seems to cry out against the love of God. And in the hearing of these groans, clearer to us to-day than in any past age, only an argument of overwhelming force will convince the heart that God is Love.

Or think again. There are the problems of human pain and sorrow and bereavement. Is it not very hard to reconcile these darker shadows with the light of heavenly love? What is the meaning of the suffering that seemed to fall so causelessly on her you loved? Can God be Love, and never move a finger to ease your little child when he is screaming day and night in fearful agony? Ah, sir, you have had such thoughts as that. Confess them. When in the sudden squall the flower of our fishermen are drowned, when from your arms your dearest joy is torn away, when those who would not harm a living creature are bowed for years under intolerable pain, and when the wicked or the coarse seem to get all they wish, who has not cried, "Can God be Love if He permits all this? How can God say He loves me, and yet deal with me as I could never have the heart to deal with one I loved?"

Brethren, it is such facts as these that make it so hard for many to credit the love of God. It is the experiences of which these are but a sample that call for some unanswerable proof if we are to believe that God is Love. And it is that proof that is afforded us in the crucifixion of Christ Jesus. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The one triumphant argument for the love of God is seen in the Cross of Jesus. The

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story of Nature may seem to tell against this truth that every heart hungers to believe. And the experiences of life may often seem to fight against it too. But as we read the story of that atoning death, all doubts are overborne. Nothing but love, love wonderful, love matchless, will explain the Cross. When we have gazed in faith upon the Cross of Christ we never can seriously doubt the love of God again. I do not mean that difficulties vanish. I do not say that problems disappear. Much that was dark before remains dark still, but now we bow the head and say we know in part, and with patience wait to be satisfied in the morning. We can be ignorant and dark and even fretful still, but we can never doubt the love of God again. For with overwhelming power God has convinced us of His love, "in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Again, observe that this great proof of God's love is a fact and not a word or theory. Love must be proved by deeds, and not by words. The loudest protestations may be empty. No mere profession of the lip will ever satisfy the heart that longs to know another's love. Love's argument is service. Love's commendation lies in sacrifice. The self-forgetful service of the lover wins, as the words of warmest passion never would. And the proof of deeds is needed above all, when by the proof of deeds love seems disproved. If you or I by any act suspect that we are hated, it is not any word, however warm, will ever blot that suspicion out. It is only some deed of love, clear, unmistakable, that will have power to do that. When there are facts fighting against the thought of love, nothing but facts can prove it. See, then, the wisdom of our God. It is the facts

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of Nature and of life, of history and of experience, that make it so hard to believe His love. He knows it all, and so the proof He offers of His love is a fact too. Facts must be met by facts. And all the dark facts in life God overwhelms by the one proof of the greatest fact in the world's story. Yes, God so loved the world, not that He said or thought, but that He gave. Thanks be to Him for that. I read the loving promises in many of the prophets. I read the passionate language of the Bridegroom in the Song of Songs. And all the time this doubting heart keeps whispering, These are but words! These are but words! Come, thank thy God, my heart, that not in these alone, not in these chiefly has He commended His love to thee. And now I turn to the atoning death of Jesus on the cross. *Here* is no word. *Here* is no empty protestation. Here is a deed tremendous, matchless, irresistible, and every opposing argument is silenced. Looking at Calvary I hear the Lord say, "Come, let us reason together: do I not love thee?" Yes, Lord, I have reasoned with Thee. I have marshalled all my arguments and all my facts, and I am here to confess to-day that by the fact of Calvary Thou hast won.

One other word before I leave this aspect of the case. I want you to observe that this proof is one of perpetual validity. The Bible does not say, God commended; it does not say, God has commended; it uses the perpetual present and says, God commendeth. There are some proofs for the being and attributes of God that serve their purpose, and then pass away. There are arguments that appeal to us in childhood, but lose their power in our maturer years. And there are proofs that may convince *one* generation, and yet be of little use

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to the next. Not a few evidences, such as that from design, which were very helpful to you, believer of an older school, are wellnigh worthless to your thinking son, imbued with the teaching of this present day. But there is *one* argument that stands unshaken through every age and every generation—it is the triumphant argument of the Cross of Christ. Knowledge may widen, thought may deepen, theories may come and go; yet in the very centre, unshaken and unshakable, stands Calvary, the lasting commendation of the love of God. To all the sorrowing and to all the doubting, to all the bitter and to all the eager, to every youthful heart, noble and generous, to every weary heart burdened and dark, to-day and here, as nineteen hundred years ago to all like hearts in Rome, “God commendeth His love, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”

II. *What is the nature of the love that is commended thus?* “God commendeth His own love to us,” so the text reads. What is the love, then, that is commended so? And here we must be textual. Wide as the Bible is the subject. All we can hope to find to-day is what the text tells us of this love.

Like life, love is of many kinds. There is a love that ennobles and casts a radiance upon life. There is a love that drags the lover down in the mouth of hell. There is a love that many waters cannot quench. There is a love that is disguised lust. What kind of love, then, is God’s love proved to be from His commendation of it?

And first, splendidly visible is this, *it is a love that thought no sacrifice too great*. The surest test of love is sacrifice. We measure love, as we should measure her twin-brother life, “by loss and not by gain, not by

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the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth." Look at the mother with her child. She sacrifices ease and sleep, and she would sacrifice life too for her little one, and she thinks nothing of it all, she loves her baby so. Think of the patriot and his country. He counts it joy to drain his dearest veins, he loves his land so well. Recall the scholar at his books. Amusements intercourses, and sleep, he almost spurns them. His love for learning is so deep he hardly counts them loss. Yes, in the willingness to sacrifice all that is dearest lies the measure of noblest love.

Turn now to Calvary, turn to the Cross, and by the sight of the crucified Redeemer there begin to learn the greatness of God's love. Come, who is this that hangs between two thieves with pierced hands and feet? And who is this whose back is wealed with scars, whose face is foul with spittle? Yes, who is this the passers-by are mocking? See, He is sorrowful even unto death. Hark! He cries, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Wonder, O heavens, and be amazed, O earth, this is none other than God's only begotten Son. Did ever mother, did ever patriot, did ever human love in the zeal of love make any sacrifice to be compared with that of God, when He gave His only begotten Son to shame and death, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish? Ah, sir, measuring the love of God by such a test as this, we touch its height and depth and length and breadth, and then we cry out with Paul, "It passeth knowledge."

Again, I look at the love of God that our text speaks of, and now I see it is a love that never sprang from the sight of anything lovable in us. I suppose in this gathering to-day we have many loveless hearts. There

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are dead souls within this house of God to-day, all whose affections are slain. And yet I am sure of this, that in all this company there is not one heart but once has loved. Father or mother, son or daughter, husband or wife, once, if not now, you loved them. They were your heart's desire, to them your souls were knit. Well, then, I want you now to recall that love again. I want you to try to trace it to its source. I want you to tell me whence it sprang. Was it the natural outflow of your heart, the welling over of your nature, regardless of the person loved? Or was it not rather some excellence or worth, or beauty, some charms that made an indefinable appeal, that caught and held the tendrils of your heart? Yes, it was that. 'Twas all you saw, and all you knew, and all you conjured, that drew your love out. *You* loved and you loved only, because you found those worthy to be loved. And it is just here that, wide as the poles, God's love stands separated from all the love of men. "God commendeth His love, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." God longs to love me into something lovable. But not for anything lovable in me did He love me first. While I was yet a sinner, He loved me. While I hated Him, He loved me. While I was fighting against Him in the rebellious years, He loved me. If we love Him, it is because He first loved us. Such causeless love is wonderful, passing the love of women.

Again, I turn to the love of God our text speaks of, and now I see *it is a love splendid in its righteousness*. Some of the saddest tragedies in human life spring from the moral weakness of the deepest love. Love is the mother of all tenderness, and tenderness shrinks instinctively from what is stern or rigorous. So love,

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from the excess of her fairest grace, often becomes the minister of ruin. How many a mother, who would have laid her life down for her son, she loved him so, has only helped him down the road to ruin by the immoral weakness of her love. How many a father, to spare his own heart the bitter agony of punishing his child, has let his child grow up unchastened. Such love as that is fatal. Sooner or later it tarnishes the thought of fatherhood in the child's eyes. For in his views of fatherhood the child can find no place now for earnest hatred of the wrong, and passionate devotion to the right ; and so the image of fatherhood is robbed of all its ennobling power.

Brethren, I do not hesitate to say that if out of the page of history you wipe the atoning death on Calvary, you carry that tragedy of weakness into the very heavens. Blot out the Cross, and I, a child of heaven, can never be uplifted and inspired by the thought of the Divine Fatherhood again. Yes, I have sinned, and know it. I deserve chastisement and death, I know it. And shall my Father never whisper a word of punishment ? and never breathe His horror at my fall ? And will He love me, and be kind to me right through it all without a word of warning ? I tell you, the moment I could believe *that*, the glory of the Divine Fatherhood is tarnished for me, God's perfect love of goodness and awful hatred of the wrong are dimmed ; and all the impulse and enthusiasm these divine passions bring sink out of my life for ever. But when I turn to Calvary, and to that awful death, I see a love as righteous as it is wonderful. Sin must be punished, although the Well-beloved has to die. And the Divine anger at iniquity must be revealed, though the curse fall upon

The Love of God in the Cross of Christ

the Son of God. The awful sight of that atoning death assures me of the perfect righteousness of God in the very moment that it assures me of His love. I see the Divine hatred of iniquity ; I see the Divine need that sin be punished ; I see the Divine sanction of everlasting law in the very glance that commends to me the everlasting love. And now with renewed trust I cast myself again into the arms of that heavenly love. With heart and soul and strength and mind I accept it as it is commended to me upon the Cross. I live rejoicing in the Fatherhood of God. I go to every task and every trial assured of this, that neither height, nor depth, nor life, nor death, nor any other creature, can separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord. Amen.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS

THE REV. PRINCIPAL ALFRED
E. GARVIE, M.A., D.D.

Principal of Hackney and New College, Hampstead. He is the son of Peter Garvie, linen manufacturer, and of Jane Kedslie Garvie, and was educated at George Watson's College, Edinburgh. He took his M.A. with First-class Honours in Philosophy, Glasgow, in 1889; his B.A. with First-class Honours in Theology, Oxford, in 1892; his B.D., Glasgow, in 1894; his M.A., Oxford, in 1898; Hon. D.D., Glasgow, 1903. He was at Edinburgh University from 1878 to 1879; then in business in Glasgow from 1880 to 1884; at Glasgow University from 1885 to 1889, gaining the Logan Gold Medal as the most distinguished graduate in Arts, 1889. He was at Oxford University from 1889 to 1893; Minister of Macduff Congregational Church from 1893 to 1895; President of the Congregational Union of Scotland in 1902; Professor of the Philosophy of Theism, History of Religions, and Christian Ethics in Hackney and New Colleges, London, 1903-7; Principal of New College, Hampstead, 1907-22; Chairman of the Congregational Union, 1920; and President of the National Free Church Council, 1924. His publications include: "Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus," "Studies of Paul and his Gospel," "The Beloved Disciple," "The Christian Preacher," "The Christian Certainty amid the Modern Perplexity," "The Ritschlian Theology," and "The Christian Doctrine of the Godhead."

GLORYING IN THE CROSS

REV. ALFRED E. GARVIE, D.D.

"Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world hath been crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Gal. vi. 14.

THIS personal confession of Paul, which is interjected in a controversial passage about circumcision, and comes upon us like a bright flash of sunlight out of a dark cloud, contains a historical fact, a theological truth, and an individual experience. It is in the *experience* that the *fact* becomes the *truth*; because for Paul, more than for any other Christian thinker, his personality was the channel of his theology; he could think as he did because he had become what he was. Since he had been crucified and been raised again with Christ experimentally, he could interpret, as no other has done, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection doctrinally. It is in this way, and this way alone, that theology can be made vital; and that in preaching, truth may come through personality. It is for this reason that I have chosen this text for the sermon to be included in this volume, entitled *If I Had only One Sermon to Preach*. While to me for many years the study of the Inner Life of Jesus has been one of the most fruitful means of grace, for me also no less in experience than in doctrine the Cross of Christ is central, as it was for Paul. Nothing as a believer do I desire to know more, and nothing as a preacher do I desire to declare more, than Christ and Christ Crucified.

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach

I

In giving to the Cross this central position, we must not, however, isolate it from what went before and what followed after.

(a) Had Jesus not lived, taught, and wrought among men as He did, His death would not, and could not, have had the significance which it had for the community which had been gathered in His earthly ministry. While Paul truly describes the content of the apostolic preaching in the words, "I delivered unto you first of all that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried; and that He hath been raised on the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4), it must be remembered that the Apostles were companions of Jesus, and had the memory of Him still vivid, as they confronted the problem of His death and sought its solution in the teaching of the Scriptures. We can understand and prize the Cross to-day only as we learn to think, as Jesus has taught us, of God and man, sin and salvation, duty and destiny. It is the person of the Crucified that changes an instrument of torture into a symbol of sacrifice and salvation. It is the glory which streams from His truth and grace which scatters the shadows of the place of execution, Calvary.

(b) Even so, yea, still more so, the Crucifixion must not be separated from the Resurrection. Had Christ not been raised from the dead, the faith inspired by the earthly ministry would probably not have survived the shock of His death, and such a death, for the disciples as Jews a death on which fell the curse of God (Gal. iii. 13). For Paul, who knew not the earthly ministry, the

Resurrection alone made the Crucifixion not only tolerable, but supremely significant and valuable. It was only after the Resurrection that the truth concealed in the fact of the Cross was disclosed. Because by the Resurrection He was "instituted Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness" (Rom. i. 4), His death was recognised as atoning, propitiatory, and reconciling. We must not then separate the Cross from what led to it, and followed upon it.

(c) We must, however, still keep it central. We must not, as many are doing to-day, confine our attention to the teaching and example, the truth and grace of the earthly ministry, and assume that we are receiving the whole divine revelation and human redemption thus. To Jesus Himself the Cross was not only inevitable as a result of His ministry, it was essential as the consummation of His vocation for God among men. Not to mention other indications, one saying, the authenticity of which there is no ground for doubting, is decisive: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many" (Matt. xx. 28). Such sayings as that about the bridegroom being taken away, and the new wine and the old wineskins, taken together show that at an early stage in His ministry He anticipated that the antagonism between His message and Judaism would have a tragic close. In the later months of His ministry at least He was straitened, until He had been baptised with the baptism and had drunk the cup of suffering. The words at the Last Supper prove that His death meant for Him the sacrifice of the new covenant. The large space given in the Gospels to the story of the Passion as well as the content of the

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apostolic preaching prove that for the primitive community too the Cross was central. Paul, by the prominence which he gave to the Cross, did not give to the Christian Gospel another character than it had, did not pervert "the truth as it is in Jesus," as some would even rashly dare to say. There have been times in the history of the Church when the Cross lost its commanding position in Christian thought and life. It has been in all ages a stumbling-block to some, and foolishness to others. But again and again has the preaching of the Cross proved the power and the wisdom of God unto salvation. In religious revivals, when Christ has been lifted up, He has drawn men unto Himself. A mysticism which would substitute communion with the living Christ for the experience of the saving grace which comes to men from God in the Cross of Christ, has proved itself equally inadequate to the human need. It is in danger of degenerating into an unethical sentimentalism ; for it ignores what for the sinful race in its relation to God is the primary consideration : How can sin be forgiven ? How can the sinner be delivered from his bondage, and be reconciled to God ?

II

The Cross is so central in history because the truth enshrined in the fact is so essential to theology, the revelation of God which issues in the redemption of man.

(a) The description which Paul gives in the text of the Crucified, *our Lord Jesus Christ*, records the ascent

of Christian faith. To the personal name Jesus, significant as that was, ascribing salvation to God, was added at Cæsarea Philippi the official title *Messiah* (Christ), as the fulfilment of God's promise of a deliverer was found in Him. After the Resurrection the first Christian creed was, *Jesus Christ is Lord*. The ascription of that title is much more probably due to the Jewish use of it for God instead of the covenant name in the reading of the Scriptures than to any borrowing from pagan cults, as the early current use of the phrase *Maranatha*, "Our Lord cometh" (1 Cor. xvi. 22), proves. In the use of this title the primitive community not only acknowledged Jesus as the authoritative teacher, but called Him its Lord, "because He had brought the sacrifice of His life for it, and because it was convinced that He, raised from the dead, now was sitting at God's right hand." So says Harnack, whom none could charge with theological conservatism; and he adds that it had the authority of Jesus for "placing in the centre this death, the shame of the Cross" (*Das Wesen des Christentums*, pp. 97, 101). In all the types of New Testament teaching, except the Epistle of James (and its brevity may explain the omission), an atoning value and saving significance are ascribed to the death of Christ. In the New Testament the historical fact and theological truth go together.

(b) It is impossible in a brief space to expound the doctrine of the Atonement to which, after many years of study and meditation, I have been led; but a few considerations may be offered, which it is hoped may help others to apprehend more fully the significance, and so appreciate more highly the value of the Cross, and thus to enter into clearer understanding and closer

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fellowship with all believers, to whom the Cross has been what it was to Paul.

Firstly, as a martyrdom, inflicted by human unbelief and hatred and in its circumstances of shame, cruelty, and mockery, the Cross exposes sin in its heinousness and hatefulness. That He who was "holy, harmless, undefiled," "without sin," "going about doing good," loving, tender, gracious, was thus done to death, brings home to the human conscience its guilt, the separation from and opposition to God which sin involves. It is at Calvary that men are constrained to offer to God the acceptable sacrifice of contrite hearts.

Secondly, as a sacrifice, voluntarily offered by Christ in His obedience to God and devotion to man, it makes the appeal of love ; and since the Son was revealing the Father to men in His Cross no less than by His teaching, it is the love of God to man which evokes man's faith. The God who can so love is the God who can be fully trusted. There have been theories of the Atonement which have obscured the truth ; the Son has been so separated from the Father, that the Son was represented as presenting the sacrifice to the Father, to render Him gracious. But it is God who is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. What the Son suffered, the Father suffered in and with Him ; and so the sacrifice is God's, the proof of His love.

Thirdly, when men at the Cross apprehend what their sin is, and what God is, their guilt and His love, they realise their need of, and are possessed by the desire for, *forgiveness*, the recovery of the relation to God which sin destroys ; that the love of God so suffers from and for man's sin, and is not quenched, conveys the assurance that there is forgiveness with God ;

and thus penitence and faith at the Cross receive the forgiveness of sin from God.

Fourthly, while many feel that they need go no farther in their quest for the meaning and worth of the Cross, others there are who are constrained to ask, Why must the forgiveness of sin come from the love of God in this way? Some have answered, Thus and only thus could man be sufficiently impressed with what sin is, and what God is, to repent of sin, and have faith in God's forgiveness. That this is the effect of the Cross, none can doubt; but is that the reason, and the only reason, for the Cross? Many Christian thinkers have answered No, and have sought a reason.

Fifthly, then, while the teaching of Jesus does not carry us farther than that His death was a necessity for the fulfilment of His vocation as Saviour, Paul does not attempt an answer, and men who, like Augustine, Anselm, Luther, may be said to be in the Pauline succession, have tried to reproduce his answer in the language of their own age. Paul in his answer was dealing with Jewish Pharisaism, and we cannot to-day simply repeat his terms. No other Christian doctrine so reflects its intellectual environment as does this; and so each age must have its own theory of the Atonement, and sometimes needs more than one. Each tries to show how the Cross meets what the age feels to be its deepest need. And no theory can claim to have the undivided authority of the Church behind it. In each we may find some suggestion of truth for the enrichment of our own thought.

Lastly, with much diffidence, I submit my own conclusion, reached after much labour of mind, and even distress of soul. There is necessarily in God as holy

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love a reaction against sin ; He cannot tolerate it, or make compromise with it ; He must condemn it, and execute judgment upon it, as He does in the consequences which in the moral order of the world attach to sin. When as in Christ God offered to the sinful race free and full forgiveness, it was a necessity of His nature as holy love to execute judgment upon sin, not in leaving its consequences to fall on sinners, but in taking them upon Himself in the shame and scorn, sorrow and suffering, death and desolation, that sin inflicted on Christ and God in Him. My conscience at least cannot be satisfied with a forgiveness which does not carry with it a judgment as adequate as the forgiveness is. Such a conclusion cannot be logically demonstrated. As Jesus in Gethsemane recognised the inevitable necessity of His death on His knees in prayer, so only can we.

III

Whatever doubt or difficulty there may be about the reason for the death of Christ, its effect on those who in penitence and faith receive the grace of God, which the sacrifice of the Son and the Father in Him conveys, is manifest.

(a) It is the instrument of the creative act of God : old things pass away, all things become new, there is a new creation morally and religiously ; the man is born from above by the Spirit of God, and lives no longer unto the flesh, but unto the Spirit ; he dies unto sin and becomes alive unto God ; he is crucified and raised again with Christ ; he passes out of darkness into God's marvellous light ; he rises out of death in

sin into life in God ; the world is crucified unto him, and he to the world. In all these ways can the change be described. What needs always to be emphasised is the greatness of the contrast between the life apart from Christ and the life in Christ ; the life still unsaved through His sacrifice, and the life His sacrifice is saving.

(b) We must not insist on suddenness of change as essential to the reality of the experience. Paul's conversion was sudden for his consciousness, although it was not unprepared in his previous experience. Because of this suddenness, he realised more vividly, and has expressed more forcibly (some who do not understand such an experience might even say violently), the contrast. With others there is a gradual development, in which the contrast is not so vividly realised, and could not with sincerity be as forcibly expressed. What matters is that the change should be experienced, whether it be swiftly or slowly.

(c) Without attempting further to describe the change in its many and varied aspects, attention may, in closing, be called to that particular aspect which the words of Paul indicate : by the Cross the world was crucified unto him, and he unto the world. What Paul meant is more fully indicated in the passage in Philip-
pians (iii. 1-11) in which he shows what he had once prized as a Jew and Pharisee, and had counted as dung that he might gain Christ. That world was not only dead, but dead through the execution of a judgment of condemnation upon it ; it had ceased to have any value or attraction for him. He was dead to it, and on him too as an apostate judgment had been executed by his unbelieving fellow-countrymen ; he had their hatred and scorn, and was enduring persecution at

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their hands. The circumstances of the Christian of to-day are very different from Paul's; but is there not, and if not, should there not be, some counterpart of this experience?

(d) Many Christians are so conformed to the world around them, that they show little evidence of being transformed by the renewing of their mind. Much as the Christian leaven may have pervaded the whole lump of human society in lands nominally Christian, yet the change is not so complete that there is never any occasion for the world to be crucified to the Christian, or for him to be crucified to the world. The customs, standards, and institutions around the Christian to-day have not yet been so transformed by the Spirit of God that he can afford to be conformed to them, if he desires to realise the Christian character. For instance, there is on the part of many Christian business men an acquiescence in methods which from a truly Christian standpoint must be condemned. Ruthless competition, the deliberate forcing of rivals out of the trade, the driving of workers at greater speed than their bodily strength allows—these are not Christian. The success of many men in business is an evidence of their failure as Christians. There are Christian women who conform to fashion in the costliness of their dress and the luxury of their homes to such a degree that it is difficult to believe that they can be successfully cultivating the Christ-like life. In politics men will do for party or country what they would hesitate to do in self-interest, what they certainly could not justify to a sensitive conscience.

(e) The hope of human society being Christianised does not lie with the Christians who thus conform to

the world around them ; it lies with those who have been so transformed by the change which the Cross of Christ has effected in them, that they are indeed crucified unto the world, and the world unto them. Much which the world values the Christian cannot prize ; what he values the world must despise. From the Cross of Christ there comes the challenge to the safe, easy, and comfortable Christianity of to-day, accepted and approved even in many Churches, to realise the antagonism, and necessary antagonism, of the world as it now is to all Christ is and is doing.

(f) Such nonconformity means sacrifice, it may be outward, it certainly is inward. Still, very many things that the world counts gain must be reckoned loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus as Lord. Ambitions must be subordinated to aspirations. Human companionships must be given up for the closer communion with Christ. Hardship must take the place of comfort, and toil of ease, if the Cross is taken up, and Christ is followed. Accordingly the Cross must be no less central in practice than in experience, in morality than in religion. And so intimately related and mutually dependent is the one upon the other that the grace of the Cross cannot be apprehended unless the duty of the Cross is accepted, and the duty of the Cross cannot be done unless the grace of the Cross is gained ; the free giving and the free receiving of the Cross as Divine grace and human duty go together. It was the love of Christ, as displayed in His Cross, which constrained Paul not to reckon himself as his own ; and it is only as the Cross of Christ means to us and does for us what it meant and did for Paul that we, even as he was, will be crucified unto the

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world, and the world unto us. To glory in the Cross of Christ without this crucifixion in ourselves is a vain boast ; only when this result follows from that cause can it become a personal confession, which God will approve, and bless with the increase of His grace to the glory of His Name.

A VISION OF GOD

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
(THE RIGHT REV. FRANK
THEODORE WOODS, D.D.)

Ex-officio Prelate of the Order of the Garter; Hon. D.D. (Camb. 1916, Edin. Univ. 1922). Son of the Rev. Frank Woods and of Alice Fry, daughter of Joseph Fry, who was the youngest son of Elizabeth Fry, the well-known philanthropist. He was educated at Marlborough College, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and ordained in 1897. After holding curacies in South London and in Manchester, he became successively Vicar and Rural Dean of Bishop Auckland, and subsequently of Bradford. Bishop of Peterborough, 1916-24; he was translated to Winchester, 1924. Select Preacher at Cambridge, 1917 and 1920, and at Oxford, 1918-19. He accompanied the Archbishop of Canterbury to the General Assemblies of the Church of England and of the United Free Churches of Scotland to bring to their notice the Lambeth Appeal for Reunion, 1921. Publications: "Lambeth and Reunion" (joint author with the Bishops of Hereford and Zanzibar), "Interpreters of God," "The Great Fellowship," "Great Tasks and Inspirations," "The Revised Prayer Book."

A VISION OF GOD

BY THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

"Sir, we want to see Jesus."—St. John xii. 21.

"He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."—St. John xiv. 9.

A VISION of God—that is above all else the need of the world and, more particularly, of our generation. If I had only one more sermon to preach I would concentrate all my emphasis on this. We need it, we in England, and in these days. The very controversies of the moment have exposed the fundamental interest of our people in religion and at the same time the very inadequate conceptions of God which are rife among us. It is important, no doubt, that we should be aware of our animal ancestry, if only to keep us sensibly humble. It is much more important that we should think rightly of the precious gifts in the Holy Communion. But behind all there is the idea of God, for on its idea of God, in the long run, depends the behaviour of any generation, its neglect of or its capacity for righteousness and truth.

All that we most need to-day, that strong sense of duty, that purity in social life, that readiness to share instead of to grab—all these qualities come ultimately from a sense of God. According to the presence or absence of that sense the barometer of a nation's moral fibre rises or falls as certainly as the glass in your hall reflects the anti-cyclone or the disturbance from the Atlantic; only its movement is slower and less per-

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ceptible. That that barometer is none too high is sufficiently obvious. In great tracts of life it is the stark fact that God is not known. This is in striking contrast to earlier days. Men's supreme concern was to know God. He might be found in the cloud or in the thunder; in the totem or in the temple; but at all costs He must be discovered, and the entire regulation of life, whether for the tribe or the individual, was framed in accordance with His will so far as it could be ascertained.

The same was true in our own land and not so long ago. It is not too much to say that right thought of God and the right worship of God was the supreme interest of the sixteenth century and certainly of the seventeenth. For the Royalist and his Prayer Book, for the Puritan and his Bible, this was an interest of the first magnitude, and they would as soon have thought of dispensing with their ideas of God as of dispensing with their daily food. To us in the twentieth century such a state of affairs seems dim and distant. There may be things—luxuries, perchance—which we cannot dispense with, but we can dispense with God—not perhaps deliberately and openly, but in those assumptions and actions which speak so much louder than words. Why is this? Why is the sense of God so dim? Why is He so little known? He used to be in the foreground. Why is He now relegated to the background? I will suggest one or two answers. For one thing, there is a vague notion in many minds that science has so laid bare the inner workings of the universe and so explained its processes that the Creator has, so to speak, been crowded out. But it does not follow that, because you find the railway

system mapped out to the minutest detail in the timetable, there is no general manager and no engineer-driver. On the contrary, the more orderly as well as intricate are the ways of nature the more wonderful must be the mind which directs it and the energy which propels it. This is true of that amazing procession through the ages which we commonly call Evolution. It is equally true of that consummate adaptation of means to ends which abounds in every part of God's creation and most of all in man himself. In the words of a wise observer, "the ingenuity which can fashion an eagle out of the stuff of its reptilian forbears, or can accomplish the miracle of hearing by transforming gill-slits into Eustachian tubes, reveals the economy of a god." We may add—assuming the truth of what was said at the British Association meeting of 1927—that much more marvellous is the ingenuity which can put such stuff into an animal that it will develop into a man, and the skill which can pilot the creature across the mysterious gulf between matter and mind and between flesh and spirit. So far from science tending to oust God, its real effect, for those who have eyes to see, is to enthrone Him and to exhibit His methods of working in a way and on a scale which before the nineteenth century was practically unknown.

Another reason for the dimness of our sense of God lies in the extraordinary extent of man's command of nature. If it cannot be said that the winds and the sea obey him, it is true that he increasingly compels them to serve his purposes, and the same is true of the fire and the lightning. You have only to think of the mechanical inventions connected with steam, electricity, and air, during the century since 1827, to realise that

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civilisation, at least on its mechanical side, has progressed a hundred times faster during that period than in the thousand years preceding. When my grandfather went back to school after the holidays from London to Darlington it meant a journey involving two nights on the top of a coach. Now, a boy, if he does not slide back in his father's limousine, sits for an hour or so in a comfortable compartment. The element of danger hardly exists. The ingenuity of man has conquered every difficulty. So far from its being an adventure to cross a river, the car or the train is across it before the passengers are aware that there is a river. So completely is man in command that any other power seems superfluous. The phrases of the Litany—those at least which speak of danger and anxiety and need—seem to belong to a different world to the one where, seated in your comfortable armchair, you listen to the orchestral concert, or with the telephone to your lips speak to your friend a hundred miles off. In such a world as this where does God come in?

Nor is this all. The very multiplicity of interests so occupies the attention of the ordinary man that he has neither time nor inclination to look beyond them. So varied, so attractive, so absorbing are the things temporal, that the things eternal, as we say, hardly get a look in. Whereas a hundred years ago the average man scarcely knew what was going on outside his own village, in this year of grace his interests are literally world-wide. Every evening he listens to the news which has been collected from every quarter of the globe. Apart from this, what with his work, his games, his hobbies, his amusement, there is so little time left for more serious things. Not that his recreations are to be regretted.

They are, or should be, part of the joy of life. Part, not the whole. And there can be no satisfying joy for the man who leaves his soul untended, and who, when faced with the graver questions of life, gives a shrug of the shoulders and looks the other way.

But the Church itself—that is, we ourselves—is to blame for the lack of the sense of God. We have in great measure ceased to give the impression that God is real. This is partly due to our “unhappy divisions.” But it must be remembered that they are due in part to the depth of feeling which is aroused in men where questions of faith and worship are concerned. To put the matter crudely; devout men demand a Church where the highest view of God prevails, and their failure to secure this has been before now a prime motive of schism. Further, we live in an age when this unfortunate exhibition of disunion is fast being counteracted by the world-wide movement towards reunion whose momentum is daily increasing. It is sufficient to mention the words “Lausanne” and “Stockholm” to bring this vividly to mind.

But it is not the spectacle of disunion which hinders the Church from making God real; it is the feebleness of her moral witness. There are so comparatively few lives in which obviously God makes all the difference. Mercifully there are some. Most of us have known one or two. It may have been a father or a mother or a friend whose goodness and unselfishness were redolent of God. That young man I came across the other day who had refused a business career of brilliant promise in order to devote himself to the ministry; the girl who, though a great favourite in society, insisted that her Sunday-school class and her work

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in the parish must always have the first place in her list of engagements. Such people—and they are not too uncommon even in these days—give the impression that God matters. They help to counteract the other impression that numbers of church people when it comes to the crux do not really believe that God is to be reckoned with. Often, for instance, when it is a question of dealing with money or property, or with the provisions of a will, the religion which is supposed to occupy a prominent place in the hall seems to disappear through the back door. In naked questions of gain or loss God does not count.

The fact is that, to some extent at least, our religion has been secularised. And the reason partly is that people have misunderstood its bearing on the great moral enterprises of our day such as the League of Nations, or industrial fellowship, or social purity. These enterprises are splendid and Christian, but they are not Christianity. Christianity is contact with God in Christ and the eternal life which results therefrom. It is because in Christ we see God that we begin to understand what qualities God most values and what tasks God wants done. We must not mistake the house for its foundations, or the tree for its roots. The only really permanent incentive for these and other enterprises is a vivid sense of God. No vague humanitarian enthusiasm is sufficient. The well-known lines of Burns are full of warmth and kindness, but they are not religion :

The social, friendly honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great nature's plan,
And none but he.

Great nature's plan is not so easily ascertained. Nature can be red in tooth and claw. But God's plan is ascertainable. Christ was God in terms of human life, and Christ was sociable and friendly. But He was so much more. His sociableness brought Him to the Cross, for He was more concerned to redeem the world than to pander to the prejudices of His day. His friendliness was wonderful, but only a dozen men or so were prepared to avail themselves of it to the full. In other words, He insisted on living solely by God's standard, and the message He proclaimed was concerned with a world far greater than this one and with a life in which our earthly existence is only an episode. He lifted men out of their ordinary world and gave them an eternal life, and the result was a love for their fellows and a longing for their salvation—body, mind, and spirit—which was and is the mainspring of all personal and social betterment. Here we come upon the familiar paradox which is always worth pondering, namely, that "it is other-worldliness that alone can transform the world." Look at the men and women, in the nineteenth century for instance, and in our own land, who did most for the betterment of their fellows. Think, for example, of Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, of Elizabeth Fry and General Booth, to say nothing of scientists like Pasteur and Lister, or divines like Kingsley and Westcott. What is the outstanding feature of their characters? Precisely this, that they lived in humble contact with God. To them God was more real than anyone or anything else. They believed in an eternal life, and in consequence they were all out for the uplift of their fellows in this one. We have foolishly imagined that by leaving out God and the

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fear of God we could more easily get on with the work of reforming the world. Whereas literally our only chance of progress is to restore the sense of God ; the valuation which sees life in the vista of eternity. The plant can no more dispense with the sun, nor the cathedral with its foundations. To realise God, in the New Testament sense, is to put one's own life in order and to be in a position to help others to do likewise. For love is the soul of progress, and God is Love.

But how to realise God ? That is the question. One thing is certain : it must be God's own action. The entire history recorded in the Bible is the story of God's actions in making it possible for men to realise Him. God is always first in the field. Whether it was by prophets or by punishments—the ministry of an Isaiah or the experiences of a captivity—the aim was the same : to make God real to men. This was the purpose of Christ's coming, and if God in His mercy thought fit to go to that immeasurable length of love and sacrifice, can we suppose that He is any less anxious now than He was then to make Himself known ? But now, as then, the first step rests with Him. It must be, it will be, a movement of His Spirit. We are powerless to produce it. But we can do our part.

For one thing we can think. That seems obvious, so obvious as to be hardly worth saying. But how many of us devote even five minutes in the day to deliberately thinking about God, with or without the Bible open before us ? Many people no more think about God with any care or definiteness than they think about the bread they eat or the chair they sit on. Yet considering what we know about Him and what we owe to Him, is it possible to conceive a more in-

teresting subject for thought? I admit that this deliberate attempt to be quiet—to meditate, in the full sense of that word—is not congenial to our modern mentality, nor easy in the racket and bustle in which most people have to live their lives. Yet the whole psychology of “suggestion” emphasises the necessity of selecting and ordering the thoughts on which we dwell, and a high authority¹ has informed us that “the soul is dyed the colour of its leisure thoughts.” But that colour is primarily determined by the thoughts which are not casual, but deliberate. Here indeed the country-dweller has an obvious advantage. In the country, more easily than the town, men can realise God. They are close to the mysteries of nature. They have more opportunities for reflection. How many Scottish thinkers, for instance, learned their art at the plough or with the sheep! Free from the manifold distractions of the town, a man can watch the wonders of earth and sky, of bird and beast. With that book on the one hand and his Bible on the other he can begin to find out God. Our country life is worth restoring for this reason, even if there were no other, that we shall be providing conditions in which it is more possible to be quiet, to think, to pray. For it is sacramental.

I had no God but these,
The sacerdotal Trees,
And they uplifted me,
“*I hung upon a tree.*”
The sun and moon I saw,
And reverential awe
Subdued me day and night,
“*I am the Perfect Light.*”

¹ The Dean of St. Paul's.

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Within a lifeless Stone—
All other gods unknown
I sought Divinity,
“ *The Corner-stone am I.*”

For sacrificial feast
I slaughtered man and beast,
Red recompense to gain,
“ *So I, a Lamb, was slain.*”

*Yea ; such my hungering grace,
That whereso'er my face
Is hidden, none may grope
Beyond eternal hope.*¹

Through nature. through men, through things, God manifests Himself. To us is given the chance of understanding that on a stupendous scale the material is the vehicle of the spiritual. Gone for ever is the old idea that matter is essentially evil and spirit is essentially good. Matter can be the channel of the highest. Spirit may be the incentive of the lowest. But in God's intention the world of sense is the interpreter of the world of spirit. In the lines of Francis Thompson :

Lo, God's two worlds immense,
Of spirit and of sense
Wed
In this narrow bed ;

Yea, and the midge's hymn
Answers the seraphim
Athwart
Thy body's court !

¹ John Bannister Tabb, *An Anthology of Jesus*, edited by Sir James Marchant, p. 258.

And we of all people should be able to appreciate this. Whole regiments of physical things, from the electric current to the ether waves, have now been commandeered by the spiritual; and what with the wireless and the rays, we walk in a world of ever-increasing marvel. The spiritual is always breaking into the material and, like a flash of lightning on a dark night, lighting up the whole sky. Every day we are confronted with men and women either in the past or the present who, defying what might be called the urge of safety first, hear an imperative command from the higher world, and obey it. It may be a Francis going forth to persecution and poverty; or an Irvine and a Mallory going strong for the summit; or a medical martyr in the cause of science; or a priest working in an East-end slum; or a missionary spending his life in the smells of some Eastern bazaar or holding his classes in the pygmy forest. There is nothing natural in these adventures. Nothing to be gained. No money to be made. Nothing is owing here to man's "gorilla descent." It is supernatural. It is the urge of a greater world. It is the spirit capturing the flesh. It is the spiritual breaking into the material. It is the temporal yielding place to the eternal. And it does so in ways that we can all understand. To borrow a phrase from the schools, the vision of God is graded. It comes to men on the step to which they have attained and to which they are accustomed. To Isaiah in the Temple; to Simon Peter in the fishing-boat; to St. Joan in her homely kitchen and in the village church; to Charles Kingsley as he went about his parish. And there, at the very centre of history, is the Vision of which this is supremely true. God condescended. God

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accommodated Himself. God stepped down till He reached our level. And we behold Jesus. There at the meeting-point of ancient and modern, of the old world and the new, "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory . . ."

Just because through the modern study of the Gospels we have grasped, as possibly no generation since the first has been able to grasp, the reality of our Lord's humanity, we have been able to grasp with a deeper insight the reality of His deity. For though He is so human, the more you measure Him by human standards the more unaccountable He is. Natural through and through—let Nicodemus and the Woman of Samaria and Martha and Mary testify to that, to say nothing of Peter and John and the others. Yet supernatural, as they all discovered. Perfectly at home in both worlds. But proving at every turn that this world with its human interests and situations, its common ways and its ordinary furniture, can be and is intended to be the framework for the exhibition of that other world. One of our profoundest thinkers and mystics has called attention to the fact that in our generation the two main lines of spiritual advance seem to be the rediscovery of the historical Jesus and the worship of the ever-present Christ in the Holy Communion. There is great significance in this. We want to get down—if I may use the vulgar phrase—to the brass tacks of history, and see face to face the humanness of God in common life. On the other hand, we want to grasp afresh the reality of the supernatural, and discover anew that whatever may be said of the circle of the natural and the human, our one hope and joy lie in the fact that God breaks into it ; uses it to His purpose ; makes it the channel

of His self-giving to man. For obviously this relationship of the material and the spiritual reaches its climax—apart from the Incarnation itself—in those great moments when the Lord makes Himself known in the Breaking of the Bread. In all the ways of which I have spoken He makes Himself known ; in the stars and in the flowers ; in the heroism of the man ; in the selflessness of the mother ; in the purity of the little child. But here is the focus and climax of it all. Simple as bread and wine can be ; yet mysterious, for here the Eternal breaks into the material ; God stoops down to man. And this has been the experience of the Church throughout the ages. The witness of millions is behind the familiar words :

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh ! what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

Ever since He said of those so common things, " This is My Body ; This is My Blood of the New Testament," men in every century have found that there, simply yet wonderfully, is His Presence ; that eating that bread and drinking that cup they were partakers of His life.

But the manifestation of the spiritual through the material, whether in stars or flowers or men, is not dependent on the capacity of people to perceive it. It is *there*. So it was in the supreme manifestation. Very few perceived it. " He came unto His own, but His own received Him not." So it is still. Yet multitudes in the Church have felt, however dimly and imperfectly, that ineffable Presence, and have joined—

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perchance this very day—in the words in which we seek to express our obeisance :

Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy Sacrament dost deign to be ;
Both flesh and spirit in Thy Presence fail,
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

Not that the Presence is limited by its sacramental expression. But, in Miss Underhill's beautiful words, "It is the taper in the window which tells us that the Master of the house is at home."

And this brings us to the conclusion of the whole matter. The Vision is there. In the universe ; in nature ; in those lives and characters in which we catch a glimpse of the supernatural ; supremely in Jesus our Lord ; and in that high moment when He makes Himself known to us in the Breaking of the Bread. And the Vision is within the reach of each and all of us if with a humble, lowly, and obedient heart we draw near. Watch for it—in your prayers—as you lift your heart to God before you go out to work. Get that New Testament open again and study it. Gaze on Jesus as He moves among men from the manger to the Cross and on to the open grave. And, seeing the Vision, see all else in the light of it. The men and women in their multitudes for whom He died. The homes which He could make happy and holy. The service which in Church or Nation, in home or parish, which, for love of Him, you might render, the people you might help. For to see God is to love men.

Be on the look-out for God in your own life. To do this is not to be a visionary. Precisely the opposite. We move every hour in the midst of what is utterly

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practical, completely common, thoroughly pedestrian. Yet it is there that the curtain is drawn back and God comes into the open. As you sit at your desk, as you walk down the street, as you mend the children's clothes, as you work in the office, as when you kneel in the church or at your bedside, you can touch God. And that brings healing and energy and power. For God is unveiling Himself to all who will look. He is speaking to all who will attend. He is loving all who would be loved.

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Then give it. And give it now.

THE SUPREME QUEST

THE REV. REGINALD JOHN
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Born in London in 1867, he is the son and grandson of Nonconformist ministers : Ulster Protestants of Scottish extraction. He was educated at University College, Nottingham, and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in Honours in the School of Modern History and Political Science. In 1895 he entered the Congregational Ministry at Union Chapel, Brighton ; and from 1903 to 1915 he was in charge of the City Temple, London, in succession to Dr. Joseph Parker. Ordained in 1916 into the Ministry of the Church of England, he was attached to Birmingham Cathedral, and became Honorary Chaplain to the Bishop of that Diocese. In 1917 he returned to London as Vicar of Christ Church, Westminster. In 1919 he obtained the degree of D.D. from Oxford University. Dr. Campbell is now Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Brighton—the church made famous by the ministry of the Rev. F. W. Robertson. Amongst the volumes which he has published are : “The New Theology,” “Christianity and the Social Order,” “The Ladder of Christ,” “Thursday Mornings at the City Temple,” “A Spiritual Pilgrimage,” “Words of Comfort,” “Problems of Life,” “Life of Christ.”

THE SUPREME QUEST

BY THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

IT is impossible to apprehend the true bearing of this exhortation without reading in connection therewith the whole chapter of which it forms part. The recipient of this apostolic letter, a young man who has been placed in a position of some spiritual authority, is being bidden to avoid all worldly seductions and concentrate his desires upon the one great thing which constitutes his vocation. Thus: "But thou, O man of God, flee these things—that is, worldly things—and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called."

Then follows a solemn adjuration to be faithful to this commission until the second coming of Christ took place, whenever that might be. "I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things . . . that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; which in His times He shall shew, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see; to whom be honour and power everlasting. Amen."

It has been conjectured that this fine ringing succes-

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sion of appellations—Blessed and only Potentate, King of kings, and Lord of lords, the sole possessor of immortality, dwelling in light unapproachable, whom mortal eye has never beheld—formed part of an early Christian hymn, sung in the regular assemblies of the Church for worship. As a description of the Supreme Being it may have been derived from contemporary Greek sources ; Platonists could and did use this kind of language ; it was common enough among the Gnostics. Does it here refer to God the Father only or to God as revealed in Christ ? There is good reason to believe that it includes both. It is God in Christ who is the supreme object of the soul's quest, but remains ever hidden and remote except as self-communicated to the heart that seeks Him in humility, faith, and love.

There is therefore an intentional importance in what is here so earnestly urged upon a youthful servant of Christ. He is to maintain a warfare for his faith, to lay firm hold upon eternal life and let all lesser things go, to put away from himself everything that would hinder him from attaining to the one all-inclusive good that man can know in this or any other world.

We do no violence to the meaning of the counsel so impressively given in these terms if we say that the appearing or manifestation of Christ here alluded to as the Christian's dearest hope can be mystically as well as historically construed. There is plentiful justification for this statement, not only in the Pauline letters, but in the Johannine writings. That the primitive Church lived in the intense expectation of the visible return of Christ in glory is of course obvious to any reader of the New Testament ; but it is equally true that that consummation was felt to be anticipated in the

experience of those who had laid hold on eternal life. There is a revelation of Christ in the sanctified soul, a parousia, an unveiling of the divine majesty in the inmost shrine of our being, which is in itself salvation, or rather the realisation thereof, and is the most precious possession that any of us can either know or desire as long as we dwell in this our earthly tabernacle.

Permit me an aside here for a moment or two. The word "mysticism" is one of the most misused of our time. Many people claim to be mystics or talk about mysticism who know little of what the great Christian mystics of the past either were or taught. They confuse mysticism with agreeable religious emotion or even with psychic abnormalities such as visions, auditions, and ecstasies. This kind of dilettantism—occasionally verging upon eroticism—is as far as possible removed from the mysticism of, say, St. Catharine of Genoa or St. John of the Cross. We should not feel at all attracted to-day by the terrible self-inflicted austerities of these types, and they in their turn would reject with scorn any suggestion that supernatural visions and voices had necessarily anything to do with their main quest. The great mystics were great sufferers. What they sought was union with God, and they were convinced that this was only obtainable by being crucified to self and the world. It does not follow that we ought to imitate their methods; on the contrary, such unnatural macerations are to be deprecated; but we do need to be as wholehearted in our pursuit of the one thing needful. There is a mystical element in all Christian life, namely, immediate apprehension of the presence and the love of God. It matters little whether we use

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the name or not ; this is an essential of all higher experience, and without this it is hard to see how spirituality, properly so-called, could exist.

One further point before we pass on to consider the main message of the text. What is here asserted of God, and the very terms employed in so doing, are quite definitely applied to Christ elsewhere in the New Testament. In the Apocalypse, by a daring conjunction of metaphors, we are told that one who is the lamb slain from before the foundation of the world is also King of kings and Lord of lords. In the Fourth Gospel we are told that He is the Light of the world ; and in a fine Pauline phrase, that God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. The Fourth Gospel again, in its opening chapter, says of the apostolic Church, " We beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father." And it is the same hand that, in the first of epistles which bear the name of St. John, says almost in the very words of my text " No man hath seen God at any time ; if we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us." Nor should it be overlooked that this precise expression, " No man hath seen God at any time," has a prominent place in the prologue to the Fourth Gospel, where it completes itself in the explicit affirmation, " The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."

The message of my text, then, is just this. The one fundamental reality behind all that we know about ourselves and the world in which we live is the being of God. It is a fact that has far more to do with us

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than any other fact that enters into our experience. But what do we positively know about God? At first hand nothing. "No man hath seen God at any time." He is at once the most unescapable fact in our lives and the most inscrutable. Yet if we could only know God as He is, if the veil were only taken away from before our eyes, or, to put the truth more accurately, if only our eyes could be opened to behold the invisible and eternal, we should have found that which would for ever make an end of all that has power to hurt us and hold us in bondage. All that oppresses and hinders us in our quest for satisfaction, all that makes us burdened, anxious, afraid, or sad at heart, all our delusions and misgivings, would disappear like shadows dancing on a cloud. If we could uncover, if only for a moment, that underlying, all-pervading, all-comprehending Divine life without which nothing is or could be, we should be utterly at rest about the problem of living in all its vast and various modes and meanings. These would have no more dominion over us; the darkness would be swallowed up in the light of God's own presence.

This is what sanctified souls, the adepts of the spiritual life, have always told us with united voice. But there are those among the voices of to-day, as in every previous age, who tell us something very different about the ultimate mystery of existence; and if they be right, it were surely better that we should know the truth, however unwelcome. We are all standing, as it were, before a drawn curtain, the curtain that veils from us the great secret, the knowledge of which would explain everything, including ourselves. What is on the other side of that curtain? I do not mean on the

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other side of death ; I mean on the other side, the inner side, of all the knowledge we at present possess of what we are and whence we came.

There are those, of course, and they are not few, who do not want to know what is on the other side. They either shrink from it, or are indifferent to it, or take for granted that everything desirable is on this side, not on that. These are what we may rightly call materialists—not in theory, but in practice. Materialism as a theory is dead ; no one really holds it now ; but materialism in practice is very much alive. In fact, I should say that there never was a time in the history of our civilisation when men were so absorbed in the contemplation of the things of sense or so satisfied therewith, to the virtual exclusion of all interest in the things of the spirit. They do not want to look on the other side of the curtain or to know anything about what is there.

Let us be sure that my use of a figure of speech is not being misunderstood. I repeat that I am not speaking of the screen that interposes between this life and the next, between the world that now is and that wherein we shall find ourselves after death. That is not what is in my mind at all. I am speaking of the veil of mystery that hides from us the real meaning of the life that now is ; by what is on the other side of that veil I mean the all-pervading, ever-present, yet hidden Divine life and power without which nothing that we know could exist for a moment. I mean that fundamental fact or force or substance, or whatever you like to call it, which no scientific instrument will ever touch, which neither telescope nor microscope will ever reveal, but from whose operation none of us can

get away for a single instant, that in which we live and move and have our being, which comes far nearer to us than any outward things, and is the source of every breath we draw and of our very ability to know ourselves. It is this, I say, which so many people are content to ignore at the present day while engaged in the strenuous and engrossing pursuit of ends which hardly matter a jot.

On the other hand, there are some serious minds which insist that there is nothing on the other side of the curtain. Bertrand Russell is a very able thinker, though a pessimistic one, and he and all his school declare emphatically that the quest in which we are here and now engaged is sheer waste of time, that religion is merely a pathetic delusion, a soporific, a drug where-with we try to give ourselves pleasant dreams. A representative of this school said to me not long ago, "You really do not want the truth; what you want is to persuade yourself that behind the veil of sense there is concealed a heart that feels for the miseries of mankind and a power that will set all things right; what you and your fellow-Christians want is not truth, but an anodyne."

This is a charge frequently brought against adherents of the Christian faith, but it is quite untrue. No ordinary mind can rest for long in what it suspects to be a lie; we are under compulsion to face the truth, however dark it be. And if the gospel of Bertrand Russell be the truth—and not only his, but that of other teachers who see less clearly than he the implications of unfaith—it is indeed a melancholy resting-place for our souls. Russell and those who think with him would not admit that they were materialists, nor are they in the strict

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sense of the term ; they do not blink facts nor affect an optimism for which they see no justification in the constitution of things. But there are other teachers, such as H. G. Wells, who try to delude themselves and us by a continual whooping about the greatness and the glory, the wonder and the triumph, the splendour and success that still await humanity on this planet. This is a creed that accords well with the mechanisation of the globe that is so rapidly going on. The achievements of science are indeed stupendous and we do well to admire them ; but if we seek to make of them a substitute for the fulfilment of our spiritual cravings, we are woefully self-deceived. In the last resort the individual matters more than society, paradoxical though it sound to say so ; and the individual has little to gain from all this speeding up of life which is going on. Leave God out of the reckoning, and the future of the individual is but little brighter than it ever was. Here is a power which all men know, an inner urge which all men feel, compelling them on occasion to superhuman effort in obedience to high spiritual vision, but a power that knows nothing of their toils and sorrows, cares nothing for their moral grandeurs, and leaves them to perish hopelessly at the last. Do not let us hoodwink ourselves : this is a gospel of despair ; it plucks the very soul out of everything great and noble that has ever been attempted by human will or accomplished by human faith. And there are many more among the voices of the time, some charged with moral passion, others with none ; some with a call to betterment, others with neither idealism nor hope in their accents ; who bid us forbear to entertain illusions as to what lies on the other side of that curtain towards which

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in our best moments, and in all our deepest and truest experience of life, we turn a wistful gaze.

There is much, very much, in life which appears to tell in favour of this camouflaged pessimism, for that is what it is even at the best. Life is a fight in any case ; but what are we fighting for ? and is the fight worth while ? Now and then the pessimism is undisguised pathos. A distinguished soldier, a man of fine religious nature, as is true of so many of the world's best fighters, put forth a book of confessions years ago, wherein he told how his own thoughts were brought to a focus on this point. Walking along a country road he was run down by an automobile and seriously injured. For months he lay in hospital, enduring the most terrible pain while slowly struggling back to life, and here is what he says about it : " I have described my sufferings at length and in detail, not because there was anything unusual in them, but because they are so very common, because there is so much worse suffering in the world, and because, reflecting on all this suffering, I could not help asking myself whether the usual view of things could possibly be correct—that we were under the care and guardianship of a kind and almighty Being who was ever watching over us to protect us from all evil." What is there, he asked, behind the veil of mystery that shadows all mortal existence ?

The answer to this challenge is my text, which is in itself a challenge, as this noble-minded soldier ultimately realised. There is an indefeasible experience which all men may have, but at a price, an experience to be set over against what I have just been citing. Once get possession of it, and the most urgent problems of life are solved. It is not an easy experience to arrive

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at ; it would not be worth much if it were. One of the greatest mistakes that anyone could make would be to imagine that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is one easy of acceptance. It is far from being that, as His own recorded words make sufficiently clear. It demands everything we have to give—ourselves, our earthly prospects, our love of ease and reputation, and even our dearest attachments, whatever they may be, if any of these happen to come between us and His service. As Dean Inge says, God never intended to make faith easy ; the highest values in life have to be fought for and won. The love of God in Jesus Christ is the greatest thing in the world ; it is the one good that includes all other good that can be imagined or conceived. If you set your heart on that and pursue it with all your might, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, you will not fail to find it. You will be doing what the Apostle counsels his youthful helper to do in the chapter before us. He is to follow after the one great thing, the one thing needful, and turn away from all that would hinder him in his quest or come between him and his objective. “ But thou, O man of God, flee these things—the things of this world . . . fight the good fight of faith—or *the* faith ; the faith as it is in Jesus—lay hold on eternal life.”

Dr. Rufus Jones reminds us that we all have to live by two sets of values, primary and secondary—those which are rightly termed eternal, and those which are temporal. The latter include all the ordinary, everyday ends of our activity—the winning of food and shelter, the maintenance of health and home, the service of those we love and of the community to which we belong. But in all these and apart from them there is a greater

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and more abiding good to be sought, a good which will still be ours in undiminished fullness—nay, in greater and more glorious measure—when all things earthly have passed away. To be possessed of this is to be possessed of that knowledge of God in Christ which is in itself eternal life.

But, understand, there can be no compromise. The supreme quest must ever be kept in view and everything else subordinated to it, and that means a hard fight with the old Adam. It will mean that you are being made over again, as it were, in the likeness of your Lord. It will mean, for instance, as old Thomas à Kempis puts it, that you will strive as earnestly to escape being honoured and praised and admired by men as others do the opposite. It will mean that you centre your thoughts and aims as intensely on spiritual reality as others do on secular success. And then by and by the miracle will happen. The curtain will lift. You will become as sure of God and of the fire of His love that burns up all the corruption of our nature as other men are sure of money or pleasure or gratified ambition. And you will never want to exchange the one for the other. When the love of God lays hold of us, when we become conformed to the likeness of Christ, we are at the very heart of the mystery of existence. It is limitless life, love, power, and bliss all in one. This it is which was from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. "And we all, with unveiled face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF GOD

AGNES MAUDE ROYDEN

Miss Royden is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Royden, 1st Bart., of Frankby Hall, Birkenhead. She was educated at Cheltenham Ladies' College and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She worked for three years at the Victoria Women's Settlement, Liverpool, and then in the country parish of Luffenham. Miss Royden joined the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and became a member of the Executive Committee, from which she resigned in 1914. She also edited "The Common Cause." During the years 1917-20 she was Assistant Preacher at the City Temple. She was the founder, with Dr. Percy Dearmer, of the Fellowship Services at Kensington in 1920, which have now been transferred to the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square. Amongst her publications are: "Women and the Sovereign State," "The Hour and the Church," "Sex and Common-sense," "Political Christianity," "Prayer as a Force," "Friendship of God," "I Believe in God."

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF GOD

BY AGNES MAUDE ROYDEN

"The Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow cast by turning."—Jas. i. 17.

THE saints have believed in the trustworthiness of God, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow cast by turning"; the world has never believed it. Only now and then have men caught a glimpse of the great truth that God is changeless and that His changelessness is our peace.

For the most part we have both believed and hoped that God might be capricious. We know of no man so good that we should wish him never in any particular to change, and, making God in our own image, we hope that, good though He be, we shall persuade Him—as a sincere and eloquent pleader might persuade one of us—to be a little better, to change His mind. We wish He might be at times more merciful, more full of compassion to us when we think we need it most; or more relentless and less pitiful to our enemies, who, we fear, may be besieging His throne of grace with their impious and unwarrantable petitions at the very hour of our own prayers.

Long ago, nevertheless, the caprices of God were seen to be a source of trouble rather than of consolation. It seemed that in a moment of well-justified wrath He had decided to drown us all and have done with it. In fact, He lost patience—a very human thing to do!—but in the end He was sorry and "repented Him of the evil,"

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again very like a human being. So a handful of men and women were saved and the trouble began all over again. Then comes man's first glimpse of the great truth that it is not from a capricious but from a constant God that men may look for assurance and mercy. "The Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, . . . neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. . . . And God spake unto Noah and to his sons with him, saying, And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you. . . . This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. . . . And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." ¹

This is the beginning of a nobler idea of the Divine. The caprice of God had nearly destroyed life: His promise henceforward to be trustworthy was recognised as a condition which made life possible, for without seedtime and harvest in regular succession men cannot support life. When the inspired writer added that the beauty of the rainbow was the pledge of this constancy, he had already perceived that Law was Love, for beauty is always the expression of love.

The idea, however, that Law is Love and the unalterable laws of God absolutely necessary to our develop-

¹ Passages from Gen. viii. and ix.

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ment and freedom is one which we still find it very difficult to hold. We accept, and glibly repeat, such texts as the one I have taken for this sermon. We say that in God "there is no variableness, neither shadow cast by turning"; that He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"; that for the guidance of the universe He has made "laws which never shall be broken."¹ We still, however, hope that, notwithstanding, our prayers, sacrifices, or ceremonies may induce God to change His unchanging mind and suspend His immutable laws. Too often we pray not so much that we may understand and fulfil His laws as that He may relent and make them a little less austere. We even contrast the love of God as revealed to us in Christ with the relentlessness of nature, and ask ourselves anxiously whether it is possible to reconcile the two. Nature, we think, is law, and all the universe is governed by law so unchanging and unchangeable as (at least) to save us the trouble of trying to argue with, suspend, or change it. Christ, we think, revealed to us a very different God—One who is love, and who will certainly yield to our prayers if we pray earnestly and faithfully enough.

Such ideas as these should already be impossible to us, I think. They would have been so, if theologians had not, by a tragic error, fought against the revelations of natural science. They thought that a world so subject to law as that revealed by the scientists of the last century must be a world in which human freedom was impossible. They thought that law meant slavery and was the denial of free-will. They even lost their faith in God sometimes and left the unlearned and the

¹ Hymn paraphrased from Ps. cxlviii.

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orthodox more frightened still by reason of the terrible fate which had overtaken the students of science.

It is difficult now to measure the depth of such fear, for the nightmare has passed away and the truth has made us free.

We know now that a constant and lawful universe is one in which we can not only be free, but be masters. We know this, not by arguing about it, but by seeing it happen. We have watched the conquest by scientists of such terrifying forces as water, steam, gas, and electricity. We see men plunging under the sea and returning in safety. We see them soar up into the air and watch them without a tremor. We see great areas of the earth's surface reclaimed from the sea, or from disease and famine, and made into healthy, wealth-producing places. We are so accustomed to these marvels that we marvel no more. We learn with interest but without astonishment that our voices can be broadcast round the earth or that someone has flown the Atlantic. We are moved to admiration by the courage of the flier, but we are no longer astounded that he should succeed. We have learned to expect success—if not to-day, to-morrow; if not to-morrow, next year.

We should, then, find it easy to believe both that God is unchanging and that His unchangingness is not terrible or relentless, but merciful. We should by now be finding it difficult to believe anything else. How could God, who is One, be changeless in a material universe and capricious elsewhere? Why do we still try by prayer to change the mind of God, and, when we fail, speak of "resigning ourselves to His inscrutable will"? Christ taught us not to be "resigned" to the

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will of God, but actively to carry it out. Even in the Old Testament we are called upon to understand God—"Come now, let us reason together, said the Lord God"¹; to stand upon our feet—"Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee."² How strange that in the twentieth century people should still be found to sing "Thy will be done" as a sort of refrain or chorus to verses containing a list of frightful misfortunes, each of which, it is implied, must be "endured" as coming from the hand of God; when the words used ("Thy will be done") were uttered by our Lord Himself as a promise that where the will of God is done, there the kingdom of God is established, so as to make a heaven on earth.³

Christ appeals to His disciples continually to understand His teaching—not to be resigned to His inscrutable will. He told His hearers that those who failed to live by His teaching were foolish—not that they were wicked.

His teaching here is in striking contrast to that, for example, of the author of the third chapter of the Book of Genesis, though both are teaching the same truth. If, said the latter, you eat of the fruit of that tree, God will kill you, for it is His tree, and He forbids you to touch it. Or (as he might have said in other words), "If you build on sand, God will smash your house, for sand belongs to Him and He has warned you off it." In other words, the teaching of Christ implies a constant God; the teaching of the other writer an arbitrary one.

The laws of God are not, to Christ, like the laws of men which may be broken: they are like the laws of

¹ Isa. i. 18.

² Matt. vi. 10.

³ Ezek. ii. 1.

⁴ Matt. vii. 26.

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nature (also God's laws) which cannot be broken. We cannot break God's laws, but we can break ourselves against them or go from strength to strength in their power. And the reason is this : that God, like nature, is unchanging and unchangeable. Because He is so, we can learn to use His powers. " His service is perfect freedom." In Him there is no uncertainty or caprice. Having once grasped this truth, we must, and clearly we will, give up trying to change His mind by prayers or sacrifices. We shall instead try to understand His mind and make it ours. We shall in our prayers unite ourselves with His purpose. In doing so we shall find ourselves working mighty works, and our Lord's amazing promise will come true for us : " He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do." ¹

This amazing promise (which Christians have rarely believed) is no promise of exceptional powers over natural or spiritual law. There is nothing here of the conjurer or of the conjuring trick ; no claim to suspend the laws of nature or of God ; no insistence on exceptional powers, either for Himself or for His disciples. " The works that I do shall ye do also," using the same power in obedience to the same laws.

This is the attitude of the scientist, who never claims for himself the power either to break or to evade the laws of nature. His assurance to us is in such words as our Lord Himself used, that " he that believeth on us, the works that we do shall he do also "—and ultimately, without doubt, greater works than any scientist who yet has lived has done.

But " law " and " laws " are cold words to living,

¹ John xiv. 12.

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struggling, suffering men. We may know that there is law and may try to understand and obey it ; yet we fail. It is too hard for us. Where is the law written down that we may learn it and obey it ? The Ten Commandments ? Surely this is not all ! They do not satisfy us, neither do they give us that power over life and over ourselves that we so long for and so worship in Christ. These codes of law, lofty though they be, solve nothing for us. They are dead things. They do not help in their own fulfilment ; they only condemn our failure. " All these have I obeyed from my youth up : what lack I yet ? " ¹

We lack Christ. The law is nothing to us until it is lived. The Ten Commandments solve no mystery of life, pain, or perplexity for us. Christ superseded them with a law which is love and of which love is the only fulfilment. He lived this law of Love among men, bore suffering as ourselves ; and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.²

Laws are not enough for us. We want a life to show them in action and in power. We want to see the One who proclaims the law live in perfect obedience to that law without once seeking to break, evade, or suspend it ; and we want to see that, in fact, what He said was true—that such obedience is power, such service perfect freedom.

We want Christ.

While the scientist, still confessing his ignorance, gropes after knowledge and, even in groping, finds his hands laid on the levers moving the universe, his mind adjusted to astounding powers, Christ, in the perfection

¹ Matt. xix. 20.

² John i. 14.

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of His knowledge of a higher and a deeper world, moves armed with power and seeming to work miracles among men.

In one sense there are no miracles ; there is no breaking of any law, spiritual or natural. In another sense all life is miraculous ; we cannot explain the miracle of life itself. We do not know by what miracle love creates love, nor why hatred destroys. In our own lives, and supremely in the life of Christ, we see—we see to demonstration—that it is so.

If a code of rules had been enough, the Ten Commandments would have sufficed ; or if not, then the Ten Commandments explained and fulfilled by the Sermon on the Mount. But a code of rules is *not* enough ; even the Sermon on the Mount is not enough. A book can tell us something, but not all. Our Lord therefore lived the law for us, and we see that the law is love. It is noticeable that, so little are words sufficient, if we take Christ's actual words, so far as we know them, and lay them side by side, we find that they often contradict each other. " He that is not with us is against us." " He that is not against us is on our side." Which of these is true ? " If any man strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also " ; but Christ, when struck on the cheek, remonstrated. " Resist not evil," said He who drove the money-changers from the temple. " Judge not," said the unsparing Judge of the Pharisee and the Scribe. " Peace I leave with you ; My peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you." . . . " I come not to bring peace, but a sword."

I think our Lord used the language of paradox and uttered Himself in seeming contradictions because He had to : the things He spoke of were too great for our

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human language. Christ therefore chose to speak in parable and paradox, knowing that we could never obey a law into which we had not entered in the spirit. In order to understand His law, we must mentally and spiritually labour and sweat. We must learn all we can. We must try to enter into Christ's mind. We must seek the meaning behind His words. How could we do this unless we had a life to illustrate the law? How could He trust us to do it if He Himself had written a book? We should have sat down to read the book and get the law by rote! Now we must both read the books His followers wrote and try to understand the spirit of the Man of whom they were written.

It is difficult to learn from a book of rules how a game should be played or an art acquired; so difficult as to be in fact impossible. So it is one thing to know the law of one's country by heart and quite another to be a patriot. We must indeed learn the rules of the game and listen to the great teaching of the master of our chosen art, but we must also watch him play the game or paint the picture. At the least we must see the picture he painted and try to understand how he applied the counsel he gives to us.

Christ, the great Master of life, moved among men as a conqueror. For myself, I believe that He both healed the sick and raised the dead, calmed the storm and rose on Easter Sunday from the grave; but even for those to whom these are mere fairy-tales there remains the supreme miracle of the life of Christ—the change He made in the hearts of men. In a short life of from thirty to thirty-three or four years, this man of lowly birth, without wealth or influence or powerful backing, so changed the history of the world that we

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date now every event in its history by its distance in time from His coming. "Before—or after—Christ"—such is the dating of all our records. Christ cut the history of the world in half.

And this He did by no use of force or of wealth ; neither the fear of armies nor of magic entered into His appeal. He achieved all by love. The precepts of conduct which, in cold words, sound either fantastic or unmanly, He made real and glorious by His own life. He gave to all who asked and He lacked nothing. He met hatred with love and unbelief with an authority which owed nothing to astonishing feats of magic. He never defended Himself, and we see in Him the bravest of the brave. He took the sword out of the hand of His friend and went like a lamb to the slaughter, and we cry in admiration, "Behold the Man !"

It is useless to argue that Christ's laws can never be carried out, for He carried them out Himself ; to protest that they are inconsistent with themselves, for the utter consistency of Christ silences the protest on our lips ; useless to complain that they are unmanly, for no man ever was so gloriously and perfectly a Man.

It is only when we see how patience and courtesy and "non-resistance" look in Jesus Christ that we realise how empty is the mere commandment—how powerless without the living Example. This only deepens for us our knowledge and belief in Christ's assurance that God is Love. To turn the other cheek ! To endure all things, to believe all things ! How pitiful it sounds in the ears of the noble, sagacious, and courageous pagan ! But when he sees all these in Christ, can he despise them any more ? They may seem too high for him—they cannot seem too low for him. They

may be set aside as too hard—they can never again be utterly despised.

And so it happens that nearly all men have loved Jesus, though not all worship Him. If God is Love, it is more important to love than to believe, for it is only love which has power to create us in its own image. God is Love.

Here, again, life is based on universal, immutable law. Not Eloï alone, four thousand and four years before Christ, created man in his own image, but Love (which is God) always and everywhere does this. We become, by irresistible compelling, like what we love. This is true of the least as of the greatest. So, loving Christ, we learn to live as He lived and to obey the laws which He obeyed. Law is no longer a dead and empty thing, serving only to condemn us for our failure to keep it: it is a living power, enabling us to obey.

Thus Christ was the Word of God, creative and creating in God's image according to His words. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten Son of the Father,) full of grace and truth."

GOD'S PURPOSE FOR MAN

THE REV. WILLIAM EDWIN
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BY THE REV. W. E. ORCHARD, D.D.

"I shrank not from declaring unto you the whole counsel of God."—Acts xx. 27.

THERE are apparently very few people to-day who have any conception of the vast, rich, majestic structure of Christian theology; for few have the time or capacity to read a sound and full exposition of the Faith, and the demand for sermons extending to not more than twenty minutes gives no time to declare the whole counsel of God, and only produces trivialities. To open a theological treatise, such as the mediæval Schoolmen or the early Reformers could produce, is to be impressed by its very size, comprehensiveness, and logicity, and it might at least be felt that there was something to be said for a religion which could produce such consistent thought and construct so vast a system. And this impression is deepened when it is recognised that the motive of this system is not the love of mere dialectic or speculation, but is an endeavour to show how the purpose of God in the salvation of the human race gives the only adequate explanation for existence, runs like an immanent purpose through all things, involves all life, and yet awaits the acceptance of the individual soul. Whatever may be thought about the truth of Christian theology, in no other system are the vastness of the universe and the processes of history so brought to bear upon individual decision as the purpose for which the whole exists: it is not only

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extensive in its range, it concentrates all the forces of existence to extract from the soul a decision which shall put that vastness in its possession.

Seeing, however, that some souls will come under the sound of the Gospel but once ; that for everyone there will be some occasion critical for its acceptance ; and by every soul it will once be heard for the last time, there is necessity, sometimes at least, for making the whole system visible, and always for enough to press the point of personal decision. There used to be a society which demanded of its evangelists that on every proclamation of the Gospel they had to mention the seven points which were believed to be essential. Although these were perhaps stated somewhat narrowly, and the effect of such a direction was bound to become somewhat mechanical, there was sound sense in the demand. To-day, however, every doctrine has been questioned, so that in attempting to evade difficulties we fall into truism, vagueness, and platitudes. But when we remember that all modern inquiry is now focusing itself on one personal and insistent question : Why do I exist ? if Christianity can answer that question, there ought to be a point of contact here between its whole system and the most pressing and personal inquiry of the modern mind.

The great difficulty, of course, is not only that of compression, without losing the force of its appeal and reducing the pressure of its vitality, but an enormous amount of time has to be spent in refuting counter-arguments and removing objections. Apart from this being a lengthy task and of its raising as many questions as it answers, sometimes, at any rate, it would be a better answer to every possible objection to try to state

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the system as a whole. Sometimes in private interviews with those inquiring about the truth, or seeking the answer to intellectual difficulties, when it becomes apparent that no real progress is being made, time is short, and it is likely that the inquirer, disappointed, will be seen no more, I have felt moved to say: "I know that I have not persuaded you, and I have given you no clear and convincing argument on the points that have been raised, but before you go, without stopping to defend, explain, or justify, I am going to state to you what I believe to be absolutely true about God's purpose for you, which then I must leave to you to accept or reject; I must do this in discharge of my commission and conviction, in the hope that it may remain in your memory and be considered when your need makes you more open to understand and accept it." It is something like that I want to do now.

THE ETERNAL PURPOSE OF GOD HAS BEEN REVEALED

I. This was to create a society of souls that should form the body of Christ.

(a) This purpose was always in the mind of God.

It was not an idea that came into His mind at a certain time; the Word of God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, was and is that idea, He being the perfect image of God, the personification of all God's thoughts; so that, in Him from all eternity, all that has ever come to be was already present, not only in thought, but with the purpose of realisation, the explanation and potency of all actual and future existence. To bring into existence a society of souls is to give to those ideas a life of their own, in which, bonded together

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through personal fellowship in union with Christ, these souls should reflect the glory of God in such a way that they shall rejoice in the light and love of God with that same joy which is the very life of the Godhead. It is a movement, therefore, to externalise the thoughts of God in a multitude of personal experiences. So great is the bliss of God, and so great is the love of God, that He would have others enjoy His existence and share His nature.

(b) The realisation of this eternal purpose in others demands that immense and mighty output of energy known as creation.

It includes, first, the forming of the ultimate basis which we call time and space; it means bringing into existence that wonderful store of energy which contains within itself the possibilities of material construction, the higher combinations of organic life, and the supreme possibilities of mind, with its consummation in myriads of personal, conscious souls, welded into one organic society, at once their ground and their end. The vastness of time and space, which we are gradually discovering to be immensely greater than once was thought, the linking up of the whole material, organic, mental, and spiritual life in one co-ordinated and reciprocating scheme, only enhances the value that must be set upon the conscious, mental life, to which alone this scheme becomes visible, and by which alone it can be valued. The bringing of such souls into conscious, corporate, and satisfying communion with God is the only worthy end of existence, and alone explains the expenditure of such enormous power, the patience of such sustained processes, the long historical development necessary to enable the mind

to understand the value of existence, to become aware of its ultimate purpose, and to realise that purpose in personal union with God and our fellows.

(c) In this scheme man stands distinct, unique, and consummate.

Greater than the material world, on which he depends for a foothold, the organic world, on which he depends for food, and the animal world, which has contributed towards his physical frame, man is nevertheless created as an imperfect being, because he is created capable of further development. Here he is differentiated from another type of being, namely, the angelic order. Although created perfect, spiritual beings of pure, unhindered intelligence, capable of beholding the glory of God, at which they are thrilled to inexhaustible and ceaseless praise, and although higher than man in power, the angels are destined to be outstripped by him in nature, and indeed are only created in order to serve man by their material and spiritual ministrations. Man is created a little lower than the angels, unable to behold God as He is, but only indirectly, or through some condescending theophany; but he is possessed of a craving to see the face of God, to be like Him, and to enter into personal and spiritual union with Him. It is this end, higher than that which any angel can attain or even desire, which necessitated man being created imperfect and unfinished; for ultimate, personal union with God could only be possible with man's own decision. Man is therefore made in a condition in which his destiny can be slowly disclosed to him; slowly it must be, lest its ultimate height should seem for him too high, and he should at once refuse it as impossible. While he is given a soul that

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desires God and can never be satisfied with anything else, he is given powers of decision concerning himself which are absolute, and can be made irrevocable when he has reached a sufficient knowledge to know all the consequences of such a decision. He is given a body, not to clog this process, but in order to temper the revelation as he can receive it; his physical senses providing a veil against the exceeding brightness of the glory of God, which at last he is to behold and will be invited to share. Further, his body, by its constitution, prevents him from descending to a lower stage, and so becoming unaware of God's purpose; the cravings of the body being themselves unsatisfiable, and so bringing into relief the higher satisfactions of the soul as the only final satisfactions even for the body. The animals, whose evolution may have contributed to his physical constitution, remain to remind him of his own difference from them, and the disaster that would overtake him if, possessing these cravings, he were to sink to an animal level; the beasts warning him against the dangers of falling, the angels setting a standard beyond which he himself may rise.

2. This purpose of creation is not allowed to be hindered by sin.

(a) The creation of these perfect angelic beings led to a fall.

It is, in the nature of the case, impossible that a being could be perfect without being free, and even for the angelic order it was necessary that they should be given a choice, even if it had to be swift, instantaneous, and irreparable, as with their perfect endowment of intelligence it could be. Soon after the angels were

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created, the supreme among them, the Archangel Lucifer, rebelled against his condition, probably because he was not equal to God ; and perhaps because man was to be made higher than himself. With those of the angelic host who decided with him, he was immediately banished from the presence of God, which had become to him intolerable ; the decision, both of the angels who maintained their first estate and of those who fell from it, being by its nature final ; the sight of God's glory together with the gift of freedom entailing such a decision and fixing it for ever. This was the first tragedy of creation. But the purpose of God was not to be deterred by this tragedy ; His justice allowed to the angels the freedom of their decision, but it was His wisdom that, despite this, His purpose should not be abandoned.

(b) Man being created with freedom and yet with an imperfect nature made a further fall possible.

Not only is the possibility of a wrong decision inherent in that very gift of freedom which is necessary if man is to accept a destiny that by its very character demands his free choice ; but God foresaw what man's decision would actually be. Man's decision was liable to be perverted by temptation on the part of the fallen angels, who out of envy and malice might attempt to deflect man from his destiny by making specious promises that it could be reached independently of the purpose of God ; thus at once firing his heart with an ambition to be divine, and instigating it to rebel against the Divine means for achieving it, so reproducing their own fall : the fall of man being partly a refusal to rise to God's purpose, and partly an attempt to snatch at only half of it.

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Divine foreknowledge does not necessitate human sin ; neither does man's being created imperfect, nor the possession of a body which he shares with the animals compel him to sin ; and never is man merely deceived by the specious promises of diabolical temptation. Why man should have sinned, and why, although man now inherits a tendency to sin, he goes on sinning, we shall never explain ; for sin is essentially an irrational act, and therefore inexplicable. For man's sin is not simply disobedience to his Creator's purpose, since in his present condition his Creator's will for him is often unknown ; but it is always a sin against his own reason : either by denying the verdict of reason which points to the Divine origin of the universe, the immortality of his soul, and the freedom of his choice ; or by allowing bodily cravings to rebel against reason and demand unreasonable satisfaction, when they themselves became a danger to the body's constitution.

But whatever be the ultimate mystery of sin and the guilt it lays upon us all, not only that it was possible, but that it would certainly take place, God foresaw ; but His Eternal Purpose was not to be inhibited by that possibility or that actuality : first, because His purposes are not to be hindered by anything outside Himself, which would be the abandonment of His Godhead ; and secondly, because the resources of Godhead are such that He is not only able to overcome sin and reverse the Fall, but actually to use it to make His purposes known and to hasten their fulfilment.

(c) Although sin has brought such suffering and misery to the universe, and has had such far-reaching effects, this does not deter the Divine Wisdom from completing the Divine purpose.

Sin has involved the whole creation ; this not only through the mental blindness and weakened will of man, but in the purpose to which man is now directing his life according to his own will. To make nature serve him was the original intention ; man also has been given almost unlimited powers of improving nature, and of making new combinations of natural forces that otherwise would never have come into existence ; but at the same time he can pervert these powers to selfishness and destruction. The very working of the external world may have been rendered less perfect by the conflict between the good and the evil angels, so that all kinds of natural catastrophes happen which may have formed no part of the original plan. The animal world also shares in the Fall ; partly through the influence of the evil spirits, and partly through man's bad example, their instincts are perverted to cruelty by preying upon one another, and development now takes monstrous forms and produces unbalanced multiplication. Worse than this is the increasing temptation to sin provided by sinful example, by man's bringing into existence a diseased and perverted posterity, and above all, the cruelty, both mental and physical, which he is constantly perpetrating upon his fellows ; until it is possible for man to look back upon the history of the world and see in it such deluge of blood and tears that he goes on to make this a count against the goodness of the Creator, curses God for His own gift of freedom, and wishes that he had never existed, thus bringing upon himself a further hopelessness and the depression of despair. The terrible story is not yet ended, the awful conflict between good and evil is not yet decided nor, so far as this earth is concerned, is it predictable ;

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nevertheless, not only was all this foreseen by God, but the Eternal purpose is still maintained, because God is able to use all that has happened as the very means by which that purpose can be attained. Although the Fall need not have happened, the fact that it was not only possible, but foreseen, was woven into His Eternal plan, the very Fall being used of God to drive man beyond the state of his original innocence, in which he had communion with God, and making him desire something further still, namely, that which the Eternal Son has always had with the Eternal Father, a union of perfect love.

3. To attain the Divine purpose the Incarnation of the Son of God was undertaken in order to reveal man's predestined image.

(a) Not only is the nature of God revealed beyond all possibility of doubt by the appearance in our world of the Son, who is the image of the Father ; but the Son also reveals the image in which we were made, namely the original purpose stamped upon us, which was to become also ours through our free choice, thus making us like God.

The Incarnation of the Son of God opens more to man than was originally possible to him as created ; for not only can man now see God in the Incarnate Son, and enjoy that communion to which Christ freely invites all men, even the most sinful, but He teaches men how they may become like God. This is, however, what man does not altogether want ; therefore the appearance of the Son of God in our midst has a most extraordinary result, precipitates a great conflict, and forces sin to disclose its real nature. The original desire for God, implanted in the mind of man, burns afresh as man now

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beholds the nature of God in the person of the Incarnate Son, and his desire for God is immensely increased. At the same time all the forces of evil, natural, human, and diabolic, gather together to resist this desire, with the result that the Son of God is not only rejected, but His death is determined upon, carried out with every species of insult and cruelty, with the motive not only of ending His earthly career and of covering the Divine appeal with shame, but of destroying the Divine Love, thus making a complete end of God. This comes to an issue not only as an historic fact in the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ, which has branded human history with its supreme and unforgettable crime, but the Crucifixion only bodied forth the interior motive and ultimate aim of sin, namely, the resistance of the Divine voice, the rejection of the Divine destiny, and the attempt at destroying the action of God's Spirit within us.

(b) The consequences of this consummate sin are, however, turned to the fulfilment of God's purpose.

All man's sins have wakened in him a certain consciousness of guilt and a certain reaction of remorse ; but this final sin of crucifying the Son of God produces in his own nature an immense reaction, as murder of any kind always does, and opens the way to repentance. But by accepting the Cross, and by His Resurrection, Christ shows man that He absolutely forgives this chiefest of sins, and therefore all man's lesser sins ; but He also shows that Love cannot be destroyed. The result is that when anyone recognises and admits that he has really crucified the Son of God, and goes on to recognise that the Son of God was willing to be crucified for him, by this accepted sacrifice the nature of God, which is love, stands revealed, and man's own nature

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is so drawn to that, that he can hardly forbear loving such love. If this love, which springs up quite naturally, is yielded to, it is bound to carry the soul farther, and at length unite it to Jesus Christ in such a close, personal and spiritual way that it makes the soul a member of Christ's Body, and by that means introduces that soul into a corporate communion which makes possible its entrance into the interior life of Deity, bestowing upon it all the love, all the glory, and all the joy which Christ eternally has with the Father.

(c) This redemption flows out to embrace all humanity.

There is enough love and power manifested in the Cross to persuade the greatest sinner of forgiveness, and, if he yields to its power, to lead him to entire sanctification and final union with God. As each soul comes to know this is the meaning of existence, he inevitably makes it known to others, either by the proclamation of the Gospel or the influence of his example. But this action upon others only gives point to a redeeming purpose that has been in operation ever since sin entered the world. What we call the historical evolution of man, the development of human society, the increase of knowledge, beauty, and goodness, have always been due to a redeeming purpose ministered interiorly in every soul, and immanently through all society, by the incessant working of the Holy Spirit. And why the sin of man has never had the results upon individual souls, or upon society, which it really ought to have had, is because it has been constantly countered by this redemptive process. The whole of the moral and secular progress which, despite sin, has also marked the history of man, is due entirely to the action of that redeeming love which broke forth into more compelling

revelation and more effective power in the Cross of Christ ; and that redeeming love will always go on, whatever man does. So that souls who in this world refuse the forgiveness and grace offered in Christ nevertheless partake of the benefits of a world that has been redeemed and a civilisation which is in process of Christianisation. And even though their decision may be one of rejection, at length as final as that of the fallen angels whose company they may elect to be their own, the redemption wrought by Christ will make an enormous difference even to their condition. Deprived of the vision of God, and the end of their destiny perverted, they will nevertheless not reach the conditions they would have created for themselves if it had not been for the Sacrifice made on their behalf by Christ.

THIS PURPOSE HAS TO BE ACCEPTED BY THE
INDIVIDUAL SOUL

I. This individual choice is essential to the realisation of the purpose.

(a) The beatific vision of God can be granted to no soul without its consent.

A sufficient vision of God will be granted to all men with or without their consent ; but to remain regarding that vision, or to hide away from it, must be their decision. Communion with God must first be offered to man apart from his choice, but each soul must choose whether that communion shall be consummated in complete and eternal union. No union between the soul and God can be possible without a high degree of consciousness having been reached, and that demands, at least, the full knowledge of what God offers to us, a choice that is absolutely free, and an understanding of what is entailed.

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Nothing will be done to destroy our freedom of choice. All the pressure of God's presence upon the soul, the presentation of His truth to the mind, the offer of salvation, the disclosing of His glory, all must stop short of coercion, because coercion would destroy the very purpose that is proposed. At the same time there must come a time when man is able to use his freedom with such perfect knowledge that he can make a choice that shall be irrevocable. Therefore all God's revelation of Himself to man works up, first, through a craving for God implanted in the heart, then the bringing of the knowledge of God to bear upon his mind, and the pressing upon his soul the attraction of sanctity, until if man assents at every step and so far, at length God discloses Himself in His glory, and in that instant the spirit of man is presented with the final choice, and will then gladly surrender the power of further choice, and be thus united to his Creator in eternal love.

(b) The power to make this choice marks man's greatness.

The very fact that God has given this freedom, that God will never force it, and yet that man can use his freedom to fix his purpose for ever, is the measure of the immense greatness bestowed upon man and purposed for him. If we shrink from the responsibility that this choice puts upon us, the rejection of responsibility would only take us back to something lower ; if sometimes we wish that the grace of God were invincible, again that would surrender the very greatness that He has in mind for us ; the highest gift He could bestow on us is the freedom to determine our own destiny. And just as the goal of all physical evolution is the development of conscious personality, so all spiritual evolution is

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designed to confront every conscious personality with the infinite Person of God, that the great decision may be freely, fully, and finally made: either to rise to God's glory or reject His purposes for us. The ascent can only be made by God's grace, the descent will be entirely man's responsibility. That grace will never be withheld from those who desire to ascend; and that freedom will never be withheld from those who determine to descend.

2. The purpose is racial, the acceptance must be individual.

(a) The purpose of God is the salvation not only of every individual soul, but of humanity as a whole: that is, not only separate personalities, but that whole system of social relationships on which the development of our personalities depends. Therefore man is saved by being incorporated into the family of God, the fellowship of faith, the body of Christ, and the communion of saints. As this corporate redeemed humanity grows, in extent, unity, and holiness, so is the rest of humanity prepared for incorporation: for humanity is potentially the body of Christ. But as this reintegration of humanity is progressing, so it brings into light a further revelation and presses it upon individual souls, who in turn are brought to a position of greater responsibility, which, if they accept, again helps to influence all humanity; a reciprocating influence of greater power and richer content thus being automatically set up.

(b) There is no escaping this developing responsibility. As humanity as a whole depends for its freedom on those who give themselves to fight the battles of liberty, so redeemed humanity depends for its sanctification upon those who consecrate themselves for others'

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sakes. Thus we are not only dowered with the power of choosing our own salvation, we are dowered with the responsibility of influencing other people's destiny too. Our influence upon others does not go so far as to make the issue whether other souls are saved or lost depend upon us ; that responsibility no one can assume for others or escape for himself ; but we may hasten or retard the time at which souls may decide upon God's purpose for them ; we can prepare souls to receive the fuller light ; we can help in the sanctification of humanity. The nature of our choice and the fullness of our acceptance carry with them therefore the earthly happiness of countless souls, and will influence all the future of history.

(c) History will be allowed to go on until the highest possibility of corporate redemption is reached.

This is generally spoken of as the making up of God's elect ; this means that a certain sufficient number of souls, known only to God, must be united and sanctified that they may be worthy to constitute the body of Christ, each so reflecting the glory of God that the body as a whole may receive enough of the joy and blessedness of God to fulfil His purpose, justify existence, and make reparation for sin and all its consequences. Individual souls will reach different heights of personal sanctity ; and from them, those who are beneath them will perceive more of God than they themselves could directly behold. When the general sanctification shall have reached something commensurate to the stature of Christ, then human history will have fulfilled its purpose, no more souls will be created, time will come to an end, and God will be all in all.

3. A critical issue therefore faces the individual soul.

God's Purpose for Man

(a) Everything must depend upon your decision.

In addition to the fact that God is, and all that He has revealed in the Incarnation and wrought by the Crucifixion; despite the witness of the Church and the work of grace, there must still be your decision. There is no grace that will carry you into the kingdom of heaven without your assent. It may need only a very simple and feeble assent to begin your co-operation, but on that there wait the eternal purpose of God, all the forces of history, and all the grace of Christ. To shirk this decision would mean that you are unwilling to accept the purpose of God, which is that your salvation shall be your own decision; and at every stage of its perfection that decision must be repeated. No doubt there is some critical point at which each soul passes in either direction, never to turn back; where that critical point is no one knows, for some decisions may be reversed. But it is here in this life that the final decision is made; though only beyond this life will it be revealed what that decision has been. For although souls may never have known the Gospel at all, or never have had Christ presented to them in any clear or critical way, there are decisions being made every day that are implicitly decisions of faith or unbelief: decisions that must affect our eternal destiny; and there must come a time when these accumulate, so that direction in one way or the other is finally determined. But as long as one is able to hear the Gospel and understand what it means, the possibility of deciding to accept God's purpose is still open.

(b) No one can force the critical hour upon anyone else.

If the preacher of the Gospel could do this, it would

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make preaching quite intolerable. The preacher can only say what he knows to be true. He can only discharge his commission, declare the counsel of God, and leave the secrets of all decisions to the soul and its Creator. But it is, of course, possible that, as a result of any clear proclamation of the Gospel, great decisions will be made that will be determinative one way or the other. You may at this very moment decide that you will try to be better, or that you will confess Jesus Christ, or that you will join the Church, or that you will say your prayers more carefully, or that you will use the sacraments; but it is quite possible that the great hour for you has arrived; behind this passing moment there lie the whole of creation's power, the force of evolution, the influences of history, the witness of religion, the testimony of the Church, the prayers of the saints, and beyond it all the Eternal Purpose and the Everlasting Love. At some time or other all these things will bring you to the point where you must make the decision whether or not the purpose of God shall be your purpose too.

(c) It is obvious that such a decision must be eternal.

Whenever the whole purpose of God is made known to you in such wise that your mind recognises that it is true, then your heart must decide whether it loves that purpose, and the will whether it will accept it; and the moment this is clearly seen and freely accepted, or freely rejected, the decision must be final, because there is nothing else to be said, there is no other motive to appeal to. And yet we can seek to make known the whole counsel of God to every man, in every possible manner, without fear, knowing that the clearer it is

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made the more likely it will be that the purpose of God will be chosen.

And so I now declare unto you that all things that have ever been exist for your sake, and that existence was granted you in order that you might embrace the eternal purpose of God, which is that you should know, serve, love, and enjoy Him for ever. The acceptance of this will make your life here, despite sin and sorrow, hardship and hindrance, full of joy and power, and, if maintained, will bring you to everlasting bliss in union with God. That will infinitely justify creation; it is the only explanation of existence, the only worthy end of life; it will alone bring satisfaction to your soul; it is the consummation for which humanity was made.

THE "YEŒ" OF GOD

THE REV. JOHN SCOTT
LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement since 1891. Dr. Scott Lidgett was educated at Blackheath Proprietary School, afterwards at University College, London. He entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1876, and was stationed successively at Tunstall, Southport, Cardiff, Wolverhampton, and Cambridge. He founded, in connection with the late Dr. Moulton, the Bermondsey Settlement in 1891. He became President of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales in 1906, and Hon. Joint Secretary in 1914; President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, 1908; President of the Free Church Commission, 1912-15; Member of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases, 1913-15; Leader of the Progressive Party on the L.C.C. since 1918. Amongst his publications are: "The Spiritual Principle of the Atonement," "The Fatherhood of God in Christian Truth and Life," "The Christian Religion: its Meaning and Proof," "Apostolic Ministry," "God in Christ Jesus: a Study of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians," "Sonship and Salvation, A Study of the Epistle to the Hebrews," "God, Christ, and the Church."

THE "YEA" OF GOD

BY THE REV. J. SCOTT LIDGETT, D.D.

"For how many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the yea; wherefore also through Him is the Amen, unto the glory of God through us."—2 Cor. i. 20.

ST. PAUL is a difficult writer. Many of the forms of thought and reasoning by which he satisfied his own difficulties and sought to meet those of his contemporaries create, rather than solve, difficulties for us. Yet whenever he reaches the highest realities of the Faith and expresses the inmost experiences of the spirit, he strikes a universal note, which is as modern as it is ancient. So it is with the declaration of our text.

In order to understand this great saying, we must start by putting ourselves at the Apostle's point of view. It is fully explained to us at the outset of this Epistle. Although St. Paul's spiritual experience was profoundly and intensely personal, he had been completely set free from all the limitations of self-interested individualism. He had just passed through almost overwhelming sufferings, both physical and mental. These sufferings had been made more poignant by the acute and delicate sensibility which, as in the case of Jeremiah, was inextricably bound up with his adamant strength. He had "despaired even of life." Yet God, by His abundant comfort, had delivered him "out of so great a death." His courage and confidence, his hope and expectation, had thereby been fully restored. He was

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himself again, and more than himself since his weakness had been reinforced by the life-giving succour and empowerment of God. For what purpose was this humiliation and exaltation? Not for his own sake merely. It was in order that he might "be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we are comforted by God." Thus his sufferings had been an overflow of the sufferings of Christ, in order that both they and the comfort which had restored him might be taken up into the redemptive ministry of Christ to the Church. This particular experience of the Apostle sprang out of that complete union of his inmost personality with Christ which enabled him to say, "To me to live is Christ." Hence this complete and mystic union constrained him so to base all his life on Christ that Divine reality and loftiest truth not only inspired his motives and shaped his purposes, but even dictated all the details of his conduct throughout his ministry to the Church.

Here was a case in point. His incapacitating affliction had delayed his promised visit to Corinth. He had also been held back by his anxiety to receive reassuring tidings about the condition of the Church, so that his visit might be one of encouraging fellowship, and not of fault-finding and correction. This delay had either been taken advantage of by his enemies, or had aroused his apprehension that it would be so taken advantage of. He would be accounted a Yea-and-Nay man, whose character was fickle, whose purposes were unstable, and whose promises were untrustworthy. Such changeableness was impossible and even unthinkable. His character and conduct must needs be an expression of the positiveness and stead-

fastness of his Lord. The trustworthiness of Christ had been, and must be, made manifest in the trustworthiness of His Apostle. The Son of God, as preached by him and his companions, had not been "Yea and Nay," but a consistent and all embracing "Yea." "For how many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the yea." The certitude and positiveness of Christ impose certitude and positiveness upon His servant, whose life must needs be, both in word and deed, a revelation of his Lord. And more. The certitude and positiveness of Christ, the Son of God, are the final and convincing guarantee of the trustworthiness of God. The fulfilment of His promises, in all their infinite variety and amplitude, is assured by the fact and presence of Christ, His Son.

Thus, as it seems to me, a wonderful vision arises before the mind of the Apostle. Mankind, represented by the Church, is gathered together in the presence of the Unseen. The countless promises of God are called to mind and recited. The assembly awaits in tensest expectation the assurance that they hold good and will be fulfilled. Suddenly before their awestruck gaze appears the Son of God. In Him—His Personality and His Presence—is emblazoned the satisfying "Yea" of God. And immediately there bursts from the waiting congregation the "Amen" of confident faith and hope, of joyful and devout acceptance, not only of the assurance, but of the actual gift and bestowal of God in Christ. He brings to men the Revelation and Redemption of God in such wise as to give such assurance of the order and destiny of the world as satisfies the needs and hopes of men.

I. It was inevitable that St. Paul should think in

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terms of Divine promises and their fulfilment, for expectancy was of the very essence of Old Testament religion. Yet in this respect, as in others, Old Testament Revelation and Jewish religion give precise point and expression to what is universal in the method of God and in the corresponding temper of mankind.

Man, as well as Revelation, comes into being by means of and under the influence of promises. The doctrine of evolution is not an *explanation* of the universe, but it is the best description, at present available, of the method by which it has come and is still coming into being. The unfolding of the Divine purpose is contained in the slow and costly upbuilding of the world. Gradualness is inevitable in respect both of nature and of man. And this involves not merely the Divine creation, but the creaturely self-building of the world. Above all is this co-operation of the Creator and the creature to be found throughout the realm of consciousness—the spiritual world. The future is forecast and brought about by means of human ideals, which are given to men as their starting-point, carrying such a measure of assurance with them as arouses confident hope and inspires sustained effort. Such ideals and their attendant hopes are instinctively treated as revealing something of the nature and meaning of the universe, of the mind and will of God.

Hence man comes into being, not merely with a sense of dependence, but as an actively responsible and expectant being. He seeks not only being, but better-being; demands not merely security of existence, but the satisfaction that makes continued existence worth while. "We are saved by hope," says St. Paul else-

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where. The place and worth of any civilisation is measured by the elevation and extent of its hopes, and by its assurance—even if it be only instinctive—that the order of things, that God, is pledged to such fulfilment of them as will justify it to Reason, with its spiritual aspirations and moral demands. The sign of healthy manhood everywhere is that Faith and Hope, as the expression of Love, cast out fear, that expectancy overcomes and expels apprehension.

It is essential that this fact should be borne in mind at a time when the Great War with its consequences overshadows the mind and oppresses the heart of man. The mystery of suffering weighs heavily upon us, so much so that an eminent Christian thinker has recently declared that "Pain is the fundamental fact in life."¹ Yet whatever may be said of life, it is certainly not true that pain is the fundamental fact of *consciousness* whether animal or human. And it is consciousness that counts. The attraction of hope is more universal and more effective than the pressure of pain, though the spur of pain is a useful but subordinate ally of the incitement of hope. This consideration is of the utmost importance when we are told that "Darwin's triumph has destroyed the whole theological scheme," and that man, so far from having fallen "from an ideal state of perfect innocence," is "an animal slowly gaining spiritual understanding" and with the gain "rising far above his distant ancestors."² The divergence between the new and the old is not so serious if it be borne in mind that the consciousness of resistance to the authority

¹ Canon Streeter, in his book entitled *Reality*, p. 57.

² By the Bishop of Birmingham in Westminster Abbey, September 25, 1927.

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of the higher carries with it the sense of a Fall, although the very capacity of experiencing this consciousness implies a rise in the scale of being—the attainment of responsible manhood. Hence there is a spring of possibilities and hope within the Fall. “The seed of woman shall bruise the serpent’s head” was the promise that, according to the narrative of Genesis, succeeded the transgression and its condemnation. Redemption, therefore, must be seen as consisting not so much in reparation of the past as in fulfilment of the future. Fulfilment is the way of reparation, the fulfilment of “the promises of God” which have from the beginning prevented the failures and the Fall of man from being complete and irretrievable. Redemption comes through the gift and influence of the “promises.”

II. Men have been, and are still being, led forward by the appeal of a vast range of promises that rest upon faith and awaken hope. They embrace and appeal to every human interest and concern, from those of mere animal life onward to the highest aims of civilisation. They give some degree of elevation even to the pursuit of the material. Yet there have come to men throughout their history intuitions and yearnings, hopes and demands, which have suggested with irresistible influence and have partially revealed the existence and presence of a higher order, eternal and divine, by which the present order of things, with all its lower values, must be estimated and judged. Visions of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness have been vouchsafed, which have called forth the awe-stricken sense of the Holy, the conviction, to use the words of Martineau, that “when the secret of the universe is disclosed, it will not be found to be profane.” Such visions have

come, first of all, to the prophets and the poets, the seers and mystics of mankind, and through them have become the spiritual heritage of ordinary men. These intimations make their authority and influence felt, not amid the rush of life, but in its still hours and its solemnising experiences. The mark of "given-ness" attends such visions and intimations. They come from above, and not from beneath or around. They claim authority, create higher and holier standards, awaken expectancy. They become the satisfying ends by which the meaning and worth of the universe and of human life are henceforth judged. They are "the pearl of great price" for the sake of which the merchantman "seeking goodly pearls" will part with all that he has. They are "promises of God," and in their presence all other promises of life, however innocent or even essential they may be, sink to secularity. Upon the trustworthiness of these intimations and upon their fulfilment the salvation and satisfaction of mankind depend. Failing such fulfilment, the nature and government of the universe are a baffling enigma, for if they should prove illusory the universe has been the birthplace and spring of spiritual ideals and aspirations to which it is indifferent, although they are so essential to the making of man that only the influence of the highest can safeguard and foster the lowliest. Their fulfilment is as necessary to the collective well-being of the race as to the goodness of individual men.

These "promises of God" and their fulfilment had been the special concern of the Hebrew prophets. Their messages of hope and expectancy were chiefly—though in view of the breadth of his insight and sympathies not exclusively—in the Apostle's mind.

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The distinctiveness of "the promises of God" as announced by the Hebrew prophets is fourfold.

In the first place they carry an authoritative assurance of their fulfilment. "These things shall be."

In the next place, while profoundly spiritual, they embrace the universe within their scope, and witness to its wholeness. They announce a "far-off Divine event, to which the whole creation moves." They conceive this event as a *setting right* of all things. Above all, they ground the certainty and amplitude of this fulfilment not upon the needs and desires of men, but on the character of God. They proclaim "the righteousness of God" as the guarantee of the spiritual hopes of man. What God is contains the explanation of what He is doing, the promise of what He will do.

The "promises of God" are many and manifold. In presence of them the Apostle abandons his love of precise definition. "*However many soever* be the promises of God," he says, just as elsewhere he speaks of the "trackless" riches of Christ. "The kingdom of God" is not the assertion of His supreme and all-commanding will, but the outcome of His self-imparting grace. The manifestation of God will achieve and confer the blessedness of man, the complete satisfaction of spiritual demands, which God has Himself inbreathed as the earnest of their final satisfaction.

The Fatherhood of God implies that He is "the God of hope" in order that He may be "the God of peace." Upon the making good of His promises it depends whether man shall become more than an animal, though a rational animal, and shall come into the fullness of his manhood by living "not by bread alone," assisted by

all the complicated machinery that security and sufficiency of bread involve, "but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

III. Where, then, is the assurance of this fulfilment to be found? "In Him"—that is in Christ, the Son of God—"is the yea." The fact of Christ is the only, it is also the convincing and satisfying, guarantee of the faithfulness, the trustworthiness of God. Accept the reality and the significance of Christ, and all is assured. Deny Him, or disparage Him, and all is lost. "He that followeth Me," He says, "shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

The secret of Christ was, above all, that He Himself completely enjoyed this "light of life," that He lived in the unbroken and immediate consciousness of the reality, the presence, the fellowship of God as His Father. This consciousness gave to Him alike His dauntless serenity and command of circumstances, the boundless energy of His beneficence, the fullness of His beatitude. Through it He transformed suffering into sacrifice, defeat into triumph, death into resurrection. For Him enjoyment transcended expectancy. The love of God became the wellspring of His incomparable human life.

Fulfilment is the essential quality of Christ—of His personality, His work, and His influence. He confirms the promises of God to mankind by fulfilling in Himself the ideal of manhood in its relations with God. The highest principle of life, according to John Stuart Mill, is "so to act that Jesus Christ would approve of your life." Even His Cross was not a defeat, nor merely an expiation. It was the fulfilment and therefore the restoration, through sacrificial obedience, of the ideal

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of which sin is either the defiant or the careless contradiction.

And what He Himself enjoyed, that He also conveyed to His followers, giving to them a new knowledge of God and a new power over the world. He bore away their sin, transformed their impotence, bequeathed to them His Spirit. He brought them into the mainstream of the redemptive and renewing energies of the Divine life and love. And all this is the earnest of what He has been and will be to all those who surrender themselves to Him and accept His "Yea" to all the promises of God. The "Yea" of God is for ever spoken in the historic fact of Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of men. His historicity is vital, for while the "promises of God" may be ideal, the "Yea" that confirms them must be actual. Take Christ and all that He stands for, inspires, and satisfies, out of the world, and with His withdrawal the entire fabric of ideal truth, beauty, and goodness is shaken to its base.

IV. What, then, should be the response? Surely, "the Amen" of worshipful acceptance, of confident and joyful trust, in which the faith of individual believers swells and is sustained by the chorus of the Church. Such faith is a venture of hope, inspired by love. Yet this venture is as completely justified in the spiritual world as is a response to the light, and to the world that is illuminated by it, in the natural world. For the reality and promise of the spiritual world is bound up with the reality and gift of Christ.

Never has there been an age when "the promises of God" made such a many-sided appeal to the hopes of men. The ideals of international peace, of social righteousness, of personal well-being, demand their

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fulfilment, not merely for the satisfaction, but even for the survival of mankind. Yet the ancient cry is repeated, "The children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth." Man's spiritual inadequacy has compelled a Bishop¹ to ask Science to stay its hand until man is good enough to be trusted with the powers it confers, and a historian to conclude his narrative by the gloomy observation that "In the earlier scene, man's impotence to contend with nature made his life brutish and brief. To-day his very command over nature, so admirably and marvellously won, has become his greatest peril."²

Yet, if men will but say "Amen" to the "Yea" of Christ, the danger will be surmounted and the promised good will be well within man's reach. The salvation of mankind, personal and collective, in every realm of human concern, depends upon the vision and acceptance of "Jesus only."

¹ The Bishop of Ripon in a sermon before the British Association, 1927.

² G. M. Trevelyan in his *History of England*, p. 703.

KING FOR EVER.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON

The Right Hon. and Right Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, K.C.V.O. (cr. 1915), D.D., LL.D.; Dean of the Chapels Royal since 1901; Prelate of the Order of the British Empire, 1918; b. Worcestershire, January 26, 1858; fourth son of the Rev. E. Winnington Ingram, Stamford Rectory and Ribbesford House, and Louisa, d. of Right Rev. Bishop Pepys, Worcester; unmarried. Educ. Marlborough College and Keble College, Oxford. First class Mods., second class Greats, Oxford. Private tutor, 1881-4; Curate at St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, 1884-5; Private Chaplain to Bishop of Lichfield, 1885-9; Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, Chaplain to Archbishop of York and to Bishop of St. Albans, 1889; Rector of Bethnal Green, 1895; Rural Dean of Spitalfields, 1896; Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1897-1901; Bishop of Stepney (Suffragan to Bishop of London), 1897-1901; Chaplain London Rifle Brigade since 1901; Chaplain N.A.V.R.; Grand Cross of the Royal Order of the Redeemer, 1919; St. Sava, 1st Class, 1919. Publications: "Work in Great Cities"; "Old Testament Difficulties"; "New Testament Difficulties"; "Church Difficulties"; "Messengers, Watchmen, Stewards"; "The Men who Crucify Christ," 1896; "Christ and His Friends," 1897; "Banners of the Christian Faith," 1899; "The Church in Time of War," 1915; "The Potter and the Clay," 1917; "Rays of Dawn," 1918; "Victory and After," 1919; "The Spirit of Peace," 1921.

KING FOR EVER

BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON

"The Lord sitteth above the water-flood: the Lord remaineth the King for ever."—Ps. xxix. 9-10.

IF I only had one sermon to preach I think I should concentrate the mind of my congregation upon the touching picture of our Lord standing above the hungry multitude; everybody is making to Him suggestions, some of them very foolish ones, but He is quite calm Himself, because "He Himself knows what He will do."

Now, the reason why I think this is such a striking picture is because we believe that the same Person who stood above the multitude in those far-off days stands above the multitude to-day. With all our difficulties in London with regard to housing the poor, feeding the great population, and above all spiritually feeding them, it is our great comfort to think that our Lord is as near to us to-day as He was to those people years ago, that He takes as deep an interest in them, and that though we are much perplexed as to what to do, He Himself "knows what He will do," and therefore I should take for the text of my one and only sermon the last two verses of the 29th Psalm, verses 9 and 10: "The Lord sitteth above the water-flood, the Lord remaineth a King for ever."

Now let us see what this means in detail. Notice the whole point is that it is not some vague God who is above everything, but the actual Person whom we

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read about in the New Testament and whom we seem to know so well. It is said of Jesus Christ that all authority has been given unto him in Heaven and in earth, and therefore it is Jesus Christ Himself who sits above the water-flood and remains a King for ever. Now, first of all, what does this not mean and what does it mean?

I. What does it not mean?

(1) It does not mean that we are not to use our *brains*. It is a common delusion that if we are Christians we are to think as little as possible, that if we think too much we shall lose our faith. Whereas what we want people to do is to think and read a great deal more than they do. As Bacon says, "A little knowledge inclineth man's mind to atheism, but much knowledge brings his mind back to religion." He cannot therefore read or think too much about religion. We must investigate all the reasons why we should believe, face all new discoveries, in science, history, or higher criticism, believing that "we can do nothing against the truth but for the truth."

(2) We have to use our *hearts*. It is said that St. John when he was a very old man used to be carried into church, and that all he was able to say was, "Little children, love one another." He could not have said anything more to the point, for all our difficulties in life to-day spring from want of Christian love. It is want of confidence in one another among the nations which hold matters up at Geneva; it is want of confidence between employer and employee which produces most of our industrial troubles; in parishes it is jealousy between workers which upsets many a parish; and how many homes, which would otherwise be happy,

are made miserable by the want of true love ! And therefore we have to use our hearts.

(3) We have to use our *hands*. It is not always realised that, as Mr. Holland so forcibly said to us at the Guildhall at a great missionary meeting, we are the *only* Body Christ has on earth. We are actually His hands and feet, and if we don't stretch out our hands, according to His plan, He can't stretch out His hand. If our foot doesn't move, He cannot go. If our lips do not open, He cannot speak ; and therefore hands and feet and lips must be freely used.

(4) We have to use our *wills*. It is almost amusing, if it were not sad, to hear those who disown religion pose as the only people who use their wills : " I will be master of my fate, I will be captain of my soul," as Henley says. But as a matter of fact every Christian has to use his will to the uttermost. The boy who stands up at his Confirmation and says " I do " has got to put all his determination into keeping his promise. None of us will ever conquer our besetting sin without exercising the power of our wills. The sad reason why we are not better is because we do not really *will* to be, and therefore brain, heart, hands, and will have to be used just as if there were no Lord sitting above the water-flood.

II. But now comes the second question : Where does religion come in ? What does this picture of our Lord standing above the multitude really mean to us ? Let us take each one of those four points one by one.

(I) Take our *brains*. It means that when we have thought and read and reasoned and asked the advice

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of our friends, we have one more glorious privilege, we can kneel down, and look up and say :

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

In other words, we can have what the Prayer Book calls "the heavenly assistance of the Holy Ghost." It is the task of the Holy Spirit to take of Christ and show Him to us, and thus we have conveyed to our minds the advice of Him who knows what He would do. This is such a priceless privilege that it is perfectly astonishing that so many do not avail themselves of it. It seems almost mad to start a day on which we have so many decisions to make without asking for the guidance of this Divine Guide.

(2) Then take our *hearts*. Mere good-nature soon comes to an end. Our limited supply of human love is nothing like enough to solve the problems of the world. I met in Japan a lady who has worked for thirty years among the lepers. Do you suppose that it was merely human love which has carried her on for so long ? Where religion comes in, is that it enables us to place our poor hearts alongside of the heart of the Good Shepherd, who is still the Good Shepherd, although he is King. Our hearts therefore can beat with the throb of His heart, and we can love with His love. "I can't love those people naturally," said a priest to me once ; "Then you must love them supernaturally," I said in reply. Nothing is more striking than the way in which a man or woman's capacity for loving increases as time goes on.

(3) Then we turn to where religion comes in as we work with *our hands and feet and lips*. The promise is given that we shall not work alone; the Lord, we are told, was working with those first disciples, and was "confirming the Word with signs following." When I was alone for nine years working in East London and finding comparatively few respond at first to my efforts, that was my great comfort. Christ asks my work, but not my success. I have to do my best, but He takes the responsibility Himself. This is the comfort of every lonely worker throughout the world.

(4) Then when we come to our *wills*, religion comes in in this way. When the young boy or weak girl make their promise and then asked for help to keep it, there comes down upon their wills a *great strong Hand* which closes round their wills like a bar of steel, and in that new power they can do what they could not possibly do by themselves. This is why we see young boys and girls standing firm under difficulties which seem, humanly speaking, bound to overwhelm them.

III. Let us see in conclusion how this affects various parts of our lives.

(1) It affects our *prayer life*. If the very Person who said, "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find," is at the centre of all things, then it becomes absolutely certain that prayer will be answered, because the very Person who tells us to pray will give the answer to that prayer.

(2) So, again, notice the encouragement it gives to *intercession*. We are told that our Lord ever liveth to make intercession for us, and therefore our weak

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intercessions get swept into His all-prevailing intercession. As the hymn says :

What, fallen again ? yet cheerful rise,
Thy Intercessor never dies.

(3) See what an inspiration it is to a *life of service*. If Christ, according to His plan, cannot do without us, then we must be up and doing. It is only a glorious privilege to offer our hands and feet and lips for His service.

(4) And lastly, it ought to take away from us all fear of *death*. Death to us, as it was to St. Paul, ought only to be "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." And therefore you see my one sermon would promise to me, and also, I hope, to others, strength and hope and grace **in** this life, and in the world to come life everlasting.

*FINALITY IN OUR DEALINGS
WITH GOD*

THE REV. FREDERICK
BROTHERTON MEYER, B.A.,
D.D.

Dr. Meyer was educated at Brighton College and Regent's Park Baptist College. He became Assistant Minister to the Rev. C. M. Birrell, at Liverpool, in 1870. Two years later he was called to the Baptist Chapel, York, and still later to Leicester, where the Melbourne Hall was built for his ministry. He has been pastor to the Regent's Park Chapel, London, and also Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, of which he has been Minister Emeritus since 1921. In 1904 and 1920 he was President of the National Federation of Free Churches, and also of the Baptist Union in 1906. He is the author of the following: "Israel: a Prince with God," "Elijah," "Tried by Fire," "The Bells of Is," "Reveries and Realities," "Workaday Sermons," "Blessed are Ye."

FINALITY IN OUR DEALINGS WITH GOD

BY THE REV. F. B. MEYER, D.D.

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect."—Phil. iii. 12.

GOD is Love! But love demands love! It is a necessary condition of love that there should be reciprocity. Probably, therefore, the human race was created in the image of God that there might be an adequate response to the Heart of the Eternal—not yet, except in a few instances, but finally, when our eternal experiences have matured our characters. *"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."*

The suggestion has been hazarded that God's choice of our young race may have led to the jealous hatred of angels who were passed over. For verily, not of angels did He take hold. Out of this arose the great revolt of which the Earth has been, and is, the scene—the scene of the worst, but destined to be the cradle of the best.

It was the opinion of the late Dr. Wallace that this tiny planet is the only inhabited bit of star-dust amid the myriads of the midnight sky; and it may be that this is the chosen nursery for the testing and education of those who shall become the sons and daughters of the Almighty. Certainly the events which have taken place here—the Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of Jesus Christ—have for ever signalised

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our earth amid all other worlds, and it is not incredible that it is serving as the testing-place and the school of those who shall compose the Church or Group of the First-Born.

I. THE DIVINE IDEALS WHICH APPEAL FOR OUR ATTAINMENT

Each one of us is created within reach of a glorious destiny. We may be the sons and daughters of the Almighty in no fictitious sense ! Heirs of God and joint heirs with His Son ! Is it wonderful, therefore, that we should receive, from the shifting events of time and sense, the special training needed for the future which awaits us ? In the children of a large family there is a vast diversity of character, and happy are those parents who can afford to give each child that education which is most suited to develop its idiosyncrasy. So each unit of humanity is a distinct creation. Each incarnates some distinct thought of the Creator, and the life-career of each is specially arranged and determined to develop the special characteristics of each. God never repeats Himself. Each soul in Eph. ii. 10 is compared to a poem. No poet repeats himself. Each production bears trace of some new aspect of consummate art. There may be similarity, but there can be no identity. Each of us, therefore, enshrines a distinct ideal of God's mind, but we have to *work out* our own salvation with fear and trembling. We have to apprehend that for which we were apprehended by Christ Jesus. And we are placed in this world for a brief space that we may work out what God is working in, and approximate so far as possible to the Divine ideal. Perhaps each one

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of us, before birth, stands before the Creator and Father, to see the ideal of what we may become. This is the haunting thought which we know as conscience ; and which reproaches us each time when we fall short. It is also the inspiration of a nobler career. As Moses, on the summit of Sinai, beheld in the vision the pattern of the Tabernacle which he was to construct, and it stood there in radiant beauty, every knot and tassel, every curtain and fringe, every pillar and hook, perfectly reflected as from the Divine thought, so it may be that each of us at that sublime moment beheld at a glance the vision of what God had apprehended us to become.

In some cases the pattern is only revealed step by step and day by day. Each morning the Spirit of God presents to us some new item in the Divine conception, and summons us to realise it. Thus the Temple groweth into a dwelling-place for the Eternal, or a chosen servant as Moses became. The one particular which we are stressing now is that our lives have been forecasted. There was a reason for our creation. God thought a distinct thought into our souls, as they issued from the womb of creation. Perhaps a record has been kept in the archives of eternity, with which we shall compare what life has actually been ! Is not this an incentive that we should follow on to apprehend that for which we were apprehended ? Let us follow on !

II. THE DIVINE IDEAL OR PURPOSE CAN ONLY BE REALISED IN STAGES

“ Not that I have already attained, or am already made perfect ; but I press on.” It is, as Paul says, “ a high calling.” It is also described as “ a holy calling,”

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“a heavenly calling,” and “a hope-inspiring calling.” The wireless telegraphy of God’s Spirit is ever bringing that call to mind, unless the obstinacy of man’s refusal deadens the voice to a far-off whisper that presently ceases. If only our ears were attent, we should detect the low, sweet voice of God, nearer, clearer, stronger, intenser, more thrilling, more eager. But it calls for each single step or act in our response to be taken separately and deliberately. We go from strength to strength. We leave the things that are behind, and reach out towards those before. As there are rings in the centre of a tree, so that the woodsman can decipher the years of growth, so there are distinct stages in our progress towards the Divine ideal. It is probable that each faithful soul is standing before the ascent of the Eternal.

A friend discovered Thorwaldsen in tears, and on asking the reason the illustrious sculptor replied: “Look at that statue. I have reached my ideal, and fear that I have reached the high-water mark of my profession. When a man is satisfied, he ceases to grow.” How different this is to the cry of the Apostle. Not only did he press on through obloquy and reproach, through imprisonment and stripes, through the persecution of the Jews and the martyrdom under Nero, but from the excellent glory into which he has passed we seem to hear those same triumphant notes: “I am pressing on.” From the distant height Longfellow’s mountain-climber’s voice was still heard crying “Excelsior !” So must it be with us, and our behaviour in every fresh incident of life shall conduce to the achievement of our life-purpose. Never counting ourselves to have attained or to be already perfect. Never

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deterred by the amazing difficulties through which, and notwithstanding which, we pursue our way. Never weary in submitting to those inward strivings of the Spirit, those birth-pangs of new and holier attainments, to which the saints of God are exposed. "Groanings that cannot be uttered."

We must learn to forget ! We are all tempted to live in the past, to look up at the fading laurels we have won, as though they could not be equalled or surpassed, to confess that we shall never do anything so good as that, never reach so high, never paint so fair a picture, preach so good a sermon, have such a vision of God ! That is fatal. Forget ! Forget the rapture of your first Communion, the earliest efforts of your soul, the trophies you won, the visions of truth, the mountain-top experience, and press onward, upward, with the eagle's flight to the sun !

III. THE REALISATION OF THE SOUL'S IDEALS IS ONLY POSSIBLE WHEN THERE IS FINALITY IN OUR DEALINGS WITH GOD

The failure, in a vast number of lives, arises from our lack of understanding of the prime law of growth, truly envisaged by the Apostle when he speaks of "leaving those things which are behind." There are stages in the Christian's growth ; rings, as we have said, in the tree ; crease-marks on the grass ; cairns left behind in the march. There must, in fact, be definite and final dealings with the past, with conscience, and with God.

In the mystic ladder, trodden by holy souls in all ages, there are these successive stages, each of which must be

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definitely approached, appropriated, and passed. There must be a definite crossing of the Equator, not once in a lifetime, but in many succeeding experiences. When once the step is taken, and the contract made between the soul and God, there should be a sense of Finality. The first step has been taken, and need not be retaken. That apartment in the house is furnished, and need not take attention from the rest. That lesson has been definitely learned and passed. That goal has been attained ; there is no need even to dwell on it, otherwise than as a settled matter between God and the soul. *This only must be borne in mind, that such definite steps must be ratified and settled with the Divine endorsement. The final act is one of faith that God has definitely accepted and ratified the act, and has set His seal of affirmation upon it.* The step is taken in faith ! Then the Divine Spirit enables us to reckon that He has accepted and endorsed it. From that time onward the soul advances with unwavering faith. That purpose is achieved once and for ever. That stage at least has been gained, and needs never to be reconsidered.

Let us now take three illustrations of finality in the soul's progress. *First: the consciousness that, on our confession, sin is absolutely forgiven and put away.* I remember an interview with an elderly man in which he told me that every night before he slept he confessed all the sins of the past that he could recall, and sought forgiveness. Obviously such an ordeal was arduous, costly of sleep and rest, and altogether unnecessary, in face of the continual affirmations of Scripture. The statements on page after page are clear as crystal. "*As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgression.*" "*I, even I, am He that blotteth out* 166

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thy transgressions, and will no more remember thy sins."
"Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depth of the seas."
"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us." Nothing could be more explicit and definite. When I had quoted these assurances to my companion, I went on to show him the grave injustice he was committing, not only against himself, but against the Eternal Lover. Surely God's repeated assurance is enough, and more than enough!

There may come a definite moment when the soul faces its past, and in true penitence returns, prodigal-like, to the Father, with the frank confession of the past. As soon as the frank and full confession has been made, the whole black record is obliterated. Nothing of the past will ever be mentioned again. It is forgiven and forgotten from that hour; and it must be a grievous hurt to the Divine Spirit to be asked again and again to forgive. What would any of us think if our children, having been forgiven for some breach of righteousness, were to come morning after morning to implore forgiveness? In this grave issue surely God demands, and we should reckon on, finality. Once confessed and forgiven, our sins can no more be recovered than a pebble cast into the depths of the Atlantic. That matter being settled once and for ever, it can be left behind for ever, and the same finality must be claimed as we may be overcome in secret or overt sin.

The same attitude should be adopted in regard to Divine guidance. There are three steps which enable us to come to a definite conclusion as to our life-course, and the demands for decision and choice of route, which arise from time to time. As a general rule, there are

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three steps. In the first place, a resolve or sense of duty begins to form in the secret depths of the soul. It is a still small voice, speaking in the Horeb of the heart. A whisper! A suggestion! A question! At this stage we are wise not to mention it to the dearest, closest friend! Ask that, if it be not of God, it may die away! But if it grows, nurture it, expose it to the scrutiny of the Divine Spirit, and watch for the corroboration of outward circumstances. The inward and outward will correspond as did the incidents on that memorable day in Saul's life, which corroborated Samuel's secret anointing; and as the shut doors along the coast of Asia Minor compelled Paul to take the ship to Europe. Finally, there will be corroboration on the part of those whom at this stage we consult. When these three signs agree, we must dare to roll the entire responsibility on God's Providence, as Abraham did, when he left Haran and flung himself into the desert which intervened between the Euphrates and Damascus. "He went out, not knowing whither he went." But he never returned, and God vindicated him. Similarly men, as individuals or in groups, have stepped forth on unknown paths; but when faith takes a step of that nature, whatever be the difficulties and perils, there must be no looking back. The responsibility for all the future must be cast on God. He must and will provide. The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places smooth. Manna shall distil on the desert floor, and rocks shall break into fountains, because God also respects the finality which characterises the pilgrim soul, that makes the humble compact, and steps forth in faith.

The same attitude should be adopted in the presence of a heavy sorrow, which ever lies on the heart and extorts

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sighs and tears. It is natural to entreat that the cup should be taken away, and that the long discipline should cease. It is natural to return day after day and night after night to that same spot in our Gethsemane, to bedew the same sward with sweat of blood, and lament on the air the same petitions. But there must come an end to this, if we would follow in the footsteps of our Lord. We must accept the discipline as the Divine will, whether it be imposed or permitted. We must believe that God has a definite purpose and reason in regard to it. We must come to the point of definitely accepting it as the Father's choice for us. We must tell Him of our willingness to suffer so long as He deems it to be necessary. We may ask for an angel to strengthen us, but we must allow our wrists to be bound with thongs. Thus, quietly waiting, the sky will begin to brighten in the east ; the lesson will have been learnt ; the blessing which could only accrue in this manner will be granted. The definite acceptance of some heavy cross, without murmuring or complaining, but simply trusting, with the upward glance and smile, and with the quiet acquiescence of the soul, is not only the way of peace, but must be more pleasing to God than the querulous complaint and the prolonged entreaty for release. God has no pleasure in our pain. It grieves Him when we are passing through the dark valley. Jesus must have suffered acutely whilst He abode two days in the place where He was till Lazarus died, that in that beloved home He might perform His greatest miracle. Reckon God as your partner in sorrow, and leave to Him the hour and method of your deliverance.

The only experience in our mortal life in which we cannot always claim finality is in our intercession for

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others. "God forbid," said the patriot-prophet, "that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." But even in this case the soul may become assured that the prayer has been answered, and then the prayer is turned to praise, and the intercessor quietly waits to see the salvation of God. Intercession, like that recorded of our Lord in John xvi, can never cease. "He ever liveth to make intercession."

Scripture abounds with instances of finality in dealing with God. Samuel's mother, having poured out her heart, was no more sad. The nobleman who came to Christ for his child, instead of waiting for further assurance, believed the word that Jesus spake, and went his way! The sailors and crew were so reassured by Paul's prayer and vision that they dared to empty the ship of the cargo of wheat. Why should not we cast our burdens on the Lord, and leave them there, without fear as to the result, when once we have the inner conviction that God has accepted us? Never in this life shall we feel that we have apprehended all for which we have been apprehended. Always will new experiences beckon you, like higher mountain-reaches. Always leave things behind, and press on, and take this for your comfort, that you have been apprehended by God for your quest, and He will not fail you. It is related of the great artist Herkomer that his aged father lived in his home and spent his days in modelling clay. At night he placed the day's work on the shelf with a sigh as he detected the effect of the pilfering years. But when he had retired to the early bed of age, his gifted son entered the workshop, took up one by one the objects over which his father lamented, touched them with inimitable skill, and the old man, as he took them up

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in the morning, dismissed the regrets of the previous night, and said delightedly, "After all, I can do as well as ever." So at the end of life, and often during life, when we confess that we have not apprehended, we shall discover that Christ's deft touch has perfected our poor handiwork.

THE ETERNAL VALUES

THE VERY REV. WILLIAM
RALPH INGE, D.D., C.V.O.,
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Dean of St. Paul's. Dean Inge is the eldest son of the late Rev. William Inge, D.D., Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, and of Mary, daughter of the Ven. Edward Churton, Archdeacon of Cleveland. Educated at Eton and passing on to King's College, Cambridge, he gained many distinctions, becoming Senior Chancellor's Medallist in 1883 and Hare Prizeman in 1885. He was formerly Assistant Master at Eton; Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford; Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity and Hon. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. He has been Select Preacher at both Oxford and Cambridge, and has been successively chosen as Bampton Lecturer; Paddock Lecturer, New York; Gifford Lecturer, St. Andrews; and Romanes and Hibbert Lecturer. Amongst his publications are: "Christian Mysticism," "The Philosophy of Plotinus," "Outspoken Essays," "The Idea of Progress," "The Victorian Age."

THE ETERNAL VALUES

BY THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"—Ps. viii. 3, 4.

THE contrast between the starry heavens and the puny dwellers on this earth is far more tremendous than the Psalmist knew it to be. His universe was a small one compared with that which we contemplate. And yet the disproportion seemed to him almost crushing. But not quite. For man is, after all, "the roof and crown of things," at least within our knowledge. "Thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of Thine hands; thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet." So the old Hebrew poet, like the philosopher Kant, finds two things in the world worthy of awe and wonder—the heavens above, and the moral nature of man within him.

The tendency to worship the sun, moon, and stars has been widespread, and is easy to understand. Even the later Greek philosophers, after the longest period of unfettered speculation that the human race has ever enjoyed, still thought that the worlds have souls, higher in rank than those of human individuals. The eminent philosopher and psychologist Fechner revived this belief in the last century. There is nothing absurd in it. But without any concessions to mythology, the imaginations of thoughtful men have been very deeply stirred by the illimitable vistas of space and time which

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modern science has opened out to us. Some have been most impressed by the all-pervading majesty of natural law. George Meredith in a remarkable sonnet represents Lucifer rising from his dark dominion and gazing up :

He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

Wordsworth sees that the obverse of law is obedience. It is "Duty," stern daughter of the voice of God, through whom the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong ; Duty, obedience to the law of their being, which upholds all things, small and great, in their appointed courses. Others have felt only the sublimity of unlimited power displayed on so colossal a stage. Victor Hugo speaks of the arrogance of man rebuked by the spirit of earth, which itself shrinks into insignificance before the wondrous planet Saturn. Saturn pales before the Sun, the Sun before the mighty stars Sirius and Arcturus ; then the Zodiac, the Milky Way, and the vast Nebulæ that whiten the darkness, pass before his vision. Lastly, the Infinite says, "All this multiplicity lives in My sombre unity" ; and God sums up with, "I have only to breathe, and all this fades away."

Others, like George Meredith again, have been uplifted by the thought that the whole universe is compacted of the same elements, and obeys the same laws :

So may we read, and little find them cold :
Not frosty lamps illumining dead space,
Not distant aliens, not senseless Powers.
The fire is in them whereof we are born ;
The music of their motion may be ours.
Spirit shall deem them beckoning earth, and voiced
Sisterly to her, in her beams rejoiced.

But others, again, have been oppressed, as Tennyson was sometimes, by the vastness of the prospect—"as this poor earth's pale history runs. What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?" James Thomson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, finds that the thought of the universe gives a blacker hue to his pessimism :

Necessity supreme
With infinite mystery, abysmal dark,
Unlighted even by the faintest spark,
For us the fitting horrors of a dream.

And Mr. Bertrand Russell, plucking courage from despair, flings defiance, like Prometheus, against the omnipotent tyrant whom none can resist.

This feeling of awe at the vast scale on which nature works, whether it be solemn joy and consolation, as with Wordsworth, mere wonder, as with Victor Hugo, or a crushing sense of impotence, as with the writers last referred to, has been countered by some tart criticism. Do we really suppose that a star, because it is a very bulky body, must have a correspondingly large soul, or that the Creator sets more store by an enormous gas-bag than by the spirit of a saint or hero? And what does it really mean—this exhortation to worship the hypothetical Creator and sustainer of the starry heavens? Is it not the characteristic tendency of an industrial civilisation to think of everything in terms of *ownership*? Is it really a valid argument for theism to ask whether so eligible a property as the universe can possibly belong to nobody? Do we ever unconsciously argue that if we bow respectfully to a duke who owns a hundred thousand acres, we ought to pay infinitely

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greater respect to the largest of all landed proprietors, who possesses a million estates each a million miles in diameter, and whose title-deeds are billions of years old? Indian thought has never been impressed by this idea of ownership.

Perhaps there is a natural tendency to attach too much importance to mere bigness. The vast majority of the heavenly bodies are unfit to be the abode of conscious life, and can only illustrate, on a large scale, the laws of inorganic evolution.

But the real man of science cannot be charged with a childish love of bigness. Just now he is even more interested in the infinitely little than in the infinitely great.

Natural science is the principal vehicle of revelation to us in the twentieth century. It has modified our whole way of looking at things. The idea of evolution has transformed our outlook in dealing with almost every subject, including history, politics, and theology. The belief in uniform natural laws has banished the old notion of two orders, the natural and the supernatural, dovetailed into each other on the same plane, a notion which greatly retarded the progress of knowledge. Moreover, the scientific *temper* is as great an asset to humanity as scientific discovery. Nowhere else do we find such disinterested devotion to truth, such unquenchable faith in the power and value of disciplined intellectual labour, such bold sweeps of imagination checked by such punctiliously accurate experiments. The air breathed by science is like that of mountain heights, thin, but pure and bracing.

Science has affected both theology and morality in many ways, and must affect them much farther. After

four hundred years, the Church has still failed to adapt her cosmology to the discoveries of Galileo. Officially, we clergy still have to live in a pre-Copernican universe. Otherwise, certain dogmas on which the Church insists would have no meaning. The battle against the dead hand of authority is not yet won, but the issue is certain. The educated Christian has already succeeded in fitting his creed within the framework of the universe as he knows it to be; and as the people become better educated, there will be less resistance to a reconstruction of that part of the building which is obviously crumbling. When this necessary work is done, it will be found that religion is a great gainer.

In the sphere of conduct, I will point to the greater attention to strict truthfulness, to the growing thoughtfulness for the welfare of posterity, and above all, perhaps, to the increasing recognition of our duties to our non-human fellow-creatures, which were not, as we used to be taught, created for our benefit. Our religion, philosophy, and morality have been far too anthropocentric. In the future we may even come to see truth in Aristotle's dictum, that "there are many things in the universe more divine than man," though there is great wisdom in another saying of his that nature is superhuman (*daimonia*) rather than divine (*theia*). I think it is a much-needed caution, that we have no reason to suppose that the nature of God is more fully revealed in Nature than in the mind of man. But in morality as in theology there is still very much to be done in enlightening the intelligence and the conscience of the public. The new knowledge has come quickly, and morality, like theology, is intensely conservative.

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In the second half of this address I wish to speak shortly of the relation of science to religious faith. Some have thought it possible to prove the existence of God by the methods of natural science. But, in my opinion, no argument which abstracts from the religious experience can ever lead to the God of religion.

It is often said that science gives us, or tries to give us, a world of facts without values, and that this is why it excludes those aspects of reality with which religion is concerned. This is, in my opinion, a complete mistake. You cannot separate judgments of fact and judgments of value in this manner. A fact without value is no fact; a value without fact is no value. Take any branch of science you like, and you will find that it is built throughout upon a valuation of experience. Take any form of religion you like, and you will find that it is built upon what are believed to be facts. The proposed delimitation of territory will not work; it would be equally fatal to both sides.

Perhaps I ought to say a few words in justification of my statement that all science is a valuation of experience. I will not lay stress on the fact that nearly all scientific literature is steeped in valuations—that men of science habitually talk of higher and lower forms of life; that they assume that health is better than disease; that parasitism is a kind of biological sin; and that the extinction of any form of life marks it as a failure and in a sort condemns it, which means that for them existence itself is a value. These value-judgments creep into their investigations because they are men, and even if they wish to keep them out they cannot do so. But besides these, they assume, to start with,

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that order is better than chaos, law better than accident, correct observation and calculation better than incorrect. In so doing, they base their life's work on the values of truth, harmony, orderly succession, universal law. They hope to end by establishing that these are facts ; that is their reasonable faith ; but unquestionably they begin by assuming that they are values.

What we have a right to say is that the natural sciences concentrate themselves upon a certain kind of values, neglecting, for their own purposes, other kinds of values. The sciences deal almost entirely with objects which can be weighed or counted. Their standards are almost entirely quantitative. These methods are enough to ascertain the truth about certain aspects of reality, but they do not attempt to explain reality as a whole, or if they do, the attempt is a failure. Professor Eddington has lately said : " I venture to say that the division of the external world into a material world and a spiritual world is superficial, and that the deep line of cleavage is between the material and the non-material aspects of the world." The ' imponderables ' are the most important things in philosophy, as Bismarck said they are in politics.

For we also know the world qualitatively. We stamp things, persons, and events as good or bad, as beautiful or ugly, judging them by ideal standards which we find within us very much as the scientist finds within him an ideal standard of truth and conformity to law. And I wish to insist earnestly—for it is the foundation on which the whole philosophy of religion is built—that these qualitative judgments are the basis of all our religious, moral, and intellectual life ; that they are our deepest convictions ; and that they are impartial,

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objective judgments of fact, no less than the judgments of natural science. Judgments of fact, I dare to say, because I repeat that a value which is no fact is no value. The affirmations of the religious consciousness claim to be eternal truths, not unrealised ideals.

This claim to objectivity by the religious consciousness is not confined to the mystics. Even Aristotle recognises the capacity of the soul for apprehending the Absolute and Eternal, though it seems to make a breach in his psychology to do so ; and Spinoza, forgetting, it would seem, his doctrine of parallelism, declares that " we feel and experience that we are immortal." The late F. H. Bradley, perhaps our greatest contemporary philosopher and no friend to orthodox Christianity, says impressively : " There is nothing more real than what comes in religion. To compare facts such as these with what comes to us in outward existence would be to trifle with the subject. The man who demands a reality more solid than that of the religious consciousness knows not what he seeks."

And what does the religious consciousness affirm ? In its widest sense, it affirms as living principles and universal standards of value the triple star of idealism, Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, a threefold cord not quickly broken. It affirms that these are known to us as attributes of God, and therefore the most real things that we know. Thus we are able to ascend in heart and mind to a spiritual and eternal world in which abide the thoughts of God which energise in the creation as vital laws. It is in this eternal world that we find our immortality ; it is because we are not cut off from this eternal world that we know, as Spinoza says, that we are immortal.

But this is not all. The religious consciousness affirms a personal God. A personal God does not mean a magnified and non-natural man. It means a Being with whom a human person can hold personal relations. That we can hold personal relations with the Author of our being is the conviction of all religious people. Their conviction is not based on a priori reasoning; it is based on experience. Partly we think that we can trace the wise and merciful care of God in the course of our lives, the rod and the staff of His fatherly hand; but chiefly we are sure that He hears our prayers.

Speak to Him thou, for He hears; and spirit with spirit can
meet;

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

We conclude, then, that the outstanding differences between science and religion are mainly differences of emphasis in asserting the reality of the ultimate values. The nature of our work, and of our dominant interests, leads some of us to see God in the order of nature, others in moral goodness, others in beauty, whether of nature or art. These are all divine attributes, and God manifests Himself in all three. But we have all chosen to be onesided, because only by specialising can we do any good in the world.

We none of us see all round the truth. But by the goodness of God, those who follow the gleam wholeheartedly and disinterestedly in any one direction are not much cramped by this specialising. The work to which they have given themselves takes on a universal quality, so that the beauty and goodness in the world are not hidden from those who are searching out nature's

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laws, and the saint feels something of the awe and wonder of the visible creation.

There is more than one path up the hill of the Lord. It is only from the top, we may say in a figure, that the paths meet and the view is the same. But true men are all engaged upon the same quest.

THE PERSISTENT PURPOSE

THE PERSISTENT PURPOSE
OF THE CHURCH

THE REV. PRINCIPAL H.
WHEELER ROBINSON, M.A.,
D.D.

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BY THE REV. H. WHEELER ROBINSON, D.D.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—Gen. xxxii. 26.

THIS is one of the many arresting sayings in which the Bible is so rich—sayings that write themselves for ever on the heart of mankind, and may become the guiding principle, the final epitome, of a human life. The saying is a paradox, for it defies reason by treating an obvious enemy as a disguised friend; but in this apparent inconsistency it ranks with other memorable paradoxes of the Bible. The helpless and agonised father, appealing to Jesus for the restoration of his son, cried, "I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." Simon Peter, at once attracted and repelled by the discovery of the unsuspected majesty of his teacher-friend, instinctively prays, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." There is a paradox even on the lips of the Lord, in that perplexing cry of the Cross, which appeals to the very Father who seems to have withdrawn from His Son, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

The unforgettable cry of Jacob has a not less memorable setting. Who has not dwelt imaginatively on the familiar story of Jacob's wrestling? We think of the dark torrent rushing through the ravine, and the dangerous ford by which Jacob's company have crossed. We see this man of mingled purposes lingering behind, as though reluctant to meet again the brother he wronged so many years before. Then, in the darkness of the

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night, there comes the lonely struggle with the stranger, that desperate encounter for very life, the straining muscles of the locked combatants, the agonised effort, and the grim discovery by Jacob that the stranger is stronger than he. It is a defeated man who somehow penetrates to the hope of a friend behind the fact of a foe, and appeals to a hidden power and will to save and not to destroy: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." What is the real meaning of a story so impressive and so suggestive as this?

The early stories of a nation's origins are its unconscious art. They are not history in any scientific sense, though they may indirectly provide the materials for history. They paint a picture in words—a memorable picture, or they would not be told and retold by successive generations, long before they are written down. They are continually reshaped in their details and modified in their applications, though the nucleus of the story remains. They gather and enshrine the thoughts of one generation after another. Sometimes the beginning may be in a myth or legend far removed from the later application, for the mind of man must always have something to work on, something to assimilate and transform into its higher meanings. So it seems to be with the story of Jacob's wrestling with the stranger, in the darkness of the night by the ford of Jabbok. Perhaps it was once the story of the strife of man against nature, the struggle with the river-god who was angry with those who dared to cross his stream. At that stage it portrayed the struggle of man with the grim realities of his world, man trying to win a precarious footing against the rush of the torrent, at the peril of his life. But then it was taken up and

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transformed by the religion of Israel, whose God was behind and above nature. He was at first an unknown God ; only by slow degrees and the ventures of faith did men come to know the wealth of compassion, the will to save and bless, which lay hidden in His heart. In that experience of Him, extending over many centuries, the essential quality of the discoverer was persistence—the will to be blessed. So we find a later prophet of Israel appealing to this very story to rebuke his own generation for their slackness : “ Jacob strove with God : yea, he strove with the angel, and prevailed : he wept, and made supplication unto him. . . . Therefore turn thou to thy God : keep mercy and judgment, and wait on thy God continually.”

One of the first discoveries we make in the great adventure of life is of life's inevitabilities. As soon as the little child begins to assert himself, he must learn that there is a world of objects round him which do not yield to his will. The hot jug on which he puts his hand, burns him ; the cat he teases, scratches him ; the moon for which he cries, does not come down to him from the sky. Unless he is to be that unhappy thing, a spoilt child, he will also discover a world of boys and girls, men and women, who do not always give way to him, whose wills must often assert themselves over his. When he is old enough to form his ambitions and plan his career, he is apt to forget the lessons he has learnt in other realms, and to ignore the inevitabilities of life, its stern and relentless limits, until in splendid disregard of these he bruises his shins against them. Life is a bigger and more brutal thing than we thought, and it seems strangely regardless of our own desires. We are like an artist, learning to work on some material

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that seems to forbid his purpose, till he has found out how to shape that purpose to the inevitabilities of his material, and make the marble yield the living form. Many a homely proverb, many a saying of the wise, teach us these stern laws of life, which reflect and continue nature's sequence of cause and effect. We learn that bad work will follow us as long as we live, that every debt we incur must sooner or later be paid, that the lost opportunity never recurs, that the past is irrevocable. We learn that unless we give we can never get (in any sense that makes things really ours), that skill must be purchased by effort and discipline, that without loving we cannot win love, or keep it when won. All these things are as necessary a part of our education as man's struggle for existence, or the child's encounter with the physical world around him. In both worlds, the world of things and the world of persons, we come to know ourselves only through knowing that which is not ourselves, that which refuses to be shaped and moulded at our mere wish. These are the realities of life, and until we learn them there is no reality in our religion. We do not really cry to God for help, we do not really pray, until we find something against which we are powerless, something from which we seek to be delivered, and from which we cannot save ourselves. The spiritual agonies through which a man must sooner or later go, if he does not drug himself by work or pleasure into unconsciousness of the real meaning of life, are the birth-hours of true and genuine religion. The ancient world saw its terrors gathered up into the forms of demons and evil spirits, and cried for deliverance from these. The modern world has brushed these forms of thought aside, but

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there still remains the sense of life's inevitabilities from which they sprang. There is still the handicap of some physical weakness that robs us of the prize of life when it seemed within our grasp; there is still the consciousness of the divided heart, the grip of some evil passion that will not let us go, or the scars of the old sin that will not be forgotten; there is still the great mystery of death. The proudest of us lives to learn that he is beaten and humiliated by something that is greater than himself, and unless he did learn it, he would remain an untaught fool, though all the intellectual wisdom of the ages were his.

The faith that gives the victory over these inevitabilities of life is that which sees them transformed by *God's initiatives*, that approach of God to man in and through all these things which gives to them a changed meaning. This does not mean an evasion of them, a mere flight from them. A good deal of what passes for religion is a running away from facts. These things are facts, and the only way in which their inevitability can be overcome is by changing their meaning. The Cross of Christ is the greatest example of this. In itself, it meant the inevitable end of a dreamer beating against the bars of the stern facts of life—for how could the lonely prophet of Nazareth hope to escape the cowardice, the selfishness, the prejudice, the spiritual blindness, which crucified Him? Yet the Cross of Christ was transformed by a new meaning when men saw it in the light of a victorious purpose, crowned by God, when they saw it as the measure of the world in which they lived, and of the love of God which was seeking to save that world. The Cross is a transformed inevitability. In such transformation of meaning we

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have the new fact, as real as the old, and more powerful. It is there we must look chiefly for God's approach, not through the chinks and crannies left between the facts, not in what has been called a piecemeal supernaturalism, but in the spiritual power to recognise God Himself under His disguise, and to call the old enemy a new friend. The old truth remains; God does not upset His laws at our whim, though all that we yet know of those laws, in nature or grace, cannot exhaust them, or limit the scope of His working. But the knowledge of His purpose to use them for our good and not for our hurt, the discovery that after all He does mean to bless and not to curse, the vision of the whole struggle of life as a necessary preparation for the fuller knowledge—all this takes the poison from the sting of death itself, and gives a present victory over life. The proof must be in the new consciousness of the life so achieved. God's greatest work is from within, rather than without, for this personal experience is the realm of His Holy Spirit. When the unbeliever tauntingly asked what God had done for Stephen, in letting him be stoned to death, the just reply was: "This is what God did for him: He gave him the power to say, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.'"

The power of the Spirit of God to transform the meaning of life for us comes through God's own initiative. We love, because He first loved us. It is in and through the grace of Jesus Christ that we discover the God who has come out to meet us, sinners as we are, not in wrath but in holy love. A prophet pictures Israel's God as coming forth from Zion across the wilderness to seek His people, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn

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thee." This is a prophecy of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and of the revelation of the Father in the Gospel and Cross of Jesus Christ. Phillips Brooks put the emphasis in the right place when he answered the question as to what had been the secret of his life by saying, "Less and less, I think, grows the consciousness of seeking God. Greater and greater grows the certainty that He is seeking us and giving Himself to us to the complete measure of our present capacity." Through the discovery of Him who has come out to meet us, we gain the new confidence that plucks victory from defeat, and share the new spirit that transforms life and life's inevitabilities. Those only are "saved" men who share the Spirit of Christ through the grace of Christ, men who no longer fear what life can do to them, because all things are theirs, and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

But the power of God's initiatives to transform the meaning of life's inevitabilities is conditioned by *man's persistencies*. If it is in the spirit of man that the victory has to be won, that spirit must be made God's. Now, it is our very nature that we cannot be made good or brought into fellowship with God against our desire. God's need of us cannot become effective until we are conscious of our need of Him. That is His own law—the law He has laid down in making man in His own image. But our need of Him must not be the passing wish of a moment, a sentimental longing, the base expedient of insincerity or cowardice. It must be a persistent purpose that learns to cry, out of the darkness and the apparent defeat, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Try to take that as a bit of prosaic logic, and you make nonsense of it. How can man

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✓ constrain God? How can man win his best victory by defeat? Yet that paradox is true of the highest and deepest things—that they pass beyond our reasonings, and prove themselves by our experience of them. It is enough that we have caught a glimpse of something beyond the appearance of things, a glimpse that comes and goes, perhaps, and leaves us desperately wondering whether we have seen anything at all—and yet a glimpse that gives us the courage and hope to go on, and teaches us to see the truth of the saying, “’Tisn’t life that matters. ’Tis the courage you bring to it.”¹ There are times when a man’s best wisdom, all that he has learnt from life, seems to be gathered up in two words, “Go on.” We could not justify it by any argument, and yet, deep down in our hearts, we know it is the one thing to do, and we know that our manhood is tested by this one thing—our persistency in the hopeless thing for which we have once dared to hope. It may be the struggle to achieve some visible success that is worth while, some dream of our youth at which others have laughed or shrugged their shoulders. It may be the loathing of our worst selves, and the determination that no retrospect of failures, however long, shall rob us of the will to go on with the attempt. It may be for our very faith in God that we fight, as when Job cries to a God behind God, a God whose purpose is just and loving behind the God whom life’s inevitabilities present as unjust and cruel. Whatever the struggle be, the one thing needful is the persistency that refuses to acknowledge defeat. It may show itself in those who seem to be hopelessly beaten, by the way in which

¹ The opening words and keynote of Hugh Walpole’s novel *Fortitude*.

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they cling to "some rag of honour" until the end ; it may find its utterance in some last appeal from the cross to the Cross. But it is always the condition of blessing, and of the final discovery of God's will to bless, that we should ourselves persist in the struggle to win the blessing that never can be won by our own effort alone.

If these things are true—and who can deny them?—it would seem that the supreme witness that we belong to God is in our persistent purpose not to let Him go ; and this is true, if we rightly understand what we are saying. It does not mean that we find assurance in our unaided effort, or even in the moral strength by which we do go on. On the contrary, it is just the fear that we shall soon let go that makes us afraid. The truth is rather that in this close and desperate grip on God we discover the yet closer grip of God on us. We shall not let Him go—because He will not let us go. He has us in His power ; He has taught us our weakness ; and now He will show us His strength. The proof of all this is not in any text of Scripture, though the promises of Scripture may point the way ; not in any testimony of other men, though we may learn from them what and where to seek. The proof must come new and clear to our own hearts in this inner consciousness of a struggle with God Himself. We thought it was a struggle with an enemy, we find that an unknown friend is holding us. The persistency of our own purpose is, indeed, a frail and unsafe thing ; but what if it is the witness of His Spirit in us, the proof of His purpose ? This is where the innermost transformation of the Spirit is wrought—when He convinces us that within our wavering, despairing purpose there is God's own

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purpose concealed. Then we see that His grace is perfected in our weakness. We learn the truth which underlies the testimony of Israel's prophets, and indeed of all who witness for God—that ours is somehow God's, and therefore God's is ours. This is where all the great and ultimate problems of theology and philosophy are brought to a focus, in the final contact of the human spirit and the divine. With those problems, however, we are not here concerned. Our concern is with the need of the heart in all men—the need to find from life, in spite of all its constraints and sorrows, something that will make it well worth while, for ourselves and for others, something which is, in the old-fashioned phrase, “blessing.” Let every one take courage to go on, for if his heart cries to God, “I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me,” it is God who utters that cry in him, and that cry is the proof that he *will* be blessed.

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER

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THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY

BY THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God."—John xvii. 3.

NO thoughtful person can be indifferent to the problems which this transient human life presents to us. We think of the great array of the souls of the departed, and in reverence and thoughtfulness we ask ourselves what we may know of the future. We think of our own lives and the lives of those with whom we have been associated and whom we have loved, and we ask, Is this life here the term and limit of our existence, a few years bounded on each side by eternal darkness? When we lay the body in the grave, we speak of the "sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." What ground have we for believing in personal immortality? What can we know of the life beyond the grave? What is the end and destiny of the human race? I ask your patience for a short time to-day, while I discuss, with a feeling of humility and a consciousness of the inadequacy of anything that I can say, some of these momentous questions.

I. Let me begin with what is, I think, of some significance. The whole weight of tradition and authority is on the side of belief in some future state, that is, it has in its favour the accumulated result of the experience and reflection of the human race. In a very early period of the history of human life in the world we find, on the evidence of archæology, such a belief already

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existing. It is part of the teaching of almost every religion. It is held by almost every race of mankind at the present day. It has on its side the opinions of the vast majority of the great minds of every age. What is more remarkable is, I think, that although from time to time the influence of the more rationalistic, more sceptical, more materialistic thought has in this or that period or generation or sphere or circle tended to disbelief, although that belief is at times widespread, although naturally and inevitably a feeling of doubt arises among many thoughtful persons, yet the general sense of mankind has again and again rejected these negations and preserved its belief.

Now, I do not think that the testimony of authority in this as in other matters is of slight weight, for authority is, I believe, the origin and source of some of our most fundamental ideas. What is the source of our belief in that uniformity of nature which forms the major premiss of every scientific syllogism? It is that continuous and verifiable experience which is at the basis of all our authoritative beliefs. The uniformity of nature means that like causes have like effects. It is the unconscious presupposition of all our ordinary actions, and for scientific purposes becomes a formal generalisation. It tells us that the universe is a rational system and not a chaos. Now, as far as I can see, this belief comes to us simply on authority, but this authority is the result of the accumulated experience and reflection of the human race.

It is the same with regard to the fundamental postulate of all moral action, which we cannot express more simply than by saying that the good is good. This belief forms the basis of all healthy social and political

life, but it is a proposition which obviously we cannot prove. Why do we believe it? We accept it as part of the authoritative tradition of the human race. It has gradually become a settled conviction of the human mind because it is the lesson which accumulated experience has taught us. Peoples and nations have denied its truth by their practice and action and appear to us to have paid the penalty. Philosophers have attempted to analyse and explain away the good and make it a mere form of the useful or the pleasant, but they have never ultimately secured assent. All experience seems to corroborate our inherited belief in righteousness as an integral and fundamental element in the structure of human life.

So it is, I believe, with the belief in a future life in some form or other, with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. It has become part of the authoritative tradition of human life, and is accepted by most men on that authority, not without reflection, but for the most part without demanding logical proof. That is not in itself a condemnation, for, as we have seen, it is the basis of acceptance of the most fundamental postulates of science and social life. These are accepted by most people on the basis of authority, and that is sufficient evidence for all our common beliefs unless new experience and discovery prove their untruth. For this authority means a continuous spiritual experience. We shall attempt shortly to analyse that experience and estimate its value. The point we have now to make is that this experience goes back to a very early period in the history of the human race and has been continuous and almost universal. The postulates of religion, as of science and of all other departments of

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human thought and life, are all alike part of the authoritative tradition of the race.

No doubt authority is not infallible. Each generation receives beliefs, customs, and rules of life as part of this tradition, which experience shows it must discard or modify. An imperfect experience has to give way to something which is found to be more correct. An inherited belief which cannot be realised in experience passes away. There must be a process of correction as well as of tradition. But, as regards most fundamental beliefs, the process of the development of the human mind has been rather to strengthen than to weaken them, and they have been gradually transformed from half-understood convictions into philosophical principles. That is the case, for example, with the uniformity of nature or the fundamental postulates of morality. So it is, I believe, with the belief in immortality. In the earliest ages of the human race it was something very crude and materialistic; it has become, under the influence of philosophical reflection and divine revelation, a lofty and inspiring doctrine.

I have noted recently two curious accusations brought against religious beliefs by scientific writers. They point out how crude were religious beliefs in their origin, and how the variations of religious belief are so great that no one can say what is true. It is implied, of course, that in the case of science things are different.

Now, I do not think that there is any justification for that attitude. Turn to the origins of science. We find the beginnings of our scientific knowledge just as crude and just as absurd (from our modern point of view) as any primitive religious beliefs. Of course we must

realise that in relation to their own time they are not absurd. They only become so when preserved to the present day, and compared with present-day beliefs. There has been development in religion. There has been to an equal extent development in science. Many uneducated people at the present day hold crude religious views, but it is also true that outside the limited circle of adepts there is no form of scientific absurdity which is not capable of being accepted. More than that, it is probable that in a short time most of the scientific ideas of the present day will be looked upon as inadequate or absurd. I notice that this year a considerable part of the address of the President of the British Association was devoted to criticising somewhat caustically the address delivered at a meeting held at Leeds sixty-nine years ago by Professor Owen, the leading biologist of that day. Both addresses appear to me to be somewhat over-dogmatic in their assertions, and somewhat precarious in their arguments, and I could not but wonder whether sixty-nine years hence another address might not be delivered on the same subject criticising the opinions of the present day equally caustically. Religion and science alike should be judged by their highest attainments, and the primitive superstitions of savages are no more valuable as an argument against religion than the curious conceptions of early scientists are an argument against the attainments of the scientific world of the present day.

Nor can science make any greater claim to unanimity than religion. At the present moment there is the greatest variation of opinion concerning Evolution. The Newtonian theory of gravitation appears to be in process of being superseded. Each successive genera-

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tion of scientific men condemns, often with some scorn, the imperfect attainments of its predecessors, and forgets that future generations will be equally ready to criticise the imperfect generalisations which are in vogue at the present day. I find that the science that I was taught authoritatively fifty years ago is wrong or imperfect. There is no finality or infallibility or unanimity in scientific things. What, then, are we to say of religion?

It is undoubtedly true that in religion there is much controversy, that both in the expression of religious truth and on questions of Church order there is much variety, and that on a vast number of points the differences of opinion between Christians are great. But if I turn to the fundamental truths of the Christian faith, I find a remarkable agreement. God, the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, the inspiration of mankind by the Holy Spirit, the power of the atoning death of Christ, the principles of Christian morality, duty, righteousness, service, love, sacrifice, the belief in judgment and immortality—on all these points there is no hesitation or doubt in any Christian Church at the present day. There is great variety in theological explanation, but East and West, Roman and Orthodox, Catholic and Protestant, all agree in these fundamental truths. And what is true in this age is true of all the ages. There is no difference in the fundamental truths which Ignatius taught in the second century, or Athanasius in the fourth, or Aquinas in the thirteenth, or Luther in the sixteenth, or Newman in the nineteenth. The agreed authority of the Christian Church is one of the most impressive facts in human life.

I do not know that any more impressive instance of

this could be given than the recent conference on Faith and Order held at Lausanne in August of this year. At that Conference many points of disagreement were discussed with great frankness, but a statement of belief in the Gospel of Christ was drawn up and received with complete unanimity, and in this the essential truth of the Christian faith is put forward with sincerity, with conviction, and with power. No one who reads it can doubt the essential religious unity of the Christian Church.

II. We have received, then, on the basis of widespread authority, the belief in immortality as one of the fundamental postulates of religion, and we find that it has the same authority as the postulates of science and of our moral and social life. What, then, are the grounds of this widespread belief?

First, there is the ultimate reality of the spiritual. Here we have the great issue. The material facts of the universe appear, at any rate at first sight, to be clear, definite, and certain. These we know. Is there any reason for thinking that there is anything else? Undoubtedly we know life as an attribute of our material body. Is there any reason why we should think that it can exist apart from that body? All our conscious life acts through material agents: is there any reason for looking at it as more than a temporary characteristic of certain material particles? When they vanish, it vanishes. So from time to time theories have been evolved, hypothetical constructions of the origin of the universe and human life, deriving all things from a purely material source, explaining all life and human intelligence and activity in terms of matter, accounting for the world on purely mechanistic principles and the

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working of chance. Such a scheme of things we know in its most superb form in the great poem of Lucretius, and some, although I think not many, modern men of science have thought that they have found a justification for such a scheme in those modern theories of development which we call for convenience "Evolution." Whatever justification such schemes may have, they harmonise with the crude, materialistic facts of life, and are accepted by those who can see nothing outside the limit of their senses.

Now, you will not expect me within the short space of an hour to deal with these theories with any degree of completeness. I can only touch on the heads of the argument, and estimate their value. Let me begin with the appeal that is made not to argument, but to the imagination, or, as I should be inclined to put it, to a limited or defective imagination. The apparent strength of the argument for materialism is held to lie in what is considered to be the argument from common sense. Let us stick to what is real. There are the things which I can touch and taste and see—they are real—anything else is merely a matter of conjecture or of imagination or of fancy. Let us stick, then, to what we know exists and not trouble about anything more, and let us take care that we get a full enjoyment of material things and of this life.

But are these things so real? and is this common sense? Is the material world which undoubtedly presses upon our senses with such urgency really the cause of all things? Can we conceive the wonderful order and beauty of the world arising purely by chance and accident without any rational cause? Are the ideals and aspirations, the intellectual achievements, the emotions and

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passions, the spiritual longings of mankind, but the many-coloured foam on the surface of a material sea? Neither the ordinary sense of mankind nor philosophic thought has been able to accept this as true. Human reason revolts against a non-rational origin of things. If it is hard for the human mind to conceive or understand God, it is still harder for it to understand how the non-rational could produce the rational. No materialistic explanation of the world has ever received ultimate acceptance. It is not an adequate hypothesis.

Let me try to put the argument scientifically. It must be recognised that we cannot demonstrate logically or prove the reality and existence of the things that transcend experience as we can prove a proposition in Euclid. What we are able to do is to analyse experience and to ask what explanation of experience is adequate. Our experience is twofold. It is an experience of the world and an experience of ourselves. Now, our experience of the world inevitably leads us to a mind and reason which is the ultimate cause of things. It is not possible (as is being realised more and more) to eliminate the idea of purpose from the universe. There is no alternative between chance and purpose, and the attempt to explain the development of life by mechanical laws has not been found adequate. We can, within certain limits at any rate, explain the mechanism by which things work, but that does not explain how they have come to be what they are any more than the course of a motor-car can be explained by its mechanism without reference to a driver. So strongly is this felt that for the word "Evolution" such phrases as "Creative Evolution" or "Emergent Evolution" are substituted, but they do not offer any real explanation.

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How did it come to be that things should exist such as to come to be what they are? How has it been possible that variations should arise and development take place in such a way to produce an end? The idea of the end must be present before the development has begun. If that be the case, it must already exist, and I do not see how an idea can exist except in a mind. The evidence for reason and purpose cannot be eliminated, and reason and purpose can only exist in a person. Pantheism is really a mere phrase. It is only a more subtle form of materialism. We know reason and purpose only as an attribute of mind. If therefore we discover evidence of their existence, there must be mind, and mind implies person. The ultimate constitution of things leads us to a personal God.

And the testimony of the experience that we have of ourselves leads us in the same direction. Our experience of life tells us that ultimately the real and abiding things of the world are not our material environment, which will certainly pass away, but the spiritual values of life—truth and beauty, righteousness and love. We have to explain and account for man's intellectual equipment, the fact of his self-consciousness, and what in the philosophical phraseology in fashion at the moment are called values, his capacity of forming judgments of value, and their correspondence with the realities of life. In other words, we have to explain man as an intelligent moral being, with a capacity for investigating and in some way attaining a knowledge of the world of which he is a part, capable of being himself, as he believes; an efficient cause of things, of forming ideals of righteousness and beauty, and of living and acting in accordance with those ideals. All this leads us to

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the conception of man as a spiritual being, whose origin and essence consists not in his material framework—which is no doubt derived from an animal ancestry—but in his spiritual nature, according to which he is made in the image of God. And as our study of human nature leads us to the conviction of the reality of man's spiritual nature, so it corroborates our belief in the existence of a personal God. For it tells us that the world is a world of values and not of material things, and that these values—truth, righteousness, beauty, love, sacrifice—have no reality except in relation to a person.

Now, if our analysis is right and the ultimately real thing is the spiritual represented to us by God and the human soul, two deductions follow: one relating to God, the other to human life.

If there be a God in personal relationship with man, we find it difficult to think of Him as condemning to annihilation those spiritual beings that have lived for His service. Let me quote the words of one of the most profound of modern philosophers:

God Himself [says Professor Pringle Patterson] is at once the supreme Reality, and as Dante calls him, the supreme value—"il primo, il summo Valore." And the highest conception we can form of perfect personality is Love, not in any shallow sentimental sense, but the self-giving Love which expends itself for others, and lives in all their joys and sorrows. Such love, then, the principle of our argument bids us take as the ultimate value of which the universe is the manifestation. It bids us conceive the inmost being of God not solely as the realisation of eternal Truth and the enjoyment of perfect Beauty, but pre-eminently as the exercise and fruition of His nature as Love. And if so, the value of the finite world to the Spirit of the universe

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must lie, above all else, if one may so speak with modesty and reverence, in the spirits to whom He has given the capacity to make themselves in His own image. The spirits themselves must be the values to God, not simply the degrees of intelligence and virtues abstractly considered, which they respectively realise. They are not made, then—we seem justified in concluding—to be broken up and cast aside and to be replaced by relays of others in a continual succession.¹

And the second deduction from this belief in the spiritual nature of reality is concerned with human life and the nature and purpose of humanity.

Our knowledge of the material universe tells us that it is rational, that it attains what appears to be its aim and purpose, and that there is no futility in it. We may reasonably believe that human life must be equally rational. Now, man has certain moral principles, a continuous urge to righteousness, a conscience which does not allow him to be content with neglecting the imperious demands of the moral law. If he disobeys this conscience he is not fulfilling what on the principles which we have discussed, is his purpose and destiny. But if he obeys, if he responds to his higher nature, it may well be that for him the result will be suffering, sorrow, and death. Now, if this death be the end of human life, the world is both unjust and irrational. Man is given lofty and high ideals, and he follows them, and the only result for him is failure. A world so made would be unjust, and the continuous failure of all men to attain the end for which they were created implies that human life is a futile chaos. And the result is an impossible contrast between a material world where reason seems

¹ *The Idea of Immortality*, by A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, pp. 190, 191.

to hold sway and a human world which is vain. The literature of scepticism and unbelief always seems to me to present to us a vain and futile world. But if this life be a time of probation for something higher, then human morality and the purpose of the world find their justification. This argument does not mean simply that in return for a certain amount of misery here we obtain rewards hereafter—that is a caricature of the argument—but rather that the purpose and aim with which mankind was created can in the end be attained.

The reality of the moral facts of the world leads inevitably to the two ideas of judgment and immortality. The reality of God, the relation of God to man, spiritual values, need of judgment, these are the fundamental facts on which the human mind has pondered for generations, and which have found their expression in the belief in immortality.

III. So far we have been investigating our subject from the point of view of what is sometimes, rather curiously I think, called natural religion. But to us as Christians the belief in immortality comes as part of the Christian Revelation, and the authority of Christianity turns what might be only a philosophical hypothesis into a religious conviction. We turn, then, to the Revelation which comes in Christ, and we begin with the preparation for that Revelation in the Old Testament.

It is a remarkable and perhaps a significant fact, that in comparison with some of the surrounding nations, and in particular with the Egyptians, the Hebrews had but a very dim belief in any future state. The doctrine of Sheol contrasts in a most remarkable way with the elaborate ceremonial, magical, and ethical development

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of the Book of the Dead. The religion of Israel was in its essence a religion for this world. It taught us of righteousness and judgment and of a God whose providential love ruled the world, and it grasped fully the power of righteousness as a force in human life and the earthly value of a good life. But gradually the limitations of such a creed became apparent. The older belief ultimately developed into the prudent worldliness of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. It was comparatively easy to believe that to fulfil the law—moral and ceremonial—was the right way to obtain a comfortable and successful life, if you lived at Jerusalem during the peaceful and tolerant rule of the Ptolemies and were a member of the governing class. The temple aristocracy ruled the city. Its wealth was derived from religious sources, and every motive of prudence and interest taught you that the basis of commercial success and a prosperous career depended on loyalty to the established religion. But a great change was to come.

The preparations were laid in the movements of religious thought and in the sincerity of religious life. The development of the idea of God made the conception of Sheol—a place without God—impossible. The pious temple worshipper who had little in common with the temple aristocracy felt that the ultimate reality was life in the presence of God. He did not take such a complacent view of worldly success. He saw the ungodly in great prosperity. The author of the book of Job had a far more profound insight into human nature, even than the author of Ecclesiasticus. The problems were not so easy as the Son of Sirach had thought. Moreover, there was a new conception of the worth of the individual. As the Jew became denationalised he

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could not think only of the future of the Israelite community, and What would happen if the salvation of Israel meant the death of the Israelite?

And then the awakening came. The Seleucidæ took the place of the Ptolemies. Antiochus Epiphanes became the champion of the gods of Hellas, and instead of religious peace came persecution. The temple aristocracy failed. They were quite ready to conform to the new order of things, and the higher religion of the world was only saved by the piety of the Chasidim and the heroism of the Maccabees. But how inadequate the limitations of the older religion appear to be! If the fulfilment of the will of God and the life in the presence of God were the only things worth living for, how could we account for the fact that it was just those who obeyed God's will who were cut off from life? And did that mean that they were cut off for ever from the presence of the God for whom they lived and for whom they sacrificed everything? Clearly that was impossible. They might lose everything, but they could not lose God, and so the culmination came to the teaching of Israel on the destiny of man:

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
And no torment shall touch them.

In the sight of the foolish they seemed to have died:
And their departure was counted to be their hurt,
And their journeying away from us to be their ruin:
But they are in peace.

For even if in the sight of men they be punished,
Their hope is full of immortality:

And having borne a little chastening, they shall receive great good:
Because God made trial of them and found them worthy of
Himself.

As gold in the furnace He proved them,
And as a whole burnt offering He accepted them,

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And in their time of visitation they shall shine forth,
And as sparks among stubble they shall run to and fro.
They shall judge nations, and have dominion over peoples :
And the Lord shall reign over them for evermore.
They that trust in Him shall understand truth :
And the faithful shall abide with Him in love :
Because grace and mercy are to His chosen.

IV. The doctrine of immortality which was the final attainment of the religion of Israel was completed and established through the revelation in Christ. The evidence of Christianity is twofold. There is, first of all, the evidence of the Resurrection of Christ, and then connected indeed with it but wider in its appeal the witness of Christianity to the power and reality of the spiritual.

Now, I do not wish to dwell to-day at any length on the first of these. It is naturally something which demands a special investigation. That I have attempted, however imperfectly, to make elsewhere. What I do wish to say is that I think that the tendency in some circles is to underrate the importance of this evidence. There is a shrinking from the appeal to history. The evidence for spiritual truth is to be found only in experience. Now, I believe that experience alone is a most unsubstantial basis, because experience is very largely itself the result of teaching and environment. What is true of experience is that in it we have the verification of the truth of our doctrines. But it does not give us either the source or the evidence.

The source and the evidence come from an historical revelation, and are stronger, I would hold, than is sometimes suggested at the present day. It is not only that the authenticity and, within certain limits, the historical value of the documents have been more firmly estab-

lished. I think no one acquainted with the facts would doubt that. But there is also the failure to provide any adequate hypothesis to account for the facts. The evidence, for example, for the empty tomb is historically good. It is disbelieved by some really because it seems to them inconsistent with what they believe about the nature and character of the Resurrection. But read any of the theories put forward to account for the story, and their futility will be apparent. They rarely satisfy many except those who invent them.

And the narrative as we have it explains rationally and intelligently the existence of Christianity. There can be no doubt that the Crucifixion and the apparent failure of our Lord's life had for the moment shattered the faith of the Apostles. There is no doubt that some event happened which completely transformed them from hesitating, doubting, feeble followers into ardent preachers of the Gospel. There is no doubt as to the reason of this change. It was the convinced and sincere belief in the Resurrection, and for that belief they gave a coherent and adequate account. They had found the tomb empty and, under circumstances which had impressed them by their reality, the risen Lord had appeared to them. The whole narrative is self-consistent. We know that it is early. We know that theories of imposture are not tenable, and we have in it an adequate cause for the greatest spiritual fact in the history of mankind. I do not think that we should lightly reject such evidence.

But now I want to turn to the wider evidence that Christianity gives for the truth of the Resurrection. Christianity is the greatest illustration of the power and reality of spiritual forces. It is founded entirely on

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spiritual beliefs ; it has grown through the power of those beliefs. When its methods have been spiritual, it has flourished. When it has appealed to material resources, to the power of the sword, to the authority of the State, or to the influence of wealth, it has become corrupt. While the kingdoms of this world have passed away, it has grown continually and it is still growing. It has created all that is most permanent in our modern civilisation, and there are many who believe that that civilisation cannot stand except on a Christian basis. Now, this great spiritual force is built on the belief in the Resurrection. There has never been any doubt as to the basis of its claims and the character of its teaching.

Now, what does this imply ? Does it not suggest that it is the spiritual phenomena which harmonise with the realities of the world ? It is natural for us, at first sight, to think that the strongest things are the material. A great empire built up on material power, wealth, armaments, widely extended possessions, appears to be something very strong and lasting. But we know that there is nothing so transitory, and we know that it is spiritual influences, and not merely material strength, that are necessary to give stability to an empire or kingdom. This alone proves to us, I think, the reality of the spiritual. And then we turn to the Christian Church, and we find that it has a power and vitality which contrast remarkably with the transiency of world empires. Are we not reasonable in holding that this power of survival means that its teaching is adapted to human life and therefore true ? How unsubstantial and powerless the Christian society seems compared with the strength of the material society. Yet it con-

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tinues to survive, even although exposed to the most brutal attacks. Does not this attest its reality? I can well believe in the survival of a society based on what is true but imperfect; I cannot believe that what is based on the fundamentally false should persist for nearly two thousand years. The point that I would emphasise is that Christianity is by far the greatest spiritual force in the world, that its history, its work, and its life tell us of the reality and power of the spiritual, and that it is built on the belief in personal immortality and therefore testifies to the truth. It is the appeal for the verification of our beliefs to the accumulated experience of mankind.

V. We believe the future life, then, because we believe in the reality of the spiritual, because we believe that fundamentally the world is a world of spiritual values and not of material forces, because of the witness of Christianity. The grounds of our belief will tell us all that we can know of the life to come.

It has always been the custom of the Christian as of other religions to express its hope in symbolical forms. The human mind, especially the uneducated mind, naturally demands something concrete. It is only the educated man that can realise abstract ideas. So at the time when the belief in a future life first impressed itself on the mind of Israel, there sprung up a considerable literature seeking to give concrete and accurate expression to these new ideas. An elaborate cosmology and an elaborate eschatology were constructed. Their source was partly perhaps eastern religions, partly the religious imagination. A considerable phraseology was provided and the future abode of the human race was mapped out with great precision. This became the

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natural language for the expression of religious ideas, and as such was taken over in the New Testament. Yet it is important to notice how little of it was taken over, and how simple are the ideas of the New Testament, compared, for example, with the book of Enoch. But Christian literature took over much that the New Testament had left out, and in the Middle Ages this heritage was combined with the great picture of the future life which Roman paganism had given us in Vergil, to produce (as its best known and greatest exposition) the vision of Dante. All these pictures and symbols helped the religious life of the Middle Ages, but whether or no they were always taken literally we cannot say. It is always difficult to know how far a poet believes in his own creations. But they became the basis of an over-elaborate dogmatic construction, and to many at the present day they present a burden rather than an assistance.

There is always the danger of over-literality, but I do not think there is any justification for this. Let us turn back to the New Testament. Our Lord uses naturally the religious phraseology of His own time ; this we know to have been the characteristic of His teaching in all directions, and nothing else would have been possible. But in this way He teaches us the two fundamental ideas of Judgment and Union with God, and these represent the truths which lie at the basis of the Christian belief in a future state. God judges. Man deserves and needs judgment. The injustice and imperfection of the present world can only be corrected in and through the Divine judgment. That is clearly taught us by our Lord Himself, and throughout the New Testament ; but the pictures which have been

created of the Last Judgment need not be taken as a literal representation of what will be.

“ But when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit on the throne of His glory : and before Him shall be gathered all the nations ; and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats : and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : for I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took Me in ; naked, and ye clothed Me : I was sick, and ye visited Me : I was in prison, and ye came unto Me ” . . . and then the explanation, “ Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.”

Now, the ethical and spiritual value of this parable is unequalled, but are we to take it in its literal signification, and suppose that it is an exact picture of what is going to happen ? Surely not. We do not interpret other parables in that way, nor should we do so in this case. The very fact that our Lord speaks of “ sheep and goats ” is, I think, significant.

The parable tells us of the reality and conditions of judgment, but neither here nor in other cases need we give a literal interpretation to the eschatological language which was part of the current theological phraseology.

There is one more point which must be considered. We believe in God, and in God’s judgment of mankind—how and in what way we need not trouble to ask. But does this commit us to those harsh descriptions of

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Divine judgment which some have constructed? Surely not. For they are drawn from a partial study of the Scriptures and are inconsistent with what we are told of the Divine mercy: "God willeth that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth." But the real answer is that (our fundamental proposition is that) God is righteous, and that therefore the judgment, whatever it may be, will be certainly just. Nor am I troubled by the metaphysical objections that it is not possible to ascribe the quality of righteousness or justice to the absolute, for the God of religion is not apprehended by our logical faculties.

"And so we shall be ever with the Lord"; "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only God." Here is the sum of what the Christian believes. It means that the future life is a continuance of all that is highest and best in our life here. The soldier who voluntarily gives up his life for the sake of his comrades or his cause will reach a moral height which few of us can attain. I remember reading a letter written by a quite commonplace young fellow on the eve of a great offensive in which he was killed. It revealed to me the human soul. Everyone has his moments of lofty affections, of deep religious emotions, of heroic effort, of glowing aspiration, and he knows that they are the greatest moments of his life.

It is thus that even here he can be with God, and it is these that are the foretaste of the life with God to come.

For Christianity teaches us that life—eternal life—is something that may begin here, and is continued hereafter. We may picture this eternal life in any shape we will. That is merely to translate into symbolical

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language transcendental truths. The reality of that language lies in the reality of Divine judgment and the fulfilment of the destiny of the human soul in an eternal union with God.

And let no one question these things because our imagination fails to grasp their possibility. It is to the rational mind a failure of imagination which is the great cause of difficulty in believing in human immortality. But science has gradually revealed to us a world of infinite possibilities. The old material heaven and hell cannot be as they were once believed to be. But all that we have learnt of the vast expansion of the universe in space, or the subtle constitution of things, or the wonders of life, or the potentialities of mind, opens before us the thought that there is nothing too high or too lofty for us to believe and conceive ; and in a universe so wonderfully constituted, in a universe the spiritual springs of which we can know so little, in a universe where the fundamental ideas of space and time vanish in the analysis of the human mind, there need be no limit to the religious aspirations which reason justifies.

*A FRIEND OF PUBLICANS AND
SINNERS*

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The Rev. Philip Napier Waggett, now Vicar of University Church in Cambridge, is the second son of John Waggett and Florence Blechynden Waggett. He was educated at Charterhouse, and Christ Church, Oxford. Interested first in classics and then in biological science, in which he took a first class at Oxford. M.A. Oxford and Cambridge (Trinity College). In the early days of school and college missions he was at the Christ Church Mission in Poplar, and later at the Charterhouse Mission in Southwark, and he was lately for eight months at the latter mission. In the interval, as a Priest of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, he has lived in South Africa, America, Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster. During the War he was first a Chaplain in France, 1914-17, being twice mentioned in dispatches, and later engaged as a Political Officer on the Headquarters' Staff in Palestine. He went to India on the Mission of Help, and was most of last year at the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church of America, New York. Select Preacher at Oxford and at Cambridge. Among his writings are: "Science and Religion," "The Scientific Temper in Religion," "Knowledge and Virtue" (Hulsean Lectures: Clarendon Press), "The Industry of Faith." He is a Proctor in Convocation for the Clergy of the Diocese of Oxford.

A FRIEND OF PUBLICANS AND SINNERS ¹

BY THE REV. PHILIP NAPIER WAGGETT, D.D.

"A friend of publicans and sinners."—Matt. xi. 19.

I. **T**HE gentleness of Christ is even better known than the "sweet reasonableness" celebrated by Matthew Arnold. Gentleness, indulgence, an unmitigated tolerance and all-embracing welcome of the faulty as of the weak, a tenderness that admits no touch of scorn or harshness or resentment, a homely, unsuspecting friendliness that shrinks from no companionship and makes Him sit with excommunicated worldlings and broken or prosperous outcasts: these are the well-known and ever-welcome qualities of the Divine, most human Saviour.

He is meek and lowly of heart. He went about doing good to all. The poor He favours and the rich He does not exclude. There is in Him, we say, no assertion of superior virtue, no recoil from sinful or shameful persons. The often guilty rich man shall be His host; the scandalous are qualified for His table. His spiritual perception and moral sensitiveness are made suspect by this uncritical humanity. A real prophet, those who watched Him said, would know the identity and the character of people who touched Him. Where is His clairvoyance, where is His "gift"? It would seem He carries no Ithuriel spear. The disreputable pass easily the untesting test of His compassion, to the reward

¹ Preached before the Judge of Assize at Cambridge.

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of His companionship. What excited the scorn of the godly in His time constitutes throughout the world to-day the warrant for our reverence, so that we should love to see over every altar and every Church porch the words "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

2. We who have been ever so little instructed in His school recognise in such appreciation as I have just imagined some omissions, some unbalanced statements ; but no shafts of gratitude are aimed quite amiss. We know there was in Him a full knowledge of mankind, the frank claim of sinlessness ; that His words, His silence, His presence could be a terror to the self-seeking and the self-righteous.

But we do well not to modify or moderate our impression of His tenderness and compassion. For His mercy and pity are unqualified and unlimited.

He allows and accepts all. His method of reform for a treacherous companion is the method of persevering and repeated pardon. We are tempted to say that, in His court, inconsistency and inconstancy are favoured.

It is not true that His mind is neutral or His choice without differentiation. There are prizes and blanks in His world too. There is a pearl of great price for which prudence itself will give all other possessions ; there is a life for which the world is well lost.

But when persons are in the scales, His values seem almost the reverse of ours. It is not for the best in our judgment, but for the worst that He seeks. He came to call not the morally accomplished, but the morally insignificant—not the righteous, but the sinners. Sin is a fall ; the sinner is in a pit ; and it is just he who must be recovered, like a valuable beast—even on the Sabbath day.

The criminal is "a casualty," and commands by his moral disaster all the resources of a heaven-sent physician. It would seem that He did not turn aside from the sinner to secure any of the best of men; and in the foundation of His system it is not the noblest mind and strongest character that must be recruited at the cost of a hundred laggards and a hundred deserters, as in Gideon's enterprise; it is precisely the deserter himself who must be found, at the risk, it would seem to us, of losing the steadfast; it is the traitor who must be recalled to the standard and entrusted with the watchword.

We are tempted to say that if He discriminates, He discriminates in favour of the undeserving.

In the last dread crisis, when He accomplishes His exodus at Jerusalem, there are men who accuse and judge, who mock and scourge and crucify Him; there are men who insult Him in His hour of death, and blaspheme and would add bitterness to what seems His helpless, friendless end. For these, upon His throne of sacrifice, He presents to His Father the assured demand of the coequal Son, not for punishment, but for pardon. A robber justly suffering by His side is chosen to be the companion of His heavenly rest. *This* man shall come—unprepared, swarthy from the suns of sin—shall come, with no title but his known need and the compassion of Jesus, to the Paradise of God. It is a compassion not uncostly or uncalculating, but unlimited, unrelenting. He bore the sin of many; being reviled He reviled not again, but bore our sins in His own body on the Cross. By His *stripes* we are healed.

3. And the preferences of Christ are the preferences of Heaven itself. "Up there," in the sphere of reality and clear truth, there is more joy among the angels

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over one sinner whose heart is changed than over ranks of just persons who need no change of heart. One coin in a hoard is distinguished by nothing but this—it is missing. And this is the coin to seek and find; of this the recovery is celebrated. There is a sheep in a flock, prized above the rest only because it is a strayer and does not answer to the owner's voice. It is found and becomes a prize. This lost one is worth a descent from heaven to earth; worthlessly worth a descent from earth to hell. Christ, who tells us of it, is the Good Shepherd and giveth His life for the sheep. The supreme Righteousness, God Himself, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is pictured not obscurely in the Parable of the Wayward Son as pouring special gifts of love upon the ungrateful soul; and what soul, conscious of its own graceless perversity, but can bear witness to this amazing more-than-miracle of favour? There are two sons, but one is made a hero of the story and of the home. He is headstrong and selfish. He demands his patrimony in haste, and without delay exiles himself to luxury, to servitude, and to starvation. Humbled or prudent, he returns; and before he can finish his plea for hired service, the father in the story falls on his neck, and with hurried commands accumulates upon this one the tokens of welcome. There is another son, a home-keeper, diligent and obedient, who has worked harder than any hired servant and has demanded no indulgence. Without waiting for his return from the farm, the feast must begin and the music strike up; and to the banquet it is the self-estranged who must be ushered as the welcome guest, the robe of honour on his servile shoulders, the ring of state on his dishonoured hand. It is he who is distinguished. He carries the

magic of a bitter and once hopeless regret ; he has, in the father's love, the wonder and the light of a resurrection from the grave. "This my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found."

4. This is our earliest lesson of the spirit of Christ, the spirit of God. It is a spirit of unregarding welcome, finding guests in the alleys and squares of the city, the roads and hedges of the country. Only our Saviour's own words can suggest His tolerance. We do well to take the lesson first, and without mixing our water with its wine. And this for two reasons. First, it best fits our state as transgressors ; and secondly, it is a temper most welcome to our deeper humanity when it is displayed, but least natural to our temperament and habit till we are called to ourselves.

We are not born tolerant. All of us are born judges. In the nursery, many start in life generous and even gentle ; but few start uncritical and indiscriminating. It is only under the discipline of many years' experience of our own mistakes that we begin to be tolerant ; only in rare hours or moments of insight and openness to the Spirit of God that we share in some small measure the love that overcomes evil with good. Only in that hour of fuller life do we find that integrity and kindness are one, that mercy and truth have met together. There is no part of our lives that can be spared from the watchful cultivation of patience, gentleness, generosity, if we are to die less un-Christlike than we were born.

We may indeed recognise with deep thankfulness the influence of this Divine example even in regions of human life that seem little conscious of the call of faith. Everywhere and in all kinds of people this tenderness

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of Christ spreads like a leaven. It has become a steady element in the world. In the cold oceans of rivalry, the icy seas of resentment, it is warm streams bearing fruitful life.

We are not concerned to say that mercy is peculiar to Christianity, for we know that the Eternal Word, keeping and haunting His own world, has left Himself in no age or society without a witness. But we recognise that the secret of the few has, under the influence of the Word Incarnate, become the sunlight of many, and our hearts are moved with gratitude to Him and with delight in those who have learned to pity and to pardon. Our Lord's 'conception of pardon was new even to men trained within hearing of the old Bible with all its teaching of the divine pardon.¹

St. Peter's question, "How oft shall I forgive?" indicates a conception nearer to a justified acquittal than to an unlimited forgiveness—nearer to the idea practically obeyed by Christians who recognise some persons and actions as forgivable.

II. Were the critics of our Lord justified? Is it true that the Friend of sinners proved, against His own intention, the encourager of sinners in sin? Supposing the Pharisees gifted with powers of prophecy, might they have said that the new principle of pardon was to be realised by the least strictly social members of the society He was to substitute for the ruined Temple of frankly retributive Law?

¹ *ἀφεσις* and *ἀφίημι* are not, I believe, found in ancient literature in their Bible sense of forgiveness or remission of sin. The words have been adopted in the New Testament to represent the idea of pardon already prominent in the Old.

What, then, are we to say of the whole system of our social discipline? "The punishment of wickedness and vice," that protection of the weak which involves of necessity the restraint of the violent and the malicious? Or, again, of the whole department of human justice, the class of men devoted to the detection of deceit and the exposure of the fraudulent—an exposure which must to certain natures be more terrible than the sentence of death? And when we consider our national system of justice, we know that it is on the one hand but the model on a larger scale of the discipline of every smaller society—a university, a school—and, on the other hand, finds an analogue in national defence and in the fulfilment of duties in the international sphere by force. What are we to make of this?

Before we attempt any answer, let us at once confess that we are immeasurably restrained from following the example or from obeying the precept of Christ, for both the example and the precept are absolute. An answer to these difficulties is easy enough for those who admire Christ as one among many teachers, and who would sweeten the cup of their thought and of their conduct by an ingredient drawn from His life, an ingredient of unmixed mercy and tenderness. Such men often add to their partial, moderate acceptance of this example the declaration that historical Christianity has nothing whatever to do with Christ. The case is different for us who accept Him as Master and Lord. We also acknowledge that our Christianity is very far from Him; that we have never really had faith to try the experiment of forgiveness and cannot tell what magic it would disclose were we ever thoroughly to give it trial. But to despair is not enough, and there is something in us

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that recognises and honours the efforts of justice and even of punishment.

Shall we say that in the department of discipline we simply leave aside the example of Jesus Christ? He is our comforter in trouble, but we must find another leader for the most difficult parts of our duty?

Or shall we find consolation in supposing that Christ, who was once simply our friend, will make a different manifestation of Himself when He comes again to be our Judge, that the consoler of sinners will be at last their strict ruler. We cannot believe in such a reversal of the activity of Him whom we know by the story of Christ.

It is little of Him that we know, but we are sure that the little we know will not be simply reversed afterwards. It will be developed in knowledge, it will not be contradicted, or at some dreadful moment declared out of date, when "He shall have put all things under His feet" and the robe of Mercy falls from Him as if it were a discarded disguise.

Our only hopeful line of inquiry is by way of parallel with the state and fortunes of the individual soul. What is it that Christ saves us for? In conversion the soul finds the mercy of the Redeemer, but in that mercy he discovers discipline. Being reconciled, he does not fall upon a soft couch of self-pleasing, but is "quickened." Brought to newness of life, he becomes new in the spirit and alive unto God. He comes into no flowery path of moral indifference, but is raised to new heights of endeavour; and the desire which animates and almost constitutes a new life inspired by our Lord is the desire of the kingdom and righteousness of God, that is to say, not a new and easy entrance into the privileges of the king-

dom, or a mere imputation of the righteousness of God, but the establishment of His kingdom and the vindication of His righteousness, a vindication which requires in itself a real vengeance on our part upon our sins. Christ releases us, but He does not release us to a wilderness of self-will where we may roam according to our own changing desires, but to a home and a house of discipline, the home of the Father where is industry and honour. Or if, changing the image, we speak of our new status as enlargement, we enlarge from the present house of sin like a man who gets access to a mountain to pursue through toil and danger the white hart of virtue. Our forgiveness is a promotion and a restoration to more than the industry of the elder brother, to more than the heroism of another war. Christ thereby seals His choice of us to be His soldiers, and the road marked by His footsteps "winds upward all the way."

Now, what is true of the soul in this experience of pardon is true of a society which is conformed, or becoming conformed, to Christ. There will be in it two elements which at present do not wholly agree with one another. There will be an element of grateful humility, and there will also be an element of unsatisfied desire, the desire of virtue and honour, after the fashion of Him who died rather than that sin should in any wise prevail. Such a society, with great inconsistencies and many lapses, strives always to "rise on stepping-stones to higher things," to a more real peace, to a more secure partnership, to greater integrity, to the daily justification of a wider trust between man and man. It is the society itself, which, like the soul, enters upon the path of discipline, and the path of discipline is here and there the restriction or the exposure of the individual.

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What is true of our particular social life is true of civilisation as a whole. Nor does history contradict this estimate of the meaning of national and international life. There is a progress ; and while men seek for a test of progress in wider knowledge or in greater comfort they might well turn to measure this test, the test of greater and more justified trust, of fuller co-operation and more successful integrity.

We make progress slowly, whether in righteousness or in mercy ; and while the progress is so slow and the position so low we cannot hope to see the synthesis of the two lines. It is only when righteousness and mercy reach their heights that they will be found to be one. Meanwhile, each effort, not only after mercy but after righteousness also, leads us to greater and more costly opportunities. Future difficulty and pain is the price we pay for past victory in either respect.

For, brethren, victory is much more costly than defeat, it is much more costly than neutrality. It does not win us a peace without effort, it drives us to exacting work for the reconstruction of society.

In the personal life, the man who is victorious over an early temptation finds himself confronted by temptations more seductive or more terrible ; thus he is led by God from the parade-ground of good resolutions and good principles to the wind-swept heights of actual endeavour.

Now, we may say of our country and the civilisation we share that both of these are most securely themselves precisely when they are most nearly true to the Divine calling. And though we have no positive examples of success—whether in virtue or in tenderness—

we have a scale of differences along both lines which might well teach us that just when each is least untrue to Christ then it is most itself.

III. Meanwhile, we will avoid the dualism of despair. Sometimes the Christian nation has attempted to find a kind of stability in the creation of two organs, one for mercy and one for justice; one set of men, the ministers of Christ, who are to proclaim forgiveness with some indifference to justice, and another set of men who are to enforce virtue with some forgetfulness of mercy. Such a dualism is itself a halt in the large effort of which we have spoken and always fails, each of the several sides failing in its own appointed task. For what ministry of mercy could be maintained by men who are not perpetually sensitive to the difference between good and evil? and what ministry of justice can there be which is not constantly animated by a principle much more far-reaching than the punishment—or even the restraint—of the wicked; which has not its gaze constantly set upon the righteousness of a nation?

Now, in our own time, and no doubt in former times, there has been a wonderful advance at any rate in the mercifulness of justice, if not in the righteousness of mercy. Those who have had the opportunity of seeing at close quarters the work of the administration of justice know that it is ruled more and more clearly by the positive desire of holiness. They know how much wisdom is expended not merely in detecting the crime but in raising the criminal. How often, when the law would permit the passing of a heavy sentence, its ministers contrive a solution which is more just because it is more hopeful; and at the same time more merciful because it is more just! The administration of justice

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is, perhaps, at least as powerful in the improvement of our whole system of law as is any legislation or system of teaching, and that administration is on the whole leading us steadily step by step nearer to a real harmony between the awful beauty of holiness and the creative loveliness of compassion in Jesus Christ, the friend of publicans and sinners.

"THE LAME WALK"

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“THE LAME WALK”

BY THE REV. JOHN A. HUTTON, M.A., D.D.

“*The lame walk.*”—Matt. xi. 5.

THESE words occur as part of the answer which our Lord sent back to John the Baptist. John was lying in prison. He was there by the decree of Herod, who, you remember, had acted on the whim of a woman whom, with Herod, John had rebuked for the life they were leading. There he was in the prison of Machærus on the shore of the Dead Sea, his prison walls washed by the waves of its desolate waters. It is about as poignant an illustration as one could give of the *apparent* triumph of wickedness in this world. We can well believe that the brave man's heart was near to giving way. We conclude that so it was, from the question which he commissioned some of his disciples to put to Jesus. That question had to be a very direct one, one of those questions which admit of only the answer “yes” or “no.”

The Baptist had to learn that you cannot get an off-hand, ready answer, an answer in terms of “yes” or “no,” to any of life's really great questions. The answer from God to the great inquiries is never an unmistakable “yes” or “no,” for that would destroy the soul, would interfere with our moral education. A “yes” spoken once for all by God to life's ultimate questions would paralyse our souls with a too great confidence; and a “no” spoken once for all to life's ultimate questions would paralyse our souls with despair. God's answer is never an explicit “yes” or

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"no," but only the secret pressure of His Spirit upon ours. The answer which Jesus sent back to the Baptist was of the same kind as God still sends back to all our questioning. "Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?" "Am I wrong in believing? Am I wrong in my estimate of Christ? And in that case, am I wrong everywhere?" And Christ's answer to him was, "The lame walk."

It was part of Christ's wonderful manner that He would not give Himself a name. It was His plan to be Himself, to become for man all that He could become, and leave it, not to the world as the world, but to those who in every age have been drawn to Him by secret and indestructible affinities, to *say* out what they have found Him to be. Jesus Christ is *there*: we see what He has been; we know what He has it in Him to be for this world of ours; and it is left to us to answer our own questions, and to say whether He is not for us the wisdom and the power of God.

My subject, however, is not that. I wish to consider, not the situation in which Christ used these words, "The lame walk," but these very words themselves. Obviously Jesus, in using such words in the circumstances in which He did use them, is describing what in His view was and is the characteristic feature or result of His appearance and work in the world of mankind. What is that characteristic feature?—"the lame walk!" That is to say, Jesus Christ came into the world to work a miracle. He came into the world to do something for man for which there was no other way. He came in order to break up the tyranny of all natural and moral consequences. He came in order so to deal with us that we one by one should have a new beginning. He came

in order, if there should be need, to make an abrupt entrance into our lives, in order to plant something or Someone at the very root of our being, who should make all the difference in the world. When we keep back the miracle which Christ is ready to work, we are not faithful to Him.

It is perfectly true that the Christian religion assumes what in theology is called the doctrine of the Fall of Man. It assumes that in some profound way the race of mankind has gone wrong. For practical purposes it declares also that every one of us has in some way gone wrong ; or at least that there is something in each one of us which needs to be put right. There is something in each of us which might well be altogether different, stronger, steadier, holier. That—in one aspect of it—is the implication of the Fall.

I wonder what many people mean who become angry over that great doctrine. They say that it is a disparagement of man. I do not think so. It is a disparagement of you and me and everybody in particular, but it is not a disparagement of *man*, the child of God. On the contrary, the doctrine of the Fall is the doctrine of the essential dignity and erectness of man. Only he could fall who had it in him to stand erect. We must hold to the doctrine of the Fall if we are to hold to the doctrine of the essential and—God willing—the final erectness of man. The doctrine of the Fall simply declares that we men and women are naturally not ourselves, that we are not by nature, and can never by merely natural processes become, what God had in His mind when He proposed us. Is that a disparagement of men ? Do I disparage you if I say that you are not the man it is in you to be ? Do I disparage you if I tell you

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that God meant something bigger and better for you than, it may be, you are dreaming of? Would you rather I said that you are all the man you could ever have been, and that throughout eternity you will be the same? The only alternative to the Christian doctrine of the Fall—the doctrine that man has come down, and is not now himself—is the doctrine of human perfection. The alternative to the doctrine that we are naturally all wrong is the doctrine that we are all right. Now, if you tell me that I am all right I am depressed and miserable; for in that case life is a poorer thing than I had thought. But if you tell me that I am wrong, I ought at least to start up, either to answer you, or to examine myself, and if I find reason, I shall pray God to put me right.

To take an illustration which at the same time will lead us to the very text. Suppose I am walking behind someone whom I know, and presently I overtake him. I say, "I am glad to see you, and glad to see how briskly you can go along." Whereupon he looks at me displeased, and says: "Surely you cannot mean it. As a matter of fact I am going lame just now!" Why is the man displeased? Why is he right to be displeased? It is because I said something which meant that I thought he could walk no faster than he was walking, that I thought he was all right when he was not all right; and his displeasure at me is just the fine protest of a man against being taken for something no better than he seems, against being judged by his mere appearance, as though he could be nothing more. We may often have wondered that good people like our fathers could rejoice in the doctrine of the Fall. We need not wonder; they saw in it the deeper and the thrilling doctrine that,

according to God's way of considering us, we are better than we have become, that our behaviour all along in this world has been, as we say, beneath us, not according to our dignity.

Now, Christianity is built round about that same doctrine. It declares that until we have been treated, until we have received from Christ something which He came to give to us, we all go lame. It declares that we are not ourselves until we are more than ourselves ; and that we do not even begin to be ourselves until something has happened between Christ and our secret personality.

Let us keep hold of this idea of lameness as signifying of course that condition of moral impotence, of weakness and stumbling, or of dullness and deadness to God which is our average and natural condition until Christ makes us different. I mean now by “lameness,” that, within each one of us in particular, which is hindering us from living our full, happy life as a child of God, under God's sky, with God's secret resource. Upon this, I can say what I have to say under four propositions :

(1) There are those who are *born lame*. “Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains.” So wrote Rousseau. The truth rather is : Man is born in chains, but our faith is that the heavenly powers are on the march to set him free. “Workers of the world, arise. You have nothing to lose but your chains !” So shouts Karl Marx. St. Paul's language is quite different and it is ultimately more respectful to man. “*Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee !*” There is a sense in which it is the truth that we are none of us free and untrammelled, ready to run in God's ways, until Christ makes us free. But I am speaking now of varieties of this general

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condition ; and I say there are those who are born lame.

We have become aware in our day as never before of how the generations are bound to one another, how the sins of the fathers may be visited upon the children. I say, *may* be visited ; and even the severest science cannot say more. Heredity—certainly on the moral side—is not a doom, but only a possibility. In a world governed by God we dare not say of anything evil that it *must* be. Indeed we dare say, on the contrary, of every evil that exists, that it need not be, that there are resources in God for its overthrow. Though it is only of recent years that we have learned so much of the material processes of heredity, the thing itself has always formed part of the knowledge of the human race. The Bible knows the doctrine that because “the fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children’s teeth are set on edge.” But the Bible declares that what God is working for in this world is to overthrow that fatal sequence. God is working for a state of things, as Jeremiah says, when everyone shall suffer for his own sin, and not for the sin of his fathers. And we believe that there is in Christ this very power to rescue every man from the dead hand of his ancestry. The great thinkers of Greece were engaged all the time with this very question—how was the evil which one generation had let loose in the world to be contradicted, transformed, brought to a standstill, and finally cast out ? And it was given to them to see very deeply into that great inquiry. They saw, as in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, that if one of the fated line, even Antigone herself, were to allow that darkness to have all its way with her ; if one were, in utter meekness and without one moment’s revolt, to submit to the dark wave of evil consequence ; that in her stricken soul the

evil thing would die. Or, to put it otherwise, if one were to arise in the fated line who, by her passion to suffer, by her purity, by the sacrifice of herself in all her stainless beauty, would implant in the race a new and holy motive, *that* would counteract the fatal drift and change it into a tide towards God.

I verily believe that this has been done in Christ. Our fathers did well to protest that Christ had done something for the whole world of men, apart from what He could do for each of us, one by one. They did well to protest against Arminianism, and to claim for Christ's passion a worldwide and eternal significance. And it is when we think of hereditary evil that we seem to get a glimpse of that worldwide significance. In dying as Christ died, there was impregnated into the world of mankind a new motive ; there was let loose amongst the world-forces a new and blessed force—something which is now *there*, fighting against the tyranny of mere natural consequences ; something which each hard-pressed soul of man can lay claim to as a power on his own behalf, and also as a reason for believing that He who is with him is more than all that is against him !

I say there are those who are born lame. And Christ would fain make these walk and leap and sing. There is something that can come closer to us than the threatening of our natural blood ; it is the holy grace of the spiritual blood of Christ.

(2) And there are those who are *lame as the result of an accident*. There are those who to-day are what they are, and not better than they are, because of a sin, or because of a life of sin. They have done something wrong, something against the light, and they know it—and go lame. It may be that there is someone before

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me in that very case. Well, if Christ cannot heal us, no one else can heal us. It is too great a subject to go into now—the subject of the possibility of forgiveness. I am here simply to say in Christ's name that everyone who sincerely repents of his sin, who bemoans it, who puts it in spirit away from him, and puts himself humbly in Christ's hands to bear witness to Him in the world—that every such one is forgiven, is back in the love of God. The Bible, the world, is full of such people, God be praised, whom Christ has healed of this kind of lameness—the lameness that comes with actual transgression.

(3) Then, again, there are those who are lame *because they are weary, because they are foot-sore*. They are getting older. Some of the visions of youth have failed. Life has broken for them some of its promises. The way for them now lies on a dead level of grey monotony, with no fine heights from which they can look beyond immediate things. It is the spiritual danger which besets us all from the mid-time of our life and onwards. And in the case of many there have been sorrows, disappointments from children, or disappointments from themselves, which have the effect of bringing them to a standstill. It is a bad form of lameness this. And yet with this also Christ can deal, making the lame ones walk. For the peril of our condition at such a time is that we consent to the view that because in some ways this life has failed us, all has failed. There is the danger, too, at this stage, that we lose something of our first natural heroism and that we fall into a mood desiring mere physical comfort, and estimating life by what it gives rather than by what it suggests and keeps in reserve. And Christ heals us of this lameness, in part, by arousing our minds to what is really happening within

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ourselves. He came to show us that this world is not to be seen by itself, but always in its relation to another world and to God's will ; that the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are not seen are eternal. To the world's maxim that “ nothing succeeds like success,” He declares, on the contrary, that nothing fails like success. In His treatment of such cases, perhaps it is not His way now to thrill them into new life with some great and happy spiritual excitement, though He *may* choose that way ; but rather to speak comfortably to them, to deal gently with them, to talk to them of other things, until, almost unknown to themselves, the lame begin to walk.

(4) I have spoken of those who are born lame, of those who have been made lame by accident, and of those who are lame because they are honestly tired and broken in spirit. There is yet another class of lame people in this world. They have become impaled upon a proverb : there are none so lame as those who will not walk. That is to say, there are those who are lame *because they are lazy*.

How does Christ deal with these ? These must present to Him the hardest case. For their malady is in the region of *will* ; and even God cannot, certainly He will not, compel the will. And yet surely there is in Christ something that should make these also get upon their feet and walk. The only hope for a lazy man is that one day he may become ashamed of himself. I verily think there was that, too, in Christ's purpose when He set His face to go to Calvary. I verily believe that He had it in His holy mind, by dying for man, to make us ashamed. Certainly, that did happen. I think it is a fair thing to say that the first emotion

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which swept through the souls of the first disciples the moment they understood things, was a burning shame—shame that they had been talking about their own little affairs, as to who should get the best seat at table, and the best office in the new government; and all the while there was One beside them who saw no course before Him except to give up everything, even life itself. And surely there is still that in Christ which should shame us into protests against ourselves, when we consider that however we may sink back upon ourselves and humour ourselves in this world, there was One who heard in life a very different call.

Suppose we are standing on the bank of a river, when suddenly a child falls in and sinks. And we stand there doing nothing. But one of us steps out and plunges into the water to save the child. Suppose he saves the child. Do we not applaud his deed? Does not the most sluggish and worldly heart rise up to acknowledge an act like that which clothes our human nature with glory? And our applause, if it is genuine, is not mere applause. It is not mere admiration. It is the confession by every one of us who saw him do the deed that it was *our* deed; that in the deed he was our representative and substitute—not to spare us doing the like if the need should ever arise, but to create within hearts from which such an instinct is absent, and to augment in hearts where it already dwells, the instinct, in the presence of an occasion in which the very reality of the world of the spirit is at stake, to fling away our dearest thing, even life itself.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

"COME UNTO ME"

THE REV. HUGH RICHARD
LAWRIE SHEPPARD, C.H., D.D.

Late Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

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“COME UNTO ME”

BY THE REV. H. R. L. SHEPPARD, C.H., D.D.

*“Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28.*

BEFORE I died, and if I had only one sermon more that I could preach, I should love to take this text as my subject. I have often tried to do so, but whenever I have made the attempt I have come down from the pulpit sad and ashamed and disappointed, knowing that I have never given to those wonderful appealing words the sense that our Lord would have given them. It is so difficult to preach from that text, and to be strong without being sentimental or emotional, and without merely offering a place of refuge to men and women who have not made good.

Yet in spite of this difficulty, I feel these words bring a message to life that at some time or another everybody needs, for even those who in a way have made the greatest successes in life at times realise that the success they have gained does not give them all that they ideally want. Take a successful business man after a day's success in the City: he has brought off a great stroke of business, his courage has justified his venture, his position has been established, and his name is on everyone's lips; yet he is weary with it all, unrested and unrestful, his life is a constant turmoil, he is pulled in all directions. How, he asks himself, can he go on being a success and realise his ideals? As he sits at the end of the day in his armchair over the fire, he may feel

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that he is standing at last on the pedestal of success, and yet that somehow he has missed the mark. Or take a successful society woman: she has hosts of friends, her entertainments and her clothes are chronicled in the woman's pages of the press, she has everything that wealth and position can give her; and yet there come to her moments in which it is no longer possible to keep thought at bay, when she wonders if all she has really satisfies her, and how long her present satisfaction is going to last when a sense of futility of life comes over her. "You have to keep going or you get left behind," said one such to me the other day. Or take, again, a boy and girl who have found that they are all in all to each other; as they look forward to the future, life seems to hold for them in their love everything they need, and yet even then there may be moments of misgiving, not that each should ever fail the other, but that all that each can give may not be all that they should for ever want. They may banish the subtle fear, but it will thrust up its head again and again.

It is to such as these, and to men and women of every class and type, that the message of my text comes; it can be universally applied and can be heard as a response to every aching longing from Park Lane to Whitechapel. It is just in these words that Christianity makes its most compelling appeal, an appeal utterly human, speaking to man as he really is, and offering him what he really wants as refuge and as salvation. For this reason the Christian preacher, if he had but one sermon more that he could preach, might surely desire to base that only sermon on this message of our Lord, wanting to emphasise the divinely human offer which his religion makes. He would want to say to

all who heard him, and would want to say it to as many as he could reach: "Whatever your condition or your need, here is One who calls to you—your Saviour, your Lord, your King, your Companion, your Brother. To whosoever cometh, in whatever state he comes, from whatever distance he comes, He says, 'I will not cast you out.'"

So if I ask what is it that Christianity has and offers to every man that every other religion lacks, the answer to the question is quite simply, Jesus Christ. He is different from every other person in the world, and the deepest and the highest belief of Christianity is that Christ is the satisfaction of all men's needs, however different each may be mentally from the other, however incomprehensible they may be to their clergymen or their clergymen to them. The Christian preacher's message begins here, and in the end comes back to its starting-point, as he declares that once a human being takes that strong New Testament Figure as the director of his everyday life, he will not only get joy in living, not only power for his life, but will come into deeper truth about God. The preacher's message, I would venture to say, is borne out by the almost universal experience of men that to deepen the Christ-consciousness is to deepen the God-consciousness. For this reason, in what can any ordinary minister of the Gospel, conscious of the imperfection of his love, conscious of his infirmities and his lack of the knowledge of the full truth, glory more than in the power and the opportunity which are his to stand up before all men and offer them what as a matter of fact will and does satisfy their deepest yearnings, saying to all who will not only feel but think: "This is the message of my Gospel, this

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is the appeal of Christ : ' Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ' " ?

But what do I mean as I repeat Christ's own invitation ? What did He mean to those who were the first to hear the words from his lips ? He did not mean, I am quite sure, that there was any special virtue in an act of physical approach to Him. That approach might only mean, and with many it was nothing more than, a movement of curiosity. To many in the crowd He was the latest sensation of the season. Christ never set Himself to satisfy idle curiosity, and He discouraged all sensation seekers. Such people as these might follow Him for a time, but that time was only short and they left Him as easily as they came. When He spoke, however, of people coming to Him, He meant, I think, some distinct effort of the will, however small the effort might be ; He meant a readiness to take a definite step without knowing how far that first step might lead those who were prepared to take it ; He meant an attitude of receptiveness from which prejudice and preconceived ideas were absent. I am led to think that this was His meaning, because He immediately went on to add to His invitation words which sound like a counsel rather than a command : " Take My yoke, and learn of Me," advice which might be taken or left, but which if followed would certainly result in that harmonious and balanced and satisfied life which He described as rest. The " coming " was only to be the first stage in the process of learning in which the willingness to accept and follow His teaching is described as the taking of the yoke ; that is, in picturesque phrase, no longer to be one's own master, but to place oneself under another whose ideas should replace one's own.

When you come to think of it, that is a most tremendous demand, a demand that displays the supreme confidence of the speaker in Himself and that calls for equal confidence on the part of the learner in his teacher. But when you come to think of it again, it is only exactly the same demand that appears in every department of life's education. When you and I went to school or college, the only possible way in which our education could be attained, in which our own outlook on things in general or on any one subject in particular could be changed, in which our own imperfect and wrong ideas could be put right, was by placing our minds, so to speak, at the disposal of someone else, someone who was wiser and had a wider experience than ourselves. We could learn nothing whatever so long as we kept our minds shut against the penetration of any new ideas ; we could only gain the satisfaction and the sense of the mastery of all that life might contain for us in so far as we were ready to accept those ideas that at first certainly were not our own ; our education was not so much a matter of individual discovery as of experimentally practising what another told us, and which, when we put it into practice, we found to be true.

Now that, I believe, is exactly the same process that Christ so long ago had in mind when He said, "Come unto Me." The best fact about that message is that it is of universal application to every man and woman and holds good for all time. Nothing all down nineteen centuries has been added to what Christ said during three years in Judæa and Galilee ; all that saints and scholars and preachers have done has been to ring the changes upon the old and simple teaching of our Lord to His first disciples. They have drawn attention to

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what from time to time may have been overlooked, but to the essence of Christianity they have made no new contribution, nor have they ever suggested that anything was lacking in what Christ taught by the example of His life quite as much as by His words. Nor has anyone ever dared to suggest that anything might be lacking. Take any Christian creed you like, any book of religious devotions, any catechisms or formularies, articles or confessions of belief, however much the expressions and phrases of each may differ from another, they can each be directly related to the teaching of Christ, and none contain anything of Christian truth that cannot be found in the Gospels of the New Testament. That is why I think we need to get away from all that men, however wise, however saintly, have said about Christ, to the figure of Christ Himself as He stands out before the eyes of the world in all His wonderful simplicity at Bethlehem and Nazareth, in the wilderness and on the mountains, on Olivet and Calvary, at the open tomb and in the upper room. I believe that if a man would for the space of three weeks only honestly endeavour himself to live according to the Spirit of that life, if he would study that life, which, whatever may be the differences of interpretation, is perfectly plain and straightforward to him who would read it over without commentaries, and if he would set store not so much by the letter as by the spirit; that man, I believe, would be lifted up to a high plane of living and achievement. His endeavour will involve him in immense hardship, but it will give him a satisfaction, a sense of rest that he will find nowhere else; more than this, he will cause those who live with him and touch his life to realise that he has come to know the secret of noble living. C

this at least I am sure, that however far that man may come short of achieving his ideals, such a change will have taken place in his short life that never for one moment afterwards will he want to turn away from the path that he has begun to follow.

But I do not want you to be mistaken as to what it is that Christ offers those who come to Him. It is not, on the one hand, any relaxation from effort or any lethargic repose, it is not a life in which there shall be no difficulty or temptation or hardship. On the other hand, He is not referring to any place of rest beyond this life, beyond the grave, "where the wicked cease from troubling, where the weary are at rest," to any realms of bliss, those "pastures of the blessed" which the imagination pictures. What He offers has reference to the life which we are living on this earth to-day, to a life which for every one of us will probably have its full measure of outward distress and sorrow, of disturbance and misfortune. Life will have all these things, but Christ assures us—and the experience of hundreds of thousands now alive, and of hundreds of millions who are gone from our sight, tells us—that the assurance is not an empty boast, that with all that life may bring we shall find an inward peace of mind, a "rest to our souls." There will be no unceasing hurrying from one sensation to another, because we find that there is no stronger stimulus in life than that which we can find in Christ. There will be no vexation of spirit or jealousy of heart as we look from ourselves and our own circumstances to other people and their concerns, because in Christ we have come to see life in its true proportions, and to compare our lives with His, and with none other. There will be no harassing anxiety for the future, either

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our own or that of those whom we love, because we know that Christ is our Companion all along the road. There will be no bothered worrying about theological questionings and disputes which we cannot understand, because we know that Christ stands behind all theology, and that He is simpler than the theologians would sometimes have us believe.

It is just this. But all that I have said or can say is entirely inadequate to express what Christ is to thousands who come and learn from Him. All I know is that I have not told and cannot tell one-thousandth part of what He is ; but I know this too, that there is no emergency in life which with Him we cannot boldly meet ; there is no problem to which He cannot supply the answer ; there is no path so difficult, so intricate, so lonely, out of which He will not smooth the roughness and over whose pitfalls He will not safely lead us. If this is not rest, then I do not know what rest is ; and if it is, then there is nothing else that I would so desire for myself, there is nothing which I would more desire to proclaim with my last breath to my fellow-men. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me : and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

BREAD, WORK, AND LOVE

THE REV. G. A. STUDDERT
KENNEDY, M.C.

Of Irish extraction, Geoffrey A. Studdert Kennedy was brought up in Leeds, where his father was vicar of a parish in a poor district. Kennedy was educated at Leeds Grammar School and Trinity College, Dublin. In 1908 he was ordained by the Bishop of Worcester and went to work at Rugby under the present Dean of Windsor. He was eventually returned to assist his father in his slum parish in Leeds, and in 1914 he was appointed Vicar of St. Paul's, Worcester, a very poor parish of some 3,000 souls. He served as a temporary Chaplain to the forces on the Western Front from 1916 to 1919 and was awarded the Military Cross in 1917. He is at present Rector of St. Edmund the King and Martyr, Lombard Street, Chaplain to H.M. the King, and Honorary Messenger of the Industrial Christian Fellowship. Among his publications are: "The Hardest Part," "Lies," "Food for the Fed-up," "The Sorrows of God," "The Wicket Gate," "The Word and the Work."

BREAD, WORK, AND LOVE

BY THE REV. G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, M.A.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi. 11.

"But My Father giveth you the true Bread."—John vi. 32.

ARE you afraid of poverty? I am. I have been all my life. I think that if we are honest with ourselves, most of us would confess to a fear of poverty. It is, next perhaps to the fear of death, the most prevalent and powerful of all the fears that haunt and hurt the lives of men and women in the world. Fear has always played a leading part in human life, and the fear of poverty is an ancient enemy. All down the ages men have struggled against it, and human history may well be viewed as the story of that struggle, a tragic and terrible story. That, stated in its simplest and most elementary terms, is what is now called the Materialist Conception of History. Those who take this view of life teach us that if we want to understand ourselves, and the changing history of man, his habits, customs, laws, institutions, his constant wars and his short, uncertain periods of peace, we must go right down to their roots, and there we shall always find one dominant and determining influence at work—daily bread, and the fear of being in want of it, the fear of poverty. It is, they say, the economic factor that is always final. Life, when you strip off the trimmings, is nothing but the struggle for bread.

Now, that seems to be a mean and sordid view of life, and we are tempted to turn from it, and dismiss it with disgust. And yet, if we are honest and courageous in

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our thought, we cannot help acknowledging that there is much truth in it, and without honesty and courage there is no hope of salvation either for our bodies or our souls. To quote a saying of Professor Huxley's: "There is no alleviation to the sufferings of mankind except through veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe with which pious hands have hidden its uglier features has been stripped off." The struggle for bread is a fact, and we must face it and face it naked, stripped of the garments of make-believe that we too often weave in our own minds to hide it.

When we think of ourselves, you and I, and of our daily lives, there is nothing which in reality influences our thoughts and actions so much as the way in which we earn our living, struggle for our daily bread. For many, perhaps for most of us here, the struggle is in part disguised. We are not conscious of struggling with or against anybody else. We apply for, or are chosen for, a job, and we do it. We may do it for the most part without thinking of what we are to get out of it. It is our duty, and we may find much joy in it. We are paid for our work, but we do not work only, or even mainly, for our pay. We do not consciously struggle for bread. And yet there are facts behind our consciousness. If we lost the job, if the pay were delayed or cut in half, we should become vividly conscious of it. We should be, as we say, brought up against realities. We should become conscious of daily bread.

You applied for and got that job, and you were very pleased. You felt at peace with all the world. You got it. Somebody else did not. But he got something else. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he did not. He may

be searching still. You were not conscious of cutting the other out. You did not want to cut him out. But you did. There was a struggle for bread. Sometimes even in these days you can see the struggle naked and without disguise, if you go and stand outside the dock gates at Liverpool and see the foreman come out to get men for a ship's unloading. There is a crowd of men always. More men than jobs. God only knows upon what principle or system they are selected. But watch the faces of those who are not successful, and you see the struggle for bread, naked, and in its nakedness pitiful. Naked or decently disguised, the struggle goes on. It always has gone on. All over the world. Throughout all time. Man with man, tribe with tribe, class with class, nation with nation, there always has been, there is now the struggle for bread, and behind it driving, goading, wounding, the fear of poverty.

In Africa to-day as the white man advances the native watches his lands grow less. The choice bits go to the stranger, the rough land goes to him. He sees the white tide rising, and watches it sullen and sad. There is the struggle for bread. It may be that the picture presented to us in Lord Olivier's *Anatomy of African Misery*, for instance, is overdrawn and inaccurate in detail, but I fear that there is no denying that in the main it is true. And, melancholy and distressing as it is, it is a mild and gentle story compared with the brutal and barbarous tales that could be told of the past.

How are we to reconcile this age-long and world-wide struggle for bread with the picture of our Father's love which is the essence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Is the world a home or a battlefield? Is life a struggle or a gift? Is the Gospel picture itself just a golden garment

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of make-believe with which pious hands have sought to hide the ugliness of the struggle for bread? Must we, if we be honest, tear that garment away and be content to look upon the naked fact? That is a question which, in a thousand different forms, presents itself to Christians of to-day. Can we face the facts of life and still believe in our Father? God does not give us bread. We have to struggle for it. We must either earn it or steal it; there is no third alternative. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat. That is the law of life. Those who strive to evade that law are thieves. There are the sick, the aged and infirm, and the children, and to them we feel it is right that we should give their daily bread.

But there is something degraded and degrading about giving bread to those who ought to earn it. There is something wrong about begging. Giving away money, or bread for which money stands, is one of the most difficult and dangerous things in the world to do. Even when a brother begs for what he ought to earn, a man might very well hesitate for fear of doing harm. There are men and women we would like to help, and we know they need it, but we dare not offer to give. They are what we call proud. They have a strong conviction that they ought to earn. God does not give us bread. There never was a harvest on the earth until men learned to work together. Men may hunt and kill alone, but they must sow and reap together. It was work that taught us love. That is the other side of the picture. Men have learned to love each other by working together for bread. There is, and there has been, a struggle for bread, but the struggle never made the bread; it has always meant work, and work is the

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author of love. Husband and wife were first of all workmates. They came together to work for their children, and by working learned to love. The family was a working unit, and is a working unit still.

For thousands of years it was the chief working unit. All labour centred round the home, and the only love there was on earth was found within the home. Men loved their own kith and kin, but outside that narrow circle the world was full of enemies. But slowly the working unit widened as men learned to trade with and work with their neighbours. Then neighbour-love began. It grew very slowly. Men were suspicious of one another and afraid. They distrusted strangers and did not willingly combine. Often they fought one another bitterly before they settled down to work together. But always as they worked together love and friendship grew. And as the working unit widened, wealth increased and the harvest was more plentiful. For the more men work together, the richer the harvest grows. Love is the real source of wealth. It has not been a smooth and easy process this ; it has been checked and broken a million times. It is checked and broken still. The old hatreds and suspicions, the old fear of strangers and dislike of foreigners, persist and constantly tend to break the wider working unit up or prevent us making it. But in spite of apparently insurmountable obstacles the majestic process persists. The working unit widens, and with it grows the sweep of neighbour-love. God's plan and purpose for the world are being wrought out through work. He has taken a great step forward in these latter days. The working unit has, with almost dramatic suddenness, widened out until, for the first time in history, it includes the entire world. The

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harvest for which you meet to render thanks at this Festival of Harvest is the harvest of the world.

But a few years back a summer such as we have had would have set the ghost of famine walking through our villages and towns. But our harvest-fields are wider now, and we reap from all the world. God has spoken and decreed that from henceforth all men and women, east, west, north, and south, over the length and breadth of the earth, should be workmates, and by working together learn to love. It is in some ways a terrible decree, because we are not ready for it. Our old habits and inherited ways of thought die hard. We still want to be independent and work away at our own little plot. We will try to conquer one another, and pretend that we do not need one another. We break out into squabbles and fights, and the feet of warring armies trample down the golden corn and lay waste the smiling summer lands. We still are savages at heart, suspicious, mistrustful, stubborn, and very much afraid. We wave our flags and beat our drums, and threaten one another at home and abroad. We organise ourselves into independent cliques, classes, and nations, and stand up for our rights. On the surface it would seem as though God's decree were causing more hatred than love. But all this fretting and fuming is vain. God has spoken, and we shall be one. Slowly and painfully, but surely too, we are learning our lesson, the lesson of universal love. We may, like petulant children, beat with our puny fists against the majestic arms of God, but they close, and keep on closing without haste and without hesitancy.

Those who hold to the materialist conception of history and see at the root of all man's life the struggle for

bread are, I believe, right in their facts, but wrong in the meaning they give to the facts. They do not over-rate the importance of the economic factor in human evolution, but they do misinterpret it. They do not understand the meaning of bread. They think of bread in terms of struggle, whereas it should be thought of in terms of work, and then of love. They think bread means war, when in truth it means peace. This they do because they fall into the special pitfalls which the theory of evolution always contains for careless thinkers. The study of human evolution leads men to concentrate their minds upon the origins of man. They turn back to the past and saturate their thought with pictures of primitive life, primitive habits, customs, and laws. The past tends to become an obsession with them, and they try to "explain" the present in the "light" of their obsession. But "if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

Used in this way, the historical method becomes a blight and a curse to human thought. It keeps us with our mind's eyes fixed constantly upon the past. It forces us to go upon our way looking where we are coming from. That is fatal. It leads to paralysis of the will. We cannot live, any more than we can walk, looking backwards all the time. We must not keep our mind's eye in the back of our heads. It is not the past which explains the present, it is the present which explains the past. You cannot explain a man by studying a baby; you can only explain a baby by studying a man. This might seem, too, an obvious error, but it is so common as to be almost universal, and it is impossible to over-estimate the evil that it does. A great part of the conflict between Religion and Science is due to the

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instinctive rebellion of Religion against the misuse of the historical method, which keeps the present and the future bound helpless to the past, and seeks to "explain" and evaluate the higher in terms of the lower, mind in terms of matter, life in terms of mechanism, freedom in terms of necessity, the human in terms of the animal. It is not against Darwinian facts that Religion protests, but against Darwinian values, or, it would be more accurate to say, pseudo-Darwinian values. Darwin himself was too great a scientist to pretend that he dealt with values at all.

The materialist conception of history, which seeks to explain life in terms of hunger and the struggle for bread, is a particular and pernicious instance of this fallacy. Men are taught to explain the present in terms of the past. Look back, and you see a struggle between tribes, nations, and classes, a constant struggle for bread. The economic factor always has been final and decisive, therefore the struggle must continue and the economic facts always will be final and decisive. The minds of men are concentrated upon and hypnotised by the past, and the blackest features of the past, and thus their faith in the future is paralysed and perverted. Against this ruinous disease of the mind and spirit, Christian thought protests. It seeks to explain bread in terms of man, and not man in terms of bread. It thinks of human evolution always as an ascension.

That figure of the Perfect Man with wounded hands outstretched to bless ascending to His glory dominates and controls our view of evolution. The hands are wounded, for the struggle was a reality; but they will not always bleed, because love triumphs in the end. He is the true meaning of bread. Bread means work,

and work means love, the true love which began and begins at home, but ends by filling all the world and making all mankind a family. It is with our eyes fixed upon the future that we pray, "Give us this day our daily bread"—not merely that we may be fed, but that the Father's name may be hallowed, His Kingdom come, His will be done on earth as it is in heaven. It is with our eyes fixed upon the future that we stretch out our hands and take into them a piece of Bread, which, because in loving fellowship we have offered it up as all bread should be offered up, means Christ, and helps to make that meaning part of the very substance of our souls. For the Kingdom of God comes not by sword or strife, nor yet by sitting still, but as men learn to will and work together in ever-widening fellowship and in the spirit of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister—who is the true meaning of Bread.

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY

THE REV. LAWRENCE
PEARSALL JACKS, D.D.,
LL.D., D.Litt.

Dr. Jacks was educated at University School, Nottingham; the University of London; Manchester College; Göttingen and Harvard (U.S.A.). He entered the Ministry as Assistant to the Rev. Stopford Brooke at Bedford Chapel in 1887, and subsequently became Minister of Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, and the Church of the Messiah, Birmingham. Since 1903 he has been Professor of Philosophy, and since 1915 Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. He has edited the "Hibbert Journal" from its foundation in 1902. Amongst his publications are: "Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke," "Mad Shepherds, and other Human Studies," "Among the Idolmakers," "All Men are Ghosts," "Religious Perplexities," "The Life of Charles Hargrove," "Constructive Citizenship."

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY

A Sermon to Boys on a Wet Day

BY THE REV. L. P. JACKS, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.

PREFACE

“IT is easy to preach a good sermon ; but difficult to preach a sermon that does any good.” This remark was once made to me by an eminent preacher with a well-established reputation for “good sermons,” good in many senses of the term. He had preached so many of them, and been at it so long, that we may presume he knew very well what he was talking about. I think the remark profoundly true. For there is a great difference (as Christ Himself seems to have discovered) between *teaching* a thing and *getting that thing learnt* ; between piping and getting people to dance to the tune ; and a still greater difference between teaching a truth and *getting it acted upon*. “Why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say ?” For more than nineteen centuries Christendom has been calling Him “Lord, Lord,” but not doing the things that He said.

I will venture to expand the saying just quoted from the distinguished preacher : “It is easy to preach a good sermon, but difficult to preach a sermon that *does no harm*.” Now, a sermon may do harm in many ways. It may do harm, of course, by teaching false doctrine ; though it is comforting to reflect that much of the false doctrine we teach, like much of the true, is not *learnt*—for Satan (thank God) has his

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half-hearted disciples as well as Christ. But a sermon can also do harm by preaching true doctrine in a way which sets people against it—I can remember sermons which have done me harm in just that way. A preacher who preaches true doctrine ought to have a taking and convincing way with him, which not many of us have ; otherwise he may do more harm than good. He will do harm if he *bores* people ; or if they cannot hear what he says and lose their tempers ; harm if he leaves them with the impression that he himself doesn't quite believe what he is saying, but only wants them to believe it—and in many other ways that need not be named. Another distinguished preacher, an American, after preaching one of his finest sermons to an enormous congregation, came into the vestry where the deacons were waiting to congratulate him, and, flinging his manuscript on the table, exclaimed, " Well, thank God, I don't think *that* can do harm to anybody." Let us hope he was right.

In my time I have preached an enormous number of sermons on an enormous variety of subjects. Most of them have gone up the chimney ; for I have come to a time of life when it behoves me to ask myself what will become of that vociferation when I am dead. And now the Editor challenges me to select, out of the remnant that remains, one that will bear confronting with the title : " If I had only one sermon to preach." Was preacher ever faced with a challenge so formidable ?

The rule I have set myself in making the selection is this : to find a sermon, if I can, that I have reason to believe did *good* and no reason to believe did *harm*. That, if I can find it, is the sermon that I would like to go on preaching, if I had only one sermon to preach.

I have preached many sermons (may the All-compassionate look upon them in mercy !) much "finer," much more "beautiful," than this one. Most of them have gone up the chimney with a multitude less "beautiful" and less "fine." But I believe, on evidence that seems to me convincing, though I dare say others would not find it so, that this one has done some good ; and I have no reason for thinking that it has done any harm. I have often preached it, mostly to audiences of young people ; in boys' and in girls' schools, in men's and in women's colleges, in Great Britain and in America, sometimes as a sermon with a text (there are scores in the Bible to choose from), oftener as an "address" ; and I intend to go on preaching it as long as I live. Sometimes I have wrapped it up in stories, which the critics say is bad art. And once or twice I have made it the subject of philosophic writings which other critics tell me are bad philosophy. Plainly it has done the critics good. It has never been printed in the newspapers, though a bit of it torn out of its context did get into the *Daily Mail* and brought me many letters of remonstrance, the tenor of which only proved, so I thought, that it had done the remonstrants good.

Strictly speaking, this sermon is not about religion at all. But then I happen to be one of those who think that the direct way of teaching religion is not the best way. The best way of teaching religion (I think) is *indirect*. There is only one direct teacher of religion—that is God, or, as I prefer to call Him, the Holy Spirit. We human teachers succeed best, by which I mean getting the thing *learnt* and not merely *taught*, when we practise indirection ; which, by the way, seems to have been the method of Christ, who never once mentions the word

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“religion”—happily for religion the word was not much in use in His day. Certainly if I had only one sermon to preach it would not be one of those in which I have tried—for I *have* tried it—the direct method. To the chimney with all those, “fine” as some of them are, or were said to be by ladies in the congregation!

I might be hard put to it if the reader were to press for the reasons which have led me to believe that this sermon has done good. I cannot promise that it will do *him* any good; nor even that it will do him no harm; so perhaps he had better skip it and read the others in the volume. I can only assure him that it has done *me* good to preach it; because I know that it contains something that I really believe myself, and not merely something that I want other people to believe—though I do want them to believe it too. The other evidence I possess of the sermon having done good is much too private to be communicated to the reader. It consists of the confidences of certain young friends of mine, mostly in England and America (one in Patagonia), which nothing would induce me to betray. They may trust me to keep their secret.

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY

There is no doubt a feeling in your minds of a want of harmony between the subject on which I am announced to speak and the weather which Providence has seen fit to send us. A fine day would be more appropriate to a talk about happiness. But I am not so sure about that. There is a sort of happiness that consists in feeling that you can afford to do without it. And that is a feeling we old fellows often get. We learn

to take our happiness much as we take the weather, thankful for it when it comes fine, but not making a fuss when it doesn't. My own opinion is that the right to happiness and the right to fine weather stand on about the same level. Strictly speaking, they are not rights at all. We have to take both things, both happiness and weather, as they come. Unless we can be cheerful in bad weather, our cheerfulness in good weather won't amount to very much. In the same way I am inclined to think that nobody can be very happy in life until he has learnt to bear a lot of the other thing without making a fuss about it. So you see the weather to-day is rather appropriate to my subject than otherwise.

It has often been remarked that anybody who talks about happiness is sure to get himself into difficulties. If you talk against it, as I rather think I am going to do, people will immediately jump to the conclusion that you want to make them miserable, and that will set them against you from the outset. If you talk in its favour and praise it up, people will tell you that your notion of happiness is different from theirs and that what would be Paradise to you would be a place of torment to them. Men in general are not good judges about their own happiness, and they are still worse judges about the happiness of other people. A large part of our miseries are the direct result of mistaken attempts to make ourselves happy. And it must be confessed that our attempts to make other people happy do sometimes turn out dismal failures. On the whole, I am inclined to think there would be far more happiness for all of us if we put it out of our minds and gave our thoughts to other and more important things.

The promotion of happiness is of course a very

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beautiful occupation, if you look at it in the abstract. But in practice it gives rise to an enormous amount of fraud. The swindler always begins by pretending that he is going to make you happy, and if you are the kind of person who makes his own happiness the first consideration, you are just the man for the swindler to practise upon. And so in general an age like our own, which has made happiness into a kind of god, is an age which is certain to get itself frightfully swindled. The art of advertisement largely consists in persuading people that they have only to buy the advertiser's goods, his hairwash or his cigarettes or his whisky, or what not, and they will forthwith find themselves in the seventh heaven of happiness. The demagogue, who is a much more dangerous person than the advertiser, works the same string. He gains his following by dangling before the eyes of the public a vision of happiness that can never be fulfilled. Yes, the promotion of happiness is a beautiful thing in the abstract. But let us beware of the people who offer to promote it in the concrete. Most of them are trying to lead us by the nose, a thing which is easily done in an age which worships happiness as a god.

An immense amount of misery is caused in the world by people who think they have a right to be happy always, so that if they chance to be unhappy, they jump to the conclusion that somebody has been doing them a wrong, and begin hunting about for the villain who has done it, blaming society, blaming the Government, blaming the age in which they live, because they are not as happy as they think they have the right to be. Those are the most unpleasant kind of people in the world—the squealers, I call them. I have heard it

said by foreigners that one of the finest qualities of the English character lies in the way it stands up to unhappiness. Mr. Walter Page, the famous American Ambassador, who was such a good friend to England during the war, paid us the high compliment of saying that the English were not a nation of squealers. He was constantly writing letters to President Wilson about the way the English people stood up to the unhappiness of that terrible time, especially about the splendid women, the mothers and wives and sisters, who had lost those who were dearest to them, whose hearts were broken, perhaps, and yet never uttered a complaint.

Nobody has the right to be happy always. Nobody can be. You can't be happy when people you are fond of *die*—and you have no right to be. You can't be happy when you see your friends in misfortune—and you have no right to be. Nobody was meant to be happy *always*. If you study the human body, the way it is built up, you will see at once that happiness is by no means the only thing it is made for. The human body is a wonderful instrument for doing things with, the difficult things too. The hands, the eyes, the brain, the bones, the muscles, all show that the human body has been built up not for pleasure but for action—for standing strains, for carrying burdens, for embarking on dangerous expeditions, for all kinds of skilful and delicate and heroic operations—quite as much for bearing pain as for enjoying pleasure.

There was an ancient philosopher who said that very clearly; you older boys will make his acquaintance when you go to the University if you have not done so already: His name was Aristotle. Aristotle had a good deal to say about happiness—though he didn't mean by the word

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what most people mean when they use it to-day. But he saw that man is cut out not so much for happiness as for action, for *work*, as we should say, for difficult, skilful, beautiful work. And the only way to get happiness is by doing the work you are fitted for in the best manner it admits of. That is what Aristotle said, and that is what I am going to repeat to you to-day.

Looking back on the happiness I have had in life—and I have had my fair share of it, and many kinds of it—I think I can say that the best of it has come from the work I have had to do, and from the people who have helped me in doing it. Unless a person is happy in his work you can't make him very happy in anything else, though perhaps he may think you can. Holidays and play are good—no one has enjoyed them more than I have—but holidays and play don't amount to much unless they have a background of enjoyable work behind them. Don't suppose for a moment that I'm out against play—nobody believes in it more than I do. But I can't agree with those people who make out that work and play are opposites one to the other. In all good work there's a certain element of play; and in all good play there's a certain element of work—as you find out whenever you play a football match against a team that's worth playing with. Those people make a big mistake who think that play is all happiness and work is all misery. There's a great difference between playing and fooling. There's a great difference between playing the game and playing the fool. I will tell you who the people are who know most both about work and about play. They are the *artists*, the people who create beautiful things, fine buildings, fine music, fine poetry, fine painting and sculpture.

The artists : I should like to say a word about them, because I think they are almost the most important people in the world—next to boys and schoolmasters ! Sometimes you hear artists spoken of as though they were only the people who make ornaments, pretty things to hang on the wall or to put on the mantelpiece. Well, they wouldn't be very important if they only did that. If that was all they did we might manage to get on without them. But they do a great deal more than that. They do something that we cannot get on without. Art is only work excellently done, and the artists are the people who do their work better than the rest of us are doing ours. I don't care what you are doing—I don't care what your work is—it may be translating a piece of Cicero into good English, or it may be playing a football match, or making tables and chairs, or it may be running the finances of a bank—I say that you have only to do the job just as well as it can be done and you will make a work of art of it, and you will become an artist in that line.

You will become an example, too, and when other people see you doing your job in that excellent way, they will become a little envious of you, and they will go away wishing there was anything in life they could do half as well—and a mighty good thing it is for them to be made to feel like that. That is one reason why artists are such important people. They make other people wish they could do their own jobs as well as the artists do theirs. I confess that I feel that way whenever I listen to a great pianist or to a master of the violin, like Kreisler, whom I heard not long ago. "Ah!" I say to myself, "if only I could do my job as well as that, if only I could write books or preach sermons as

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well as that fellow plays a fiddle, what books they would be ! All the world would rush to read them ! What congregations I should have ! ” How delightful it must be to be able to do your job in that way—to translate Cicero as well as that, or play football as well as that, to make chairs and tables as well as that. And yet, what is the man doing ? He’s just *playing*—playing the fiddle—not playing the fool. If I were to say the man is *working* his fiddle, you would think it a very odd expression. But why shouldn’t I say he is working his fiddle ? It has taken him years of hard work to learn to play like that. But don’t you see what has happened ? The man’s work has become so fine that it has turned into beautiful play. He worked his fiddle right enough when he was learning his notes, as anybody would have known who had listened to the horrible sounds he used to make in those days. But now the work is done so well that when we hear it we call it play—playing the fiddle. Where, then, is the difference between work and play ? I tell you the difference is not as great as people think it is. The best work is always a kind of play ; and the best play is always a kind of work. We call it art, and the people who do it we call artists. There’s no mystery about art or about artists. Art is excellent work, and artists are excellent workers—that’s all. You see now why I rate them among the most important people in the world.

And they are not only among the most important, but I believe they are the happiest as well. The happiness comes out of their work, and their work is so well done that it becomes a kind of play. I never knew an artist—and I have known a good many—who didn’t thoroughly enjoy his work, who wasn’t glad when

the day's work began and sorry when it came to an end. What a good thing it would be if all the work of the world was like that. It might be. Perhaps some day—though not for a long time—it will be. My notion of the Kingdom of Heaven is just that: a state of things when everybody is glad when the day's work begins and sorry when it ends.

And that leads me to say another thing about happiness. As far as I can make it out, there are two main kinds of happiness: the first is the kind that is given to us by other people, and the second is the kind we create for ourselves. I've had both kinds in my life; and my experience is that the kind of happiness we make for ourselves is more real and more lasting, and on the whole more worth having, than the kind which other people make for us and give us for nothing—though that also is very good in its way. Of course we all know what a fine and noble thing it is to make other people happy—we ought to do it whenever we can. But for my part I don't want all my happiness to be made for me by other people. I don't want to be dependent on others for my happiness, however kind and good they may be. I don't want to get into the habit of calling upon other people to make me happy. I should like to be able to make the main part of my happiness for myself. In fact, I'm inclined to think that unless I make the greater part of my happiness for myself, what other people can do for me in that line won't amount to very much.

A person who is happy only when other people make him so is really a very miserable sort of person, and there are a lot of them about—people who expect to be made happy by the State, or by the Government, or by

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the social system, or by their friends and neighbours in general, and who go about complaining and whining because other people are not making them as happy as they think they have the right to be. I hope there are none of that kind in your school, though it's a highly exceptional school if there are not. Nobody enjoys an occasional treat given him by other people more than I do. But what kind of a person is it who can only be happy when somebody else is giving him a treat? What kind of person is it who wants his life to be a kind of picnic to which other people are always inviting him? I will tell you. That person is a moral baby. He is not a boy and not a man.

I believe that nobody can be really happy in this world unless he makes the greater part of his happiness for himself. And I will tell you another thing about that. The people who can make happiness for themselves are generally the very ones who help to make others happy at the same time. Think of the artist I was just speaking about. Think what a lot of happiness he makes for himself by his work; and then think what a lot he makes for other people at the same time by those beautiful things that he creates—by his music, or his singing, or his poetry, or his painting, or whatever else it may be. If you will take a word of advice from an old fellow like me, let me offer you this. If you want to be really happy, learn to make the greater part of your happiness for yourselves and not to be dependent on treats given you by other people.

But how can you do that? Well, there is one word that answers the question. The word is "skill"—a word which ought to have a greater place in education than it has. I know that word won't satisfy everybody.

They will want me to use another word—"kindness," for example; but kindness is only a rare sort of skill in dealing with other people. Or "goodness"; but goodness is only a rare kind of skill in doing right. I give the word "skill" without any apologies, and I give it a very wide meaning; there is skill of the heart, skill of the brain, skill of the voice, skill of the hand. And I say this, that without skill of one kind or another nobody can be really happy. By acquiring skill in one or other or all these ways we acquire the means of making our happiness for ourselves instead of being dependent for it on other people—as nobody ought to be. Skill in work that makes it a kind of beautiful play, skill in play that makes it a kind of beautiful work—that is the great source of happiness for everybody, old and young. I think that nobody's education is complete unless it leads him to acquiring some kind of skill—and there are a thousand kinds of it.

But what is skill? How shall we define it? Skill, I take it, is simply *wisdom in action*; knowledge completing itself by doing the thing that it knows. Until our knowledge has turned itself into skill of one kind or another, it is a half-grown thing; it will be forgotten, it will die without bearing any fruit. And the main fault I have to find with our educational system at the present day is that it imparts knowledge up to a point, and then stops short without turning it into skill, so that the pupil goes out into the world unequipped for any kind of socially valuable occupation, ready for nothing that would give him a sense of his personal usefulness to the world. The idea of vocational training has been overdone, or rather it has been narrowed down to the purely economic sense. But if you mean by it

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the kind of education which equips the pupil for a socially valuable occupation and so gives him the sense of his personal value to society, then I would say vocational training is right. Our object should be not so much to make education vocational, but to make vocations educational. It will be so in the Kingdom of Heaven. In the Kingdom of Heaven every man will put God (who is the Supreme Excellence) into his daily work, thereby converting his work into beautiful play and himself into the kind of person whom others can love.

To the young people who hear me to-day I would say this : When the time comes for choosing your vocation, choose one that challenges your skill ; choose one that will put your mind, your whole personality, *on its mettle* : the happiness best worth having is to be found on those lines. Beware of soft jobs. Don't listen to the people who tell you that man was made for happiness. He wasn't. He was made for doing difficult, beautiful, heroic work, and the only happiness he is entitled to is the happiness that comes from doing it.

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"MY GOSPEL"

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“MY GOSPEL”

BY THE REV. F. W. NORWOOD, D.D.

“*According to my gospel*” (a frequent saying of St. Paul’s).

THERE is all the difference in the world between a religion and a gospel.

Religions are as thick as autumn leaves. Almost every man is compelled to shape out one for himself, in which traditional and personal elements may be strangely mingled. But not every religion could be called a gospel. Indeed, broadly speaking, that title is reserved for the Christian faith.

Christianity did not appear in the world as a new religion, but as “glad tidings.” It brought men a message of “peace and goodwill” from God. It offered hope of deliverance to all men from sins and sorrows which are shared alike by all. That was the secret of its power. If it has lost its grip upon us to-day—as indeed it has upon many people—it is because we have missed, or do not believe, its essential message.

Christianity had no radical quarrel with the ancient Judaism out of which it emerged.

Jesus Himself was born of the Jews, and was a true “Son of the Law.” He claimed to be in line with all the prophets. He did not ask His disciples to break with the ancient faith. He was sure that certain things which were implicit in Judaism had come to their fulfilment in Himself. His one and only aim was to bring men into such relation with God as would give them deliverance from their sins, peace within their consciences, joy and power in heart and life.

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This left Him still a Jew, but with a mesage and outlook which far transcended Judaism. He reached out to all men. He refused to be circumscribed by any traditional or ritualistic limitations. His province was the universal heart of man. "Neither in this place nor yet in another shall ye alone worship God. Ye shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. The Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is Spirit; and His worshippers must worship Him in spirit and reality."

He never criticised a single form or ceremony. He aimed no polemical shafts at any form of religion whatsoever. He saw the universe as one. He saw the universal heart of man as one, in spite of all its superficial differences.

God loved man everywhere and always. Wherever he was to be found, man was hampered by his sins, confused by his thoughts of the Creator, and of life both here and hereafter. Christ came not to condemn, but to save. He brought good news of God, and revealed the life, the truth, and the way. He called His message the Gospel, which means "good news."

The first disciples were much narrower in their thought and outlook than He. Not all at once did they perceive the universal application of His message. They tried to compress it within the limits of the faith in which they had been bred. They did not believe at first that the Gentiles had an equal share in the "good news."

But the new wine was too strong for the old bottles. Their message fretted itself out of its confinement by the force that was in it. Once they believed in the love of God, they could not set boundaries to it. Because their field was the heart of man, stripped of all accidents of birth and breeding, they found it everywhere the

same, full of sorrow, conscious of failure, longing for peace and assurance.

They tried to express their convictions as best they could. Naturally they fell back upon figures and illustrations. Just as naturally they found them in the faith in which they had been brought up. This was wise and necessary also, because the minds of their hearers could easily grasp them. That is why there are in the New Testament so many allusions to the sacrifices of the Temple and so many references to the Old Testament Scriptures. They were most helpful to the original hearers of the message, though they may be confusing to the modern mind.

Men have been doing the same thing ever since. There has been one experience running through the Church in all ages, but the methods of interpretation have been different.

The basic element in the human heart has always been the same. Man has always been full of sorrow and failure while longing for peace and assurance.

That is why we have had so many varying explanations of the Fall and the Atonement. Some of them seem grotesque and even horrible to-day, but in their own day they were powerful and convincing. Instead of their variety convincing us that they were false, we ought rather to think how deep and universal is the human need which has so many facets.

There will be many more yet. Life is always changing. Knowledge grows, experience widens, but the human heart changes little. We are still full of sorrow, conscious of failure, and longing for peace. We still need "good tidings of God." What we are needing is not a new evangel, but the appropriate interpretations and

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illustrations which, as one has said, "would be to us as absolute a solvent of our difficulties about life as Christianity was to the difficulties of the early Christians."

Ask yourself these questions : Are our human sorrows less to-day than they were ? Has science or philosophy delivered us from the fact and feeling of failure ? Do we need peace and assurance less or more than our fathers did ?

Let us strip religion to its kernel. Would it not be well if we could believe that God has goodwill and even love toward His creatures ? Do we not need some positive and even objective assurance that our sins and failures—so real a part of our lives, but so irrevocable in their nature—can be and are, to use a scriptural phrase, "removed from between us and God" ? Do we not need peace and confidence concerning the future, both in this world and in that other world which persists in haunting our minds ? And do we not need some spiritual enabling so that we may here and now live in harmony with our hopes and in assurance of final victory ?

These things are the essential content of Christianity. They form its essential substance. They constitute it a gospel of good tidings.

The form under which we interpret and explain them varies constantly and will continue to vary. Even under imperfect forms, men have felt their power. In every changing century, believers have experienced their moral and spiritual enrichment. They are doing so still. Those who to-day are assured of the saving power of the faith would have to explain their assurance in terms which would have been foreign to Wesley or Luther or Savonarola or St. Francis of Assisi, or, perhaps,

to St. Paul. But we cannot surrender them. If we do, we may have Religion, but we have not a Gospel.

Some of us devote our whole lives to the attempt to explain these things of which we are personally sure. Our own explanations have undergone many changes even within the compass of our short experience, but the basic reality has not altered.

Do not fasten your attention upon some explanation of the Atonement which satisfied your fathers but does not satisfy you. Before Copernicus, men explained the movements of the heavenly bodies differently from what they do now, but the stars persist in their courses as of old. You still need God. "We are no better than our fathers," as the prophet sobbed so long ago. Life sweeps us on towards that "bourne from which no traveller returns." We need peace and assurance. The right pronounciation of the word "Atonement" is At-one-ment. Our greatest need is to be at-one with God.

Hearken still to Jesus. There are many religions, but what we need is a gospel. Give renewed attention to Jesus. "The Lord hath yet more light and truth to break forth from His holy Word."

Let me try if I can put what seems to me to be the essential content of the Christian Gospel inside the compass of a single address. It is of course an impossible thing to attempt, but let it go for what it is worth.

I will state it baldly, crudely, without qualifying clauses. I will sketch it in firm black pencil-strokes and put in no shading. If I had only one sermon to preach and wanted to epitomise my belief, this is how I should do it.

God made all the worlds and not merely the earth.

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They swing in their orbits without cross-communications. Each globe is self-contained ; certainly the earth is. One order of existence at a time is the Divine plan.

On this little globe called the earth, He tries out a great experiment. Progressive development shall be its ruling principle. God will begin with the nearest approach to nothingness, and the final issue shall be found in Man.

The Man himself shall be compact of lowly elements, but shall have also within him the germ of spiritual potency. He shall be dust—and spirit. His feet shall be in the mud, but his head among the stars. He shall be gripped by the heel, as though a serpent entwined its coils about him, but shall have powers of mind and spirit by which he may prevail.

He shall be fully conscious of his failures and defeats, but shall not succumb to them. Within him there shall be a still small voice, reproving and yet exhorting. He shall know the full power of evil—of darkness, nothingness, and godlessness. But he shall not rot in these things. A higher voice shall never cease to call him onward.

When he has finally emerged, he shall be fitted for higher fellowship with his unseen God who called him into being.

There arrives a time when man becomes conscious of these things. As though he had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, he is aware both of evil and of good. He is also aware of his Creator.

He identifies the upward-calling voice with his God ; he associates the downward-calling voice with something that is opposed to God. He supplicates the higher power for assistance. He resists the lower power. That is the beginning of religion.

It is the will of the Higher Power that His struggling creature should receive spiritual amplification. The means used is called Prayer. There is sufficient answer to it to reward man's faith.

He dreams now of the help of God. At first he imagines that this help will come from without. He tries to persuade himself that violent disturbances in Nature are sent for this purpose. Signs in the sun and moon and stars, storms, earthquakes, and parted rivers are among the evidences of the Divine help.

Slowly he discovers that his help comes from within. The soul is fortified by invisible grace—God is within rather than without. He finds his truest help outside himself in God-filled men. He calls them saints, because they embody spiritual grace ; prophets, because they see the inner meaning of things. He often misunderstands them, indeed may slay them, but in his heart he reveres them, and places them at last in the niches of his temple of reverence. The children build the tombs of the prophets whom the fathers slew.

God sends the prophets. The secret of their endowment is with Him alone. They are His goads and guides, who keep men from succumbing to the evil that is within them. They strengthen the conscience. They lift the world to greater levels. They bear in their bodies the spear-points of the contending forces of good and evil. God sends them, and is Himself their exceeding great reward.

It is the only way. The purer the saint and the bolder the prophet, the more does God come to man.

No other way is open to Him. His very omnipotence disqualifies Him from using other methods. His power is too great to be unloosed. Were He to display it,

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men would succumb to God as they are in danger of succumbing to evil. God does not want men to succumb—even to Himself. The Divine will is that men should plod through like a pilgrim ; fight through like a soldier.

It is the only way! Yet along that line God can do more. He can and He will send a true saint, a veritable prophet.

We know Him as Jesus. He is the world's true saint, without eccentricities, without weaknesses. He is the world's true prophet, not merely proclaiming coming events, but enforcing everlasting principles.

The secret of His being is with God. As indeed it was with every real saint or prophet. Once we have believed that the redeeming God was in every true saint and prophet, we know that He was even more so in Him. How much more so we cannot define. He Himself said that He was one with God, and we believe Him. It is enough for us.

We try to express it in dogmas. We are out of our depth. We are confused by the twin thoughts of an invisible omnipresent God and a localised man in human form. But the essential thing is to know that God is revealing Himself in the only way that is open to Him.

And what happens now ?

This! The age-long conflict is precipitated. Evil comes to its maximum of badness. Good comes to its supreme demonstration as a spiritual force. Evil clenches its fist and smites at the face of God in Him. The Spirit of God is triumphant in the dark hour.

O love of God ! O sin of man,
In this dread hour thy strength was tried.
And victory remains with Love !
Jesus, our Lord, was crucified.

It is the Atonement. The At-one-ment. That is to say that God is at one with man in the struggle between the good and the evil, the higher and the lower.

One way only, I have said, has been open to God for the redemption of man without destroying his moral integrity. He can by His spirit enter the heart of man, amplifying his powers in the conflict with evil. His choicest approach has been through inspired personality. Every saint and prophet has been a partial incarnation. The Good Spirit ever aims at His own embodiment in personality. Man's tragedy has been not to recognise God when He drew near in such appearances. It has seemed again and again that He has forsaken His prophets in their hour of trial. Why has their lot been so hard? It has been all along a redemption by sacrifice—by blood, as the Bible says. It must always be so. Even now, if men died out who were willing to suffer that their fellows might be saved, the downward pull would overmatch the upward pull.

Here God bears witness that all these sacrificial lives were emanations from His own being, and now by a supreme giving of One who was so like Himself that men have believed He transcended ordinary humanity; so full of Himself that God stood revealed. He bears witness that He takes in Himself the full penalty of evil.

He has made the world subject to evil, not as a thing apart from Himself, but as something in which He shares. Down in its deepest darkness He can forgive. Out of the depths of sin He can redeem. God is at-one with man.

How we have disfigured this high doctrine! How faulty and how crude have been our metaphors and

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similes ! Some of them have justly enough been called, by a recent writer, "an intellectual nightmare."

Maybe ! So far as the explanation goes, they deserve to be called so. But the thing itself is of overwhelming beauty and of amazing power. Even under defective images, the imprisoned truth has been powerful. If once let wholly free, it could save the world.

God is at-one with man in the struggle of the higher with the lower. His subjection of the creation to pain and travail and vanity was not a dark doom flung from His hand, as Jove might fling the thunderbolts. It is God in man, striving, suffering, triumphing in the conflict with evil.

Sinners only are doomed if they persist in succumbing. They who have deeply sinned are the more welcome when they repent, for grace can now abound. None need despair, for God is at-one with them in every upward endeavour.

The love of God releases the powers of the Spirit. There is only one name for this. It is a Gospel. God's good tidings, "God's spell," as the old folk-word has it.

We fumble for appropriate words. We have worn out the old formulæ. Give us but the living word to bring this truth home to our generation, and we shall see a revival of Christianity.

For nothing else has ever touched the deep need of man like that !

SOUGHT AND SEEKING

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SOUGHT AND SEEKING

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT

"I have gone astray like a lost sheep ; seek Thy servant ; for I do not forget Thy commandments."—Ps. cxix. 176.

THAT is the last word of a long psalm, a very long psalm. And what a strange last word it is ! You expect something by way of a climax or a crescendo. Most of the psalms end upon a clear, ringing note of assurance and confidence, or leave us in a rapture. They may begin low, but they commonly rise and close upon higher ground. Whereas this psalm seems to die away in a wistful, humble cry of confession : " I have gone astray like a lost sheep." In the Anglican Prayer Book (and there is no change in the revised edition) such a confession comes at the beginning of the service : " We have erred, and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep." Here it is the crowning word of all the pleas and cries that have preceded.

I have gone astray like a lost sheep ;
seek Thy servant ;
for I do not forget Thy commandments.

A strange ending, and yet one that sounds very honest. It is the pleading of a man who is trying to tell the truth about himself, neither extenuating nor exaggerating the facts. He does not minimise what he has done. Yet neither does he make himself out to be worse than he really is. And sometimes people do that. Exaggeration is one of the vices of our religious vocabulary, for we are constantly tempted to use

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swollen language about our souls and perhaps unconsciously to overstate things. To hear some folk talk, for example, about a person who has gone wrong, one would imagine that they had never been tempted at all. They speak of the scandal from such a lofty height of superior virtue that they convey the impression of living far above the common risks and frailties of human nature. Others, again, may accuse themselves of all manner of evil in a heat of self-reproach ; they charge themselves loudly, till, as we listen, we feel that they cannot surely be as bad as they make out. This is, no doubt, a nobler habit than the other. Still, however generous and faithful, it is apt to become unreal ; and we ought to be real, honest, and accurate in speaking of ourselves to God or to our fellow-men. There is always something impressive and convincing about a man who does not spare himself but who at the same time does not try to paint himself blacker than he really is. " I have gone astray," says the psalmist ; " I've been stupid, I've got myself into a wrong position, I'm in danger." He blames nobody else for his plight. He is too honest to talk of circumstances, but owns up frankly to his personal responsibility for having got off the right track. But then he is not content to remain where he is. " Seek Thy servant," he adds at once, " for I do not forget Thy commandments." Conscience tells him that he is meant to be under the orders of God instead of obeying his own impulses or following the crowd. I have forgotten myself, he means, but I have not quite forgotten the true end of life ; I have still some sense of the will of God and some desire to regain the straight road.

Such is the right view to take of our faults : without being lax, we ought to take them quietly ; we must not

allow ourselves to be overwhelmed, or to imagine that everything is lost. No one who is flippant or superficial would say, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep." But there is no use in being cast down, as though we had dropped too far for recovery. The first instinct ought to be that our lives are still within reach of God. "Seek Thy servant." When a lapse comes, when we have given way to some temptation, and failed badly, there should be an instant sense that we are out of our right place. We belong to God ; we have no business to be where we are ; we have landed ourselves in a false position by yielding to our lower impulses. "I think," says Walt Whitman in one of his wild outbursts, "I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained. They do not sweat and whine about their condition ; they do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins." No, for they are animals and not human beings. And we are more than animals. We are not sheep, but we are like sheep when we sink below ourselves. Conceivably we might bring ourselves to rest content with the life of mere impulse and placid, natural desire. If we did not remember who we are and whom we promised to serve, there would be no dissatisfaction at all. But there is. And as we feel a grievance against ourselves for having sunk to a lower level, it is a positive encouragement ; for it means that our faults and failures have not yet stifled the sense of life's true end and aim. "I do not forget Thy commandments."

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows,
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure though seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments

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Stand out clearly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way
To its triumph or undoing.

Perhaps most people tend to take their faults far too lightly nowadays. There is a reaction against the stress on sin which characterised the religion of the last generation in its evangelical aspect. The emphasis has shifted. Indeed if we look farther back, one striking contrast emerges between our modern age and the period which we call the Middle Ages. On the whole mediæval folk, so far as they were religious, were preoccupied with sin and strangely indifferent to suffering ; they seem to have been much more sensitive to offences against God than to the pain endured by their fellow-creatures. Nowadays it is the opposite. The modern conscience is extremely sensitive to pain, even sensitive to the point of sentimentalism, but it is not nearly so alive to sin. The present age is by no means so callous to certain forms of suffering in the world as the Middle Ages often were, but it has nothing like the acute consciousness of sin as sin. The average person to-day is not greatly cast down by faults and failings, not sobered when he goes wrong, not moved to be thoughtful and penitent.

Yet, on the other hand, some are still deeply moved. Generalisations are misleading things, and under the surface of life to-day there are still a number of people who secretly are almost crushed by the sense of their unsteadiness, and apt to be depressed by their breakdowns, till they may feel that it is little use for them to try to be religious any longer, when the will seems so easily twisted to evil and bent to lower things. Some of you may feel this, or may know some who are in this

desperate position, either through some sharp, definite failure, or through the slow accumulation of things which have silted up like sand and covered the nobler aspirations of the past. It is the position in which one feels that one has taken such liberties with oneself in the body or in the spirit that one has departed from the living God. For some reason or another the clean mind, the honest heart, the straight discipline of the religious life, are practically memories ; and one awakens suddenly to the sense of this. A moment of insight arrives, when in a flash the contrast between what we are and what we were meant to be stands out before our startled eyes. It is not a morbid mood, not to be pooh-poohed as an unhealthy feeling. But neither are we to yield to it as final.

The true word for us in such a mood is the word of this old psalmist, who plainly was facing just such an experience. Instantly he turns from his faults to God. "Seek Thy servant," he cries, "for I do not forget Thy commandments." You see, it is not only that we desire to get back, but that there is One who seeks to have us back. It is something to be conscious that, in spite of what has happened, we still remember the true end of life. But it is more, it is everything, to feel that our wistful desire to regain the right track is only the echo of God's desire to have us back. We are His sheep, His servants. That is, the meaning of life lies in our relation to Another, not in self-gratification or self-interest ; and our lingering consciousness of this is the outcome of the working of God's Spirit still within us. The saving thing is this sense that we are still wanted by Him. As Mr. A. C. Benson put it, "As soon as one realises that, one is on the right track ; because not

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only does one know that one is seeking something, but one becomes aware of a much larger fact, that one is being sought by Some One else, sought, not as a dog may trace a wounded creature through the grass and lose the scent at last, but sought patiently and faithfully."

This is what Jesus came to do and comes to do, to "go after that which is lost till He finds it." That curious twinge of conscience, that uneasiness of mind after you have committed a fault, that sense of inward shame, that self-reproach, that restless feeling—that is God stirring you up! It means that you are not being left to yourself. The Lord to whom you belong is seeking you out till He brings you to your right mind again. He will not let you go. He needs you in His service still. Life does not leave you face to face with your past, your weak, bad past. No, no! Even in that far-off age the psalmist knew better than to imagine such a thing. And now that Jesus has come, we should know better still. There is One coming in search of us, to put us back into our right place in His service and fellowship. "Seek Thy servant," is our cry, when we are moved to the depths. And the answer from the heights of heaven is this: "As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered abroad, so will I seek out My sheep; I will seek that which is lost, and will bind up that which is broken, saith the Lord God."

Such is the promise and power of the Lord for you and for me, in our faulty, unsteady lives, so forgetful of His orders, so easily swerving from His care and control. We make slips, pretty bad slips. We give way to temptation. We are wilful, stupid creatures;

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we fail deplorably. Well, but are we not living in a year of the Lord, and in a world full of forgiveness, where He is ever following up His people to set them right again and to restore them? "Seek Thy servant!" Lord, Thou knowest we are poor servants, and sometimes not servants of Thy will at all. But we are meant to be, and, despite all that has happened, we mean to be.

So it comes to this. It is a real thing, this failure of yours, this shameful collapse, a fault not to be hidden or ignored. Yes, but this is real too, the seeking Lord, the Lord coming to you at once and never ceasing till He finds you and has you back in His service. He misses you, as well as you miss Him. If you wish one of the shortest and most hopeful prayers of penitence, say to yourself, or rather say to God, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep—a silly creature; seek Thy servant, for I do not quite forget Thy commandments." I think that is one of the best pillow-texts in the Bible. You can rest on it with an honest and a good conscience, and waken to-morrow morning better able to keep straight and to be more obedient.

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The First and Final Truth

By JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.D., MEMORIAL CHURCH OF
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"He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

—I JOHN IV—8-10

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

—ROM. VIII—38, 39

EVERY preacher has but one sermon to preach, no matter how many subjects he may select or how many titles he may use. It is the story of his own heart, the truth made real in his own experience and vivid in his vision, and he can tell no other triumphantly. Whatever text he may take, whatever art of exposition he may employ, he is ever telling the one truth he has learned by living; the "one beauty he was sent to seek." By as much as he tells the truth of which he is utterly persuaded, by so much, and no more, does he persuade his fellow-souls.

If I were preaching for the last time—as indeed I may be, since no one can tell what a day may bring forth—I should try to tell, however falteringly, but

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with every art of expression and every resource of insight at my command, the one truth most worth telling, or such part of it as life and love and death, and beauty and pity and pain have taught me to see in the dim country of this world. So my subject is the first Truth and the final Reality, the source, sanction and satisfaction of our mortal needs and immortal longings: the truth about God, by whose grace we have life and by whose inspiration we have understanding; the Truth that makes all other truth true.

Such a truth is forever untellable, but we must forever be trying to tell it, since nothing else or less will satisfy "the little, infinite soul of man," until at last, or soon or late, if faith and hope and love have made us worthy, we see the white truth which human words discolor. To that end I take two texts, written by the two master mystics of our faith, knowing full well that they transcend my power of interpretation, the one an exposition of the other; the first an affirmation—nay more, a revelation—so stupendous that it transfigures life and death and all that lies between and beyond, lifting the clouds from all our souls and setting us free alike from "an old dark backward and abysm of time" and our fear of the Night and the Morrow; the second an anthem, a symphony, moving now with the lilt of a lyric, and now with the majestic sweep of an oratorio, ending in a Hallelujah Chorus. Such light shines, such music sings at the heart of our faith!

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I

Surely, of all words ever uttered upon our earth, there are none greater than the words of St. John, in their profound significance and their satisfying simplicity: "God is Love." These words, with their context, tell us the three things we most want to know, and the first is that God does exist, not as a figment of faith, still less as a dream, a guess, or a shadow cast upon the curtain of our hopes and fears, but as the one Reality in all, above all, beyond all, independent of our little minds and the inspiration and consolation of these our days and years. Aye, God is at once the meaning of the universe, to which all facts contribute—dark facts, bright facts, gray facts—and the hope of humanity; and to know Him, as Dante said, is to learn how to make our lives eternal. But even the reality of God is not enough until we know what He is, what is His spirit, character, and purpose.

Every man is aware that he is every moment dependent upon a Power other and greater than himself, by what name soever he may call it—Fate, Force, Destiny, God. The real crux of the question is not as to the reality of such a Power, but as to the nature and character of Him "in whose great hand we stand." To know that God is love, meaning by love no soft sentiment, but a creative passion, a moral principle, a spiritual fellowship, is to know the meaning and glory of life and "the benediction in which all things move."

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Once we are persuaded of that truth, the rest is only a detail of interpretation, since we have found that in God and in ourselves which enables us to endure and triumph over anything that life or death can do to us; which Royce said is the real meaning and value of faith. By such faith we learn that there is tenderness behind the hardness of life, meaning in its mystery, purpose in its often strange medley, and prophecy in its fleeting, fading beauty.

Today men try wistfully to grasp such a faith and fail, because they reverse the order of things, forgetting that spiritual faith and victory have their source not in human aspiration but in Divine inspiration. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His son"; which is a simple and vivid way of saying that religion has its origin in the Divine initiative, not in human invention, as so many fear in our day. If man seeks God it is because God first seeks man, haunts him, waylays him with every kind of strategy, and He will not tire nor tarry till He wins him, however far-wandering. No argument is needed; the facts prove it. Man would not imagine, much less need, religious faith if the object of it did not exist; there would be nothing to suggest it, nothing to sustain it. There will be no pause of mind, nor power of victory, until we return to the true order of experience: God first, God last, the source and fulfilment of our faith.

Alas, in our day we are obsessed with introspection, seeking amid the phantoms of the mind for a subjec-

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tive salvation, as if trying to lift ourselves by our own shoe-strings: hence the tiresome egotism of an ingrowing religion, now so much in vogue. What we need, as much for our sanity of mind as for our health of heart, is an emancipating rediscovery of the obvious fact that our life is from above downward, and that our help and hope are in God. It was such an experience that lifted St. Paul out of a hard legal literalism into the light, liberty and power of the Gospel and set him singing. If we add this anthem to the words of St. John, together they make "one music as before, but vaster," until it fills the earth and the sky:

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

II

If we analyze that anthem for a moment, we discover that the first separating, desolating fact that the Apostle faces, is Death. Until we make terms with the shadow that waits for every man, master its menace, and defeat its despair, we can have no security, no serenity. Mere stoic submission is better than rebellion, and better still the rich, warm, loving act of acceptance of human destiny—an act not simply of the mind but of the complete being—which Shakespeare puts into the magical utterance of Edgar in *King Lear*:

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We must endure
Our going hence even as our coming hither;
Ripeness is all.

But something more is both a possibility and a privilege, if we have the heart for adventure and know how to win it; such a yea-saying to the sum of things as Keats called "the very thing wherein consists Poetry," and he might have added Religion.

The spiritual history of Keats is a perfect example, if we take the wonderful two months following his letter to his brother, February 18th, 1819, until May. It began with a sonnet in which we hear a laugh of cynical despair, bitter and brittle, at "an eternal fierce destruction" in nature, life feeding on life in earth and sea and sky. The looming menace of dark death, a mockery to the love he desired, the poetry he dreamed, the fame he coveted, the beauty he adored, jarred him to the depths; as if it divided divinity with God. But in those two months of silence he won his way to victory, and death is no longer a darkness which blots out the soul, but the ecstasy and crown of life; "eloquent, just and mighty Death," as Whitman saw it. And with his spiritual victory, his genius bloomed in a perfection of form and a richness of serene and triumphant vision by virtue of which he belongs with Shakespeare, and the masters and deliverers of the soul.

Then St. Paul adds the words, "nor life," its untoward vicissitude, its persecution of events, its buffetings of circumstance, which often enough seem to belie

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God and make Him little more than a figment of fancy. It is His love of us that holds through the night and the storm, and never lets go, though sorrow be added to sorrow, and disaster follows fast, and follows faster. Across the ages we hear St. Paul singing songs in the night, counting it both an honor and a joy to suffer stripes, imprisonment, shipwreck, and at last death, for the sake of One who suffered more for him, even the shame of the Cross, its mockings and its muddy brutality. The words following, "nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers," tell us of dominions of superstition and hierarchies of fear under which men lived in the days of St. Paul, more real than the earth itself, but now, happily, melted into thin air, leaving hardly a memory of their terror or a trace of their torment.

More real to us is the tyranny of Time and Space, "nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth," both of which have been extended to distances and dimensions so appalling as to affright and dismay the soul. Men of science reckon the size of the universe, as now unveiled, in light-year measurements, and the age of man upon the earth in eons that make us dizzy, until our tiny lives, so brief and broken, seem as insignificant as the life of a mote in the evening air. Indeed, one of the amazing facts in the history of the modern soul is the spiritual inferiority complex in man in face of the physical order, as we have seen it grow from the time when Tennyson wrote "Vastness" to our year of grace, if we may still use

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that word. Faith, once so mighty, has become timid, abashed, apologetic and on the defensive, as if suffocated by sheer size, and bludgeoned by mere bulk! Why should it be so, unless it be that we have lost the key and clue to the meaning of life, allowing the victories of the mind to end in spiritual obfuscation?

For surely the facts and forces of science are plastic enough, and may be justly given an idealistic interpretation as mechanistic; far more justly so, because it was the mind of man, toiling under the little gray skull-cap of the brain, that measured those depths and explored those distances. It makes one think how Jesus chided his disciples for their fear when a whiff of wind rocked the boat: "Why are you afraid like that? Where is your faith?" Where is our religion, if its creative faith cannot subdue the new material universe, as uncurtained by science, to spiritual meanings, and find God not in the stars or space supremely, but in realities as real as pig-iron and potash which we know best through something in ourselves—also a fact in the universe and a part of it—which has never accepted utter identification with outer force and brute fact? Wherefore the history of love, and the prophecy of ethical passion? These, too, are facts, no less than salts and acids!

Nor Dante, nor Milton, nor any other singer, rises so high as St. Paul does when, in ending his catalogue of the antagonists of faith, he strikes out the sweeping, shining phrase, "Nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

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As some one has said, it is "as if he had got impatient of the enumeration of impotencies, and having named the outside boundaries in space of the created universe, flings, as it were, with one rapid toss, into that large room the whole that it can contain, and triumphs over it all," through One who, because He is Love, and love never faileth,

"Spurned the tame laws of Time and Space,
And brake through all the heavens to our embrace."

III

For it was in the Reason, the Word made flesh, full of grace and truth, wearing our familiar human shape—a babe, a boy, a man—brother to us all living in time by the power of an endless life, winsome withal and sweetly human—aye, more human than any of us, though more divine than all the gods of whom man has ever dreamed: it was in the life of Jesus, in His dark cross outside the city gate, in His victory over death, that St. Paul and his brother mystic found the key to the meaning of life and the clue to the cosmic riddle. Elsewhere, in a singing sentence in which he strikes the same great chord, St. Paul told the source and secret of his faith: "God, who commandeth the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Such difference Jesus made and still makes, adding a new dimension to life, revealing that to which men

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entrust their soul here and hereafter; but how can such things be? No one knows; it is at once a fact and a mystery—a life became a religion, a tragedy was transmuted into a theology, and death unfolded into a revelation of one vast life that cannot die. What can words say, except it be that in a life like our own, disinfected of the things that make us hateful to ourselves and others, but duplicate of our weariness and woe, the “Love that moves the sun and all the stars” found focus and functioned in the life of man, dividing time into before and after, and transfiguring the weary weight of an unintelligible world with wonder, love and joy. Yet how little such words tell, since the truth of which they try to speak eludes even the magic of poetry. None the less it may be known by experience, by the simple of mind, the lowly of heart, and such as walk in the way of love.

Because these things are so; because God is Love, He is known only by love, and faith attains reality only in love. Not by argument, not by philosophy, not by logic linked and strong, useful as these may be after their kind, do we win the first and final Truth that sets us free from fear and dark Fate, but by such love as lived in the life of Jesus, and which He can kindle in our hearts, despite the ages that have come and gone. How simple, yet how profound it is, beyond our fathoming. The depth and purity of our love is the measure of our knowledge of Him whom to know aright is life eternal. “Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. God is

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love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." If, once more, we add to the simple, searching words of St. John the anthem of St. Paul, we have the conclusion of the whole matter:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

The Triune Entirety of the Christian Revelation

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS, D.D., HOYT PROFESSOR OF HOMILETICS, AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

—JOHN XIV - 6

JESUS CHRIST had once in His brief hour between a supper, and a garden called Gethsemane, to say what He could never say again, and if there is anywhere a text for a sermon like this it is the text from which Jesus Himself preached the sermon He could preach but once: "I am the Way and the Truth and the Life."

* * *

Jesus said these ten words to twelve troubled men in a borrowed room in Herod's Jerusalem. They had lived with Him for almost three years in wonderful and intimate ways which had been, as all the ways of friends are, both outer and inner. The outer ways had been immemorial footpaths across the Palestinian hills, sun-washed and starlit ways, which the changing seasons bordered with grasses and lilies or barley white to the harvest, or else they had been ways through little villages, neighborly and near, or else highways which traders and Roman cohorts used, or else the

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stone paved streets of Jerusalem. And now these outer ways had ended in an upper room.

The inner ways had also been starlit and sun-washed, but with another light. He had led them in paths of duty and understanding, and through old forms to new realities. He had brought them near to one another and strangely near to Him. He had made the unseen as real as the hills above Nazareth. Under His guidance love had taken new form and meanings, goodness had become a luminous ideal and a high command, God a brooding fatherly presence who had a mind even for birds and flowers, and so much the more for His children. He had led them into new understandings of their own natures and to mountain tops of transfigured vision. He had woven associations of power across wind-swept Gennesaret and filled the streets of Capernaum with memories of tenderness—and now these ways also were to end.

And they were ending too soon; nothing was finished, either in the lives of the disciples or the enterprise of Jesus Christ. As the supper drew to an end the men about the table grew deeply troubled; they did not understand the meaning of what they saw and heard, they felt the menace in the dark outside, they were not even sure of themselves. They had always up till then been able to follow and find Him wherever He went, and now He told them He was on the eve of a journey He must take alone. And without Him they could see no future nor be sure of any direction; they knew only a blind pathlessness of life.

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“Lord we know not whither Thou goest; how know we the way.”

Then Jesus laid bare the three needs of life for them and for us, and offered Himself as the answer: “I am the Way and the Truth and the Life.” Here, then, is the setting of the text. It was addressed to unperfected discipleships and unfulfilled expectations about to be wrecked, it would seem, upon a cross, and groping helplessness charged with a mighty enterprise, in a word to men like ourselves in a splendid and piteous estate. It offers what humanity most needs, and without which humanity is helpless: A Way for practical conduct, the Truth for assurance and understanding, Life in the fullness and glory and endlessness of it; and it offers all these not as ghostly abstractions, but as living realities in the person of Jesus Christ. Here is the heart of the Gospel, and the centuries since have done nothing, save to supply new illustrations of its timeless truth.

I

We need first a way of life.

The word “way” is rooted deep in the folk speech of our race. It first meant to carry, but since one carries a load only to bring it where it ought to be “way” became the path the burden-bearer used, then the journey itself and the direction of the journey, and finally, for the genius of language is always a poet to find in simple things a vaster suggestion, it became the very course of life. Thereafter, there was no

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limit to the use and application of it, and yet every use of it carries some suggestion of a means to an end, whether it be a ship gathering way as her sails take the wind, or a man's will riding down all hindrances, or a way to make a dream come true, or a surgeon's technique, or an engineer's device, or the habit of a soul or a state, or the way of all the earth to the dust. Whether, therefore, you take a journey or conceive a plan or would carry your burden bravely to the end, or ask an understanding of the issues of life, or want a road for faith beyond the hills of time, you need a way.

* * *

We need very greatly a way of dealing with ourselves. Life is an affair between rival claimants for the throne room of personality. We have, at the best, but a little clear inner space of self-knowledge and established purpose ringed with shadows, haunted by old fears and older instincts. The better part of us holds its own precariously against ways—how impossible to escape that word—which undo the bright promise of our humanity and make us of all God's creatures the strangest and most contradictory.

"We are children of splendor and flame,
Of shuddering also and tears,
Magnificent, out of the dust we came
And abject from the spheres."

What shall we do with ourselves, and what manner of men should we be? What disposal shall we make

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of our powers? What shall rule, and what be subject, in the realm of personality so anarchical at its worst, so capable of splendid order at its best? For what shall we spend ourselves, and in the accumulation of what treasures shall we find our true wealth? The confusion of our own time, with its arresting contradictions of force and futility, is deeply rooted in our want of a sure wise way of dealing with ourselves; all confusions begin first of all with those who have lost the way in the labyrinthian turns of their own inner lives. All our restlessness re-echoes an old, old question a little changed but burdened with significance—"Lord, we know not whither we are going, how shall we know the way?" and now, as then, Jesus answers: "I am the way."

Jesus' way is the supreme way of the conduct of life. He belonged, of course, to His race, His age and His land. He was a village craftsman who put aside His tools for a divine destiny and wore the simplicities of His station as a garment. His sandaled feet would be ill-shod for our winter roads, and the loose structure of the society of His time allowed Him a serene aloofness from the cares of this world, which we should find it hard to imitate. The imitation of Christ lies deeper than that. He was no bond servant to sense or things, and His mastery over them was not in the barrenness of circumstance, but in the supremacy of the spirit. He disassociated once and for all wealth of life from cluttering ownership. He permitted wealth to those who were able to subdue

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it to the uses of the spirit. He forbade it to those for whom it had become a tyranny. His supreme concern was not with things, but with the soul.

It is no mere coincidence that soul and life are interchangeable translations of His key word. The soul as He conceived it was no ghostly tenant of a house of clay, but a man's best and most permanent self, rich in experience, vibrant with holy passion, and so engaged with timeless things as to claim for itself an everlasting inheritance. He made the simplest life ample through the range of its relationships. He saved toil from drudgery by making it a glorious service of God and man. He was always busy but never driven, and in any weariness He knew and sought the unfailing sources of healing rest. A quiet and understanding intimacy with Nature breathes through all His words. He loved all sorts and conditions of human folk, and invited himself to be their guest. He took the simple pleasure of life as you take the friendly turns of a road through a lovely country, or rose above them as an aviator draws an arc through the sky.

He moved through all the light and shadow of the human estate and yet His own inner life was never darkened; He made of the shadows themselves another glory. He had a sure mastery over circumstance, fearing nothing save fear and hating nothing but hate. He was always a gentleman, and though He had apparently only the learning of His time and station, His wisdom was as luminous as the summer sunlight

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of Galilee and deep as the sky was high. A way of life like that is the secret of outer force and inner peace. It is established in the great veracities, it has found the springs of the enduring happiness, the sovereignty of it reduces competing enterprises and interests to their proper proportion, it enforces over all the machinery of life, an unfailing obedience to the will of God.

Our own time needs this way of life beyond our power to say how much we need it. We have entangled ourselves in a vast and driving order of our own creation, until our force is spent in serving the wearing endless need of it, and humanity has become too largely a means to an unhuman end. We have the stored wealth of the planet for raw material and the last subtle energy of it for force, and still miss the meaning of the long travail of creation and its singing flight through space, because we have been so strangely slow to subdue the urgencies of the flesh to the necessities of the soul and our wills to the will of God. Jesus of Nazareth laid the arresting touch of a hand still calloused with toil upon the immensities of power and pride with a single question: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own life?", and taught us even in the hidden places of our own souls the secret of escape and empowerment, when He said, "I am the way."

* * *

We need ways of living together.

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Jesus began with the individual and his values and duties, for everything begins there and maybe ends there, but the soul is not grown in a vacuum, being the creation of comradeships.

Consider Jesus' use of singulars and plurals. The Beatitudes are all in the plural, for they involve experiences, in which a man can never be alone. Those conditions which Jesus undertakes to transmute into blessedness are aspects of the inseparable associations of humanity, creations of the fret and strain of interwoven life. No one of us ever furnished the entire occasion for his own grief. It needs the seas and winds of humanity to make a tear, as it needs the sea and the wind and the night to make a dewdrop. Meekness is a spiritual gleam against a background of banked pride, and mercy a gift of the merciful spirit to offense and offenders. How shall we make peace unless there be the estranged, or return evil for good unless evil has been offered first? We are all threads in some vast fabric, but the threads are alive and the weaving hurts and the color is not a dye into which we are dipped, but the native hue of our spirits illumining the fabric from within. The whole grave music of the Beatitudes is a call to consider the blessedness of a human estate in which we may suffer and forget ourselves, and contribute to every fellowship patience and courage and overcoming love.

From such beginnings as these, Jesus develops the whole massive social ethic of the Gospels, though to

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call it a social ethic is like finding an equivalent for the haunting motifs of the Unfinished Symphony in the harmonic vibration of wire and catgut. Jesus was not preaching a social Gospel, He was showing entangled human folk how to live together and putting "togetherness" into His verbs and nouns because men could not live at all and live apart. He uses singulars in His great injunctions because duty is the concern of the individual, but His duties are individual attitudes toward social relationships. Qualities which seem as sheerly personal as breath and thought rise out of association with others; though chastity be the very whiteness of a thought, it is the passing look at a woman through which the whiteness shines.

The great Christian attitudes, the force to outlast force with gentleness, wear down oppression with triumphant patience and put out a curse with a blessing as rain puts out a forest fire, are social attitudes; a love which knows no limit and refuses any exception at all until it lies about life like circumambient air about the great globe itself, is the imperial Christian positive. The quest for food and drink is a comrade's quest; we have no more right to say what shall *I* eat or what shall *I* drink than to pray *My* Father which art in heaven. And as His teaching reaches its splendid culmination, He enjoins us to seek the Kingdom of God as though there were no word for the sovereign and interwoven inclusiveness of His way of life, save the one word whose suggestion of common destiny,

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glory and power has always ruled the imaginations of men.

Jesus' way of living together is as right for the Twentieth Century as for the First Century, as regnant for states meeting as sovereign equals as for a province under the bronze heel of Rome. Wherever estranged human contacts demand reconciliation and competitive interests demand resolution, and the far flung enterprises of our common life ask for a spirit to make them wise and humane, and a command high enough to make them free and obedient, there Jesus' way is the only way. We have tried every alternative which old instinct or new invention can suggest and found no issue but an *impasse* or a tragedy.

For twenty centuries every civilization which in any expression of it has taken a way hostile to, or proudly scornful of, the way of Jesus has ended beaten or undone. Yet we still choose the old roads of self-assertion and heady ambition rutted with retreat and bloodstained, to the sure and victorious way of Jesus Christ. There has been only one road of victorious permanence down the centuries: the way of Jesus Christ, nor is there any other road across the centuries to be. The enormous travail of western civilization lends urgency to our dilemma. We have no choice but to live together in the way of Jesus Christ or face the ultimate collapse of the human order. Still above discordant voices crying aloud at all the crossroads of modern civilization their little pride-begotten offers of guidance, we hear the one quiet voice to whose

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divine authority the millenniums bear witness—"I am the way."

* * *

We need a way of salvation, and there is no road to peace either for the soul or the state, save the way of Jesus. We need ways of deliverance and redemption. He offers the way of the cross, which is not a theology but the way of vicarious love and goodness, life paid for, as it has always been and always must be, in terms of life, and God Himself sharing the bitter cost of the travailing souls of His children seeking forgiveness and goodness. We need above all a way to God. For unless we find Him near and real, and live in the sure sense of His loving power over us and His sovereign concern for us, we are orphans in a universe which, for all its immensities and splendor, is as remote from our haunting loneliness as Orion from an aching heart. And now that time and space break back toward horizons beyond our vision and our little world is lost in a skyey awesomeness where dying constellations drift down the careless cosmic tides, we shall lose God unless we find Him in what we can understand, nay, not in stars nor laws majestic, though He is there also, but in love and goodness claiming our humanity for its incarnate dwelling place, tender in a voice we can hear, luminous in a face we can see.

So Jesus Christ offers Himself to the seekers after

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God and to all lost in doubt or loveless dark—"I am the way."

II

We need the truth. Our passion for it is a holy and quenchless flame, our quest for it has ennobled the human enterprise. When I consider how we began, in what ignorances and helplessnesses, fearsome and perplexed, and how we have made the very stones tell us their stories and have weighed and measured the stars and surprised the secrets of hidden life and are still unsatisfied, I am moved, more than in any other contemplation of the works of man, to cry out with the psalmist, "Thou hast made him a little lower than God." But there is always a truth which escapes us. It is the truth about ourselves and to what we are akin and the assuring meanings of the strange contradictions of our human estate, and what destinies we approach as the ultimate shadow falls across the little landscape of our lives.

Our need of truth is like our need of light upon the way. You cannot confidently use even a good road in the dark. Truth is seeing life steadily and seeing it whole, as you see a landscape on a June day, everything in order, and beautiful and right. Facts are not enough, they are but steps to climb by, and till they lead us to the source their service is unfinished. Each realm of knowledge needs another for its interpretation. Philosophy with its short gleams of guess and understanding begins where science leaves

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off, and religion meets philosophy, just when the wisest confess themselves baffled and the pride of intellect surrenders to the mystery of life. Jesus never offers Himself as the lesser truth, which is in our power to discover. He is not science nor history nor any social theory—I wonder sometimes if He is even the theology and the orthodoxies of the churches. He was the truth about God in the luminous range of His teaching, which is, in its sure apprehension of the Divine nature, unapproached and unapproachable. His doctrine of God, though His sense of His Father's nearness was no doctrine at all, needs no correction. It is ample enough to contain any contribution of truth from every source; no matter what the future may reveal of vaster sciences and profounder philosophies and demanding and sensitive ethics, the God of Jesus Christ will maintain His sovereignty over faith. He was and is the truth about God also in His revelation of the Father's fullness in Himself. His was more than a shrine in which God dwelt, He was a reality in which God was, and you could say of Him, "If God should come amongst us, He would love as Jesus loved and teach as He taught and serve as He served and lighten our darkness with a quenchless glory as Jesus did."

He was the truth about man. We may justly wonder what we were meant to be, for humanity has been everything from the clay to the saint and we have chosen from amongst us such as might a little typify an ideal humanity, with strange caprice. Our marbles

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and bronzes commemorate the conqueror and the martyr, the poet and the artist, the navigators of sea and sky, often the ruler, and sometimes the servant. Our halls of fame are emblazoned with names which are the recitative of greatness, yet of whom in all these shining lists could it be said, "There was and is the Truth, the shadowless splendor of life"?

But Jesus was the Truth. He was the interpreting and illuminating truth which gives meaning to the whole of experience. He was the truth in the wholeness and holiness of His life, in the sure sanity of His mind, in His patience and His courage and His deeper-than-sureness of God.

He was the truth incarnate, for there is no truth like living truth. The knower is always more than his knowledge, the doer than his deed, and until the Word becomes flesh and lives amongst us, it is a ghost or a dream; we see this even amongst ourselves. The test of any life is its degree of right approximation to living truth. Some men are lies, being nothing at all they seem to be, and some are delusions with only a show of reality, and some are little pitiable half-truths. Some are pride or passion. Some are greed or folly, cruelty or beast. Twelve men were gathered together about Him there in that upper room. Was any one of them the truth? Or were Annas and Cai-phas plotting against Him with hard faces and harder souls, or Pilate consenting to His death? Were they the truth about life and man and God? But Jesus was the truth.

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There, there in that Upper Room, so poor He left nothing for those who nailed Him to the cross but an old garment, so spent He would not presently have strength to bear His cross, self-vowed to a shameful death and holding even His handful of friends by frayed cords soon to be broken, there was the Truth. The truth that the values of the soul are the enduring values, the truth that goodness may transfigure clay, the truth that courage is true and fears are shadows, the truth that love is the only regnancy, the truth that God may own and fill a personality, until a Nazarene carpenter may become Immanuel—God with us. Would you know how nobly life can be lived in straitened circumstances, would you know how duty can arm a soul with a force to rise above every dread, and courage make light of agony, and three loving years justify the travail of creation and an imperial spirit claim the eternal for its portion, read the truth in that life, and having known it make your own lives the re-writing of it.

You may then live as we all live in manifold uncertainties, but you will have in yourself a knowledge of life and its meanings and its issues against which doubt and fear will break as wind-driven clouds against the escarpments of Mt. Blanc.

“I am the way and the truth and the life.”

III

Each of these great affirmations meets a supreme need,—ways are for the traveler, truth is for the seeker,

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but life? Are we not living now, how is Jesus the life?

This is being written of a June morning light washed and lyric. Suppose you had never seen a tree in leaf, nor any blossoms nor grass nor wheatfields billowed by the wind, but only bare trees stark against stormy skies and the grey hills and sodden fields of March. What would you know of the life of Nature? "If this is life," you would have said in March, "there is nothing here to charge that word with mystery and meaning. If this is life, show me death and tell me how they differ?"

The sun and the season made their answer,—they washed the greys with greens till the hillsides lived again, and starred sheltered banks with shy anemone and set the dandelions' prodigal gold among the grasses. They made the tree tops wraiths of misty green and turned the mists to leaves half open and touched them for a day with colors from last autumn's palette, and made them darker green again and spread them more amply to make their shadows grateful. In blessed steadfast ways each bud and earth-held thing fulfilled its promise until at last, life triumphant, beauty out of barrenness, warmth out of coldness, music out of silence, a tide out of the infinite, made all our mother world its own with ecstasy akin to tears and loveliness beyond a poet's song.

"Spirit immortal of mortality,

Imperishable faith, calm miracle

Of resurrection, truth no tongue can tell,

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No brain conceive,—now witnessed utterly
In this New Testament of earth and sea.”

This is life. It is the way of God with marred and sleeping things; the golden ripening of the harvest, a power to heal a wound and make a clod a color and a fragrance.

“I am come that they might have life.” Here is the answer of Jesus Christ to the ultimate need, the quenchless hunger of the unperfect soul. There is no urge of ours nor any action which is not a quest for life. Lindbergh drawing his arc across the sky from continent to continent, Mallory and Irvine lost on the last storm-possessed crest of Mt. Everest and “when last seen going strong for the top,” the trader planning his deals, the scholar reading the records of old Assyria—flaming youth keeping time to jazz and cautious age plodding toward the shadow—all, all are seeking life. In old ways and new, in possessions and understanding, in toil and pleasure, by roads of tragedy and splendor, scourging the flesh or staining the soul, stretching lame hands of faith toward God half guessed or sure in mystic fellowship with Him,

“’Tis life whereof our nerves are scant
Oh life nor death for which we pant
More life and fuller than we have.”

“I am the life.”

Jesus’ gift of life is in the way He offers, since life is an attainment gained by right methods directed toward worthy ends. Its glowing fullnesses of experi-

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ence cost disciplines and obediences. We were never made to let the body usurp the kingdom of the spirit and become an end and not a subject agent, nor to be conformed to easy ways. No more do we keep our rendezvous with life in selfish ways or sinful. Hating is not living nor fear and, by the divinest contradiction in all life's wonder, we do not live at all unless we spend ourselves in loving. What we are and have is always a treasure to be used in God's market places for the purchase of another treasure. The cross itself is wood aflame with redeeming love dying that men may live. This is Jesus' way and if we fear it we shall lose even the little we have of it. If we trust it we shall find it the way of life.

The truth which Jesus was and is is life-giving truth. Some truth, though right, is strangely sterile. But there is a truth which transfigures every deed and sustains us in every endeavor and assures us in every sad estate. No human being has ever lived in the light of the entire revelation of Jesus Christ without coming thereby into a fullness of life which is the answer to all questing restlessnesses. Life is always also created by life. I would not press the analogies of the meadow and the seed bed too far. I would turn to another region. Most of us would trace the beginning of the highest in our lives to contact with some enkindling personality. There are always those who, by the grace of God, are so abounding in knowledge or vision or high passion as to change all they touch. They not only reveal but they empower, and having known

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them we can no more go in old ignoble ways than a meadow can fail to answer the summons of June.

How they do it does not so much matter. Sometimes their words are live coals off the altar or their deeds a challenge not to leave us cold. More often still what they are, needing no words to tell it but only the radiation of its grace and beauty, shames us into imitation and wakens powers we did not dream we owned till their influence took and changed us. And in this life-enkindling power Jesus stands alone.

“A star to which, as to a fountain,
Other stars returning
In their golden urns draw light.”

By His grace and gifts the weak have become strong and the stained have lost their earthiness, the undone have been reëstablished in hope and power, and the graces of Christian character have been made nobly manifest in lives which without Him would have been spent amongst the shadows and lost at last in the dust. The life which Jesus was and offers makes no terms even with death; it belongs to the enduring, it is itself the enduring. “Life,” said Thomas Carlyle, sadly, “is a little gleam between two eternities.” “Life,” said Jesus Christ, triumphantly—and He demonstrated His certainty in His own victory over death—“is a gleam of the eternal beyond the power of death to quench.” Life as He reveals and bestows it is ample enough for love to possess its own without any fear of ultimate loss, and hope to shine down endless mount-

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ing roads and faith to look unchallenged across the hills of time.

* * *

This, then, is the sermon I would preach if I had but one to preach, and when I had finished I would ask those who heard it to forget how slight a thing it was, for the splendor of the words of Jesus which any sermon can only darken, since they were meant to illumine, not a printed page, but the lives of those for whom, without them, there would be no light at all: "I am the way and the truth and the life."

Can I Believe in God?

By WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, D.D., BRICK PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, NEW YORK

"Believe in God; believe also in me."

—JOHN XIV — I

CAN I believe in God?

Some time ago a man with whom I was talking looked me squarely in the eye and said: "I don't really know whether I believe there is a God or not." There was just a shade of defiance in his manner, a bit of over-emphasis. Perhaps he thought that, being a minister, I would be shocked. Of course I was not. No Christian should be shocked when any honest man gives frank expression to anything he honestly thinks. Would to God more people told the exact truth when they talk to ministers! But I was deeply interested. This man was one who had had unusual opportunities, a thorough education, a Christian home, the best of influences about him. I happen to know that he prays, attends church regularly, and is faithful in the discharge of all common religious duties. The incident set me to wondering how many there may be, right inside the church itself, who would find it hard to profess with utter honesty a thorough-going belief in God. I am talking to such now.

CAN I BELIEVE IN GOD?

Can I believe in God? Where is He? What is He? How can I be sure of Him? How much of what preachers and poets say of Him is real, and how much is just beautiful myth and fairy tale, pleasant to believe, but unable to stand the test of fact? In one of his delightful scenes, Barrie shows us a Scottish lad, a student from Aberdeen University, acting as guide to a party visiting an island where fairies are popularly supposed to live. He shows some reluctance to step ashore, and they ask him, in merry mockery, "Do you believe in fairies?" He answers, "When the cold light of reason plays about me in Aberdeen, I don't believe in fairies. But here" —. I wonder how many there are who have a haunting sense of a dim presence, a kind of wonder if God is real, when they sit in a church amid hallowed association, with music and worship and confident words from the pulpit, but lose that sense of God's reality when the cold light of facts begins to play upon them in the great, busy world outside!

No one of us is fair to the soul of our time, or to the men and women who are alive today, who fails to appreciate how hard it is for thoughtful people to have a real, satisfying faith in the Unseen God. Many causes combine to make it hard to believe, too many for us even to take time to name them. Below them all is the one great, overwhelming fact, that our sense of the universe, of its immensity, and our nothingness, is utterly different from that which men had in days when the stars were lamps hung in the earth's vaulted

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ceiling. All the vast expansion of modern science, and the rush of philosophy to keep pace with it, all the development of psychology which tempts us to reduce religion to subjective processes, these and other facts or factors of our day intensify enormously the problem of belief. Rightly seen and handled they make faith more sure. But they are being wrongly handled by many attractive teachers. Moreover when religion and theology would expand to match the growth of knowledge, a host of good little souls clutch frantically at them and hold them back, crying out that religion is lost if it changes its clothes.

Can I believe in God?

This is the deepest of all religious questions. Fundamentally, faith in God is what men need, what we must have, if we are to have our religion, and live our life. What can an honest preacher say to an honest doubter about this most basic of all questions?

First of all, I say, *Be sure you ask the question in the right way.* Can I believe in God? Not *must* I? You approach the matter wrongly when you demand irresistible proof. You are right to demand that God come to you with a sense of reality. What you want is belief, not make-believe. But you have no right to ask for more than evidence, or argument, or proof of whatever sort, sufficient to give you the right to believe in God. Spite of doubts, and difficulties, and dark areas, and blind spots, can I honestly believe in God? That is the question. It implies that you

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want to believe, if you can honestly. Why not? Who that was in his right mind ever preferred doubt to faith?

Get the question thus by the right end, and the answer may begin to take shape. The next step is to ask, what do you mean by the word "God"? It is a name for Some One, something, is it not? What is the *reality* you are trying to describe by the use of that name?

That simple inquiry touches the heart of the difficulty in many cases. The man of whom I spoke at the outset, whose statement of doubt about God started my thoughts along this line, was a little perplexed, perhaps a little surprised, when I replied by asking him what he meant by the word "God." It did not take long to discover that he thought I, and other preachers, believed in a sort of mysterious Being, sitting somewhere in the Heavens, ready to do all sorts of strange, inexplicable things, a kind of glorified Big Man.

It is not strange that he thought so. We have to picture God to ourselves as like ourselves. The central article of Christian faith is that when God would show us what He really is, He did it through a human being. One of the wisest words ever spoken is John Fiske's saying, "To every sound form of theism an anthropomorphic element is indispensable." Putting that in common language it means that, if we are to think of God at all in any real way, we must think of Him as like the spirit of man.

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Yet the question whether or no one believes in God goes far deeper than that. We know that God is not just "an infinite Lord Shaftesbury," as Matthew Arnold keenly expressed it. We have to think of Him in that way, but He is far beyond our thoughts. No intelligent Christian believer would now say that faith in God means a belief that somewhere sits Some One on a throne, Whom we might see if we could get near enough. The mind of today rightly casts off such childishness.

This is the real matter at issue, is it not?—What are we to think of that ultimate reality with which we have to do? What is the final, basic truth about the nature of things? What lies back of all this which we call life, its true cause, its truest explanation? That is the real question about God. What I say in answer to that decides whether I am a believer or an unbeliever in God.

There are three attitudes one can take toward that ultimate reality, or source, or explanation of things. Oh, of course there are many more, an infinite number of shades of thought and belief and fancy. But on the whole it is true that men and women of today fall into three classes, take one of three positions. They are agnostics, or materialists, or theists.

It is easy to be an agnostic. It is fashionable to be an agnostic, though it is becoming less so. But, like most easy and fashionable courses, it is unworthy. The religious agnostic dodges the issue, instead of meeting it.

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Words of course are tricky things. There is an agnosticism which is worthy and true, a reverent confession of the littleness of our minds, and of the deep and unfathomable mystery that lies all around us. But the agnosticism I have in mind is that which says dogmatically, "God is unknowable, and therefore I will stop thinking of Him or taking Him into the account." It shows itself practically in the conviction that it is a waste of time and breath to try to get at the truth about God; and that therefore religion is of slight practical importance.

This is the fault I find with that sort of agnostic,—that he does not go far enough. He makes an arbitrary distinction. He acts with regard to religious truth as he would not dream of acting with regard to other truth. The thorough-going agnostic would not only give up religion; he would abandon science, and every attempt to know; he would just sit in the shadow of all-surrounding mystery, saying, "I don't know," to every fact and duty and interest.

In a great, majestic sense God *is* unknowable. But so is all ultimate truth. Who knows what life is, what electricity is, what matter is, what personality is?

"We walk in a world where no man reads the riddle of things that are."

But this is what sensible men do, in any and every part of life, when baffled by their inability to know the ultimate truth: they make what scientists call a

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"working hypothesis." That is, they form an *idea* of what that ultimate reality may be, an idea that harmonizes as fully as possible with known facts, and then they act as if the unknown reality were really like that idea. Why not do that in religion, as well as in other parts of our thinking and living? In order to right living, in order to give force and validity to our moral standards, in order to go through life with some comfort and joy and assurance, in order to give full value to our spiritual assets, to faith and hope and love and righteousness, we need a working idea of the nature of ultimate reality. Because we need it, we take it and use it with confidence, just as the scientist uses his idea of light, or electricity, or of the atom. Without his hypothesis, he could have no science. Without our idea of God, we could have no religion. We need religion, as we need science. And the idea, or hypothesis, is as necessary and as reliable in the one case as in the other.

So much for the Agnostic. The real issue of faith is between the other two attitudes, between the Materialist and the Theist. I wish, we could use the word "Spiritualist" as the antithesis of "Materialist." I wish that word had not become popularly identified with tricks done in the dark.

This is the real question about God: which is the ultimate reality, the final explanation of things, the true source and meaning of life, impersonal matter, or personal spirit? Which is the better, truer way to think of that which lies back of life, and accounts

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for what it is? Is all of life just a manifestation of force? The mind of Shakespeare, the soul of Lincoln, the thoughts of Plato, the music of Beethoven, the spirit of Jesus,—are these just by-products of the working of chemical and physical forces? Has all the wonder of love and beauty and joy and unselfishness come to be through “the fortuitous concourse of atoms”? Can the love of the mother for her child, of the patriot for his country, of Christ for His own, be accounted for reasonably and sufficiently by the laws of chemical and physical action and reaction?

Or is *personality* the ultimate *reality* and power and glory of the world? Despite all that seems at strife with it, the pull of the senses, the absence of laboratory tests, the presence of evil and cruelty and seeming stupidity and aimlessness in the very processes of life, in spite of it all,—does not *the personal* still stand out so glorious, so sure, so unapproachable, that nothing less than personality can account for things as they are? Is it not more credible to hold that all the wonder of this universe of law, all the beauty, and truth, and goodness, and with it all the dirt and slime and scum, account for its presence as we may, came out of something like our thought and intelligence, our will and freedom, our love and vision, than that all the charm and loveliness and vivid reality of the personal came by a sort of magic good luck out of a blind man’s buff of mechanical forces?

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Alfred Noyes puts it well in his noble epic poem, "Watchers of the Sky," when he makes Kepler say,

"Even your Atheist builds his doubt
On that strange faith; destroys his heaven and God
In absolute faith that his own thought is true
To law, God's lantern to our stumbling feet;
And so, despite himself, he worships God,
For where true souls are, there are God and heaven.
And yet—to hear

Those wittols talk, you'd think you'd but to mix
A bushel of good Greek letters in a sack
And shake them roundly for an age or so,
To pour the Odyssey out. At last I told
Those disputants what my wife had said, one night,
When I was tired and all my mind a-dust,
With pondering on their atoms. I was called
To supper, and she placed before me there
A most delicious salad. 'It would appear'
I thought aloud, 'that if these pewter dishes,
Green hearts of lettuce, terragon, slips of thyme,
Slices of hard-boiled egg, and grains of salt,
With drops of water, vinegar and oil,
Had in a bottomless gulf been flying about
From all eternity, one sure certain day
The sweet invisible hand of Happy Chance
Would serve them as a salad.'

'Likely enough,'
My wife replied, 'but not so good as mine.'"

There it is! If man's intelligence can do so much, range so far, must not that out of which he has come be at least great enough to account for his thought? If love is so much the greatest thing in the world, can the cause and nature and ultimate explanation of

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the world be less than loving? If personality is the best I know, dare I call God less? And if I do not call Him personal, I call Him something less. For there is nothing greater or better by which we may call Him.

Now this is what we need to know and see clearly, that, in the last analysis, the question whether one believes in God is answered by the view he takes of the ultimate reality of things. If one believes that intangible, spiritual assets are more valuable than all outward things, that personality is incomparably above mechanism, that beauty, truth, and goodness are the real goods of life, that man is a spirit and not a mere intricate machine, then he believes in God, or at any rate is ready to believe in God. For it is utterly inconsistent to be a materialist and yet put love first. "Where love is, there God is also." To believe in the supremacy of the spiritual is to have a real faith in God.

They are bound together, God and the soul, God and beauty, God and truth, God and goodness, God and the personal values of living. If these are real, God is real. If God is a delusion, then these are delusions. Of all amazing follies, of all incredible egotisms, what one can be greater than that which sets man's soul all alone, alone intelligent, alone good, in a mechanical universe? Bertrand Russell is a great mathematician. But when he declares, on the sheer evidence of the senses, that man's "origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but

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the outcome of accidental collocation of atoms; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius are destined to extinction in the vast depth of the solar system";—when he says that, he is a poor, pitiful fool, like Plato's cave-man, dwelling amid shadows and refusing to believe in the light. How keen and sharp • is the sarcasm in the words which Henry Adams makes the materialist use in addressing his real god, the dynamo:

"Be you matter, be you mind,
We think we know that you are blind,
And we alone are good."

"We alone are good." What an insult to the Maker and Cause of all! Shall the thing made deny prevision and skill to the mind and hand that has made it?

A man once told me of how he struggled with doubt when his little child was taken by death. A devout friend said something to him about seeing his dear one again. "Yes," he answered, "*if* I see him again." Surprised and shocked, his friend asked, "But do you doubt it?" "I did doubt it," he said, "and I went off by myself and faced that doubt. I said to myself 'I want the truth, and nothing else.' Then I said to my doubt, 'Very well, I will take *you* as the truth. I shall never see him again. That is all over forever. Death ends it all. Then there is no God and Father. Love is not the ultimate reality. Then, my love for

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my child was a delusion. But, O God, I *know* I love my child. I know that is part of the best that is in me. I *know* that is real, whatever else is in doubt.' And," said he, "with that, faith came flooding back, and I saw that God is, and that He is love. I could not live with my doubt. I could not live without that faith."

Can I believe in God? You do not have to. Nothing can compel you to believe in Him. There's not an argument that cannot be doubted, not a fact that has not a counter fact. But woven in with that belief in God are all the sweet, tender, glorious values of human life. And because we cannot live without these, we cannot live without God.

I know little about electricity. I go to an Edison, a Pupin, and what he tells me confuses rather than enlightens. Nay, these men themselves confess they do not know what electricity is. But I enter my home, and, if the hall is dark, I press a button and radiance is all around me because I use what these men have found out. The unknown, the unknowable, is lighting my home. I do not know what God is. I go to the Theologians, and what they say confuses rather than enlightens. Nay, the wisest of them confess how little they know, how their definitions break down. But in the dark, I turn to God in the simplest, best ways men have found for bringing Him near and making Him real; I call Him "Father," as Jesus tells me to do; and light shines; and

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“Out of darkness come the hands
That reach through nature, moulding men.”

Here, O men and women who would serve well your world, here is the battle-ground on which must be fought out today the good fight of faith, here in the conflict between those who say that the physical is the only real and those who hold that the spiritual is the supreme reality. We must believe in God, with all the strength of our souls. And we must believe in God for the same reason that makes the scientist believe in the laws of nature, and the mathematician in his axioms,—that he cannot do without them. That which is necessary to make goodness valid, and beauty deathless, and truth sure, and love real, and life a spiritual experience rather than a mechanical process, has a right to command our full, glad faith. And God, the Living God, Whom we know in life and in the Bible, claims our faith because we cannot do without Him, because the supreme realities fade into unrealities without Him.

There is more. There is Christ. “Believe in God; believe also in me.” If God is to make very sure to us that He is personal, how can He do it really, fully, perfectly, save through personality? What can more conclusively and triumphantly confirm our faith that God is wisdom and love and spirit,—more like us than like anything else that He has made, than the appearing in history of one in whom all the best that is in humanity comes to ideal expression, in whom

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we see personality in its richest, fullest, most perfect demonstration? It is through faith in **Him** that we come most surely to faith in God. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." That is what **He** says, and we know it is true. **He** who is Son of Man and Son of God, truly one with us, gloriously one with God, what we would be if we could, what we would know if we could know God, says to us, "**He** that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." **He** who has seen Christ, has seen goodness, love, personality, at their highest. And he who has seen goodness, love, personality, at their highest, has seen God. There our souls may rest, able to face life with serene confidence, and to "endure as seeing **Him Who** is invisible."

Christ, Priest and Victim

By HIS EMINENCE WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL,
ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON

IN THIS age of unbelief, when men's spiritual eyes have shrunk to the dimensions of the eyes of their body, and reason, human and finite, dares to measure and confine the limits of the mercy and power of a God whose name is Infinite, it is indeed a pleasant thought to consider that our Church, the Catholic Church, is at least one organization that sets its foot upon the serpent of incredulity and raising its banner of faith high over the petty pennants of conflicting sects whose motto is "I think," she unfurls its colors to the gaze of men and angels with one word indelible and brightly emblazoned upon it, "I believe."

Speak of God to a man of our times who is versed in the fashionable scepticism of the day, and he shrugs his shoulders and mumbles something about the unknowable and the unknown. But the Catholic to whom that Name is sacred feels in the depths of his soul the sacredness of the thought of his Creator, his Father. This is faith. Tell your rationalist of the story of the Incarnation of God's son, and His sufferings for our redemption, and the only heights to which his soul arises is six feet from the earth; he

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speaks of the perfect type of humanity which Christ represented. Nothing more. But at the mention of Christ's Sacred Name, the Catholic bows his head and his soul is filled with anguish at the bare thought of Calvary, and with supreme gratitude as the scene of the resurrection succeeds the awful death on the Cross at Golgotha. This again is faith. Speak to yon enlightened reasoner of the nineteenth century of prayer and reparation for sin, and in his pity for your weakmindedness he will endeavor to conceal the smile that rises upon his lips, and he will remind you that the age of superstition has gone by. But the Catholic recalls with fervor those hours of holy commune with his God, when as he knelt with bowed head and broken spirit before the altar of sacrifice he knew that he was near his God, he felt the calm of His Presence and the sweet soft tones of forgiveness in his ear, and the healing balm of His forgiving touch upon his soul. He recalls the sight of his Sacramental Lord in the Sacred Host raised high above his head, as in a voice that goes out from his innermost heart he cries out, "Receive, O God, this pure oblation in the remission of my manifold sins." This is faith, sublime faith, that, thank God, still holds sway in our Holy Church, and which, like a beautiful flower, amid the thick rank growth of stunted weeds, appears from its very surrounding only the more beautiful, the more radiant, the more fragrant.

As we belong to that Church we must have faith—faith in the word of God, faith in His truthful prom-

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ises, faith in the unseen presence of Him who guides our steps and leads us by the hand through time to eternity. As the organs of the body so the faculties of the soul need exercise in order to bring them to maturity of strength and development. That exercise as Christians we are bound to give our spiritual faculties, for as St. Paul says, the just live by faith. In every action of our lives, in every season of our existence, we have ample field for the use of the powers of our soul. In the blossoming of the fields, besides the laws of nature that regulate the growth of plants, which is all that the scientist sees, the Christian recognizes the prime Giver of increase and plenty. In the heavenly motion of the spheres, besides the laws that govern the movements of the stars and planets which the astronomer teaches, the Christian beholds revealed the finger of God that governs the universe. Besides nature, the hidden truths of religion claim our faith. The same Person that walks in the streets of lowly Galilee is called by the Jews and Pharisees, Jesus the son of Joseph the carpenter, and by those from whose eyes have fallen the scales of unbelief Jesus the Son of God. Even as the God-Man hangs upon the gibbet on Calvary, on one side is the unbeliever, the thief who sees only the fellow culprit, and on the other, the believer, the one who sees the innocent victim, the world's Redeemer under the guise of a malefactor. The Divinity veiled under the Humanity of Christ called forth the exercise of faith of those with whom He dwelt, and today we too recognize in

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the humble Nazarene the God that made us and the Saviour that redeemed us. Surer than the testimony of sense, clearer than the light that makes things visible to mortal eyes, more certain than the knowledge that comes to us by sight or touch, we know that God is Man, and that the Almighty, that He might lift up man, assumed our humanity. This is the victory that overcomes the world—our Faith.

If our faith is called forth into action, if our belief in God is roused from its dormant state in our souls into active exercise by the consideration of Christ offering Himself for man on Calvary, much more is it stimulated by the consideration of that same sacrifice on the altar in the Mass, which is but the repetition of the Crucifixion. The Priest is the same, the Victim is the same. Christ on the first Good Friday raised between earth and heaven, between man and God, stretched out His arms over the world and cried to His heavenly Father, "Receive, O God, this sacrifice and forgive mankind its sin." On the Altar Christ too, as He is raised on high in mystic oblation, repeats the self-same words: "Behold me, Father, a pure sacrifice to thy Justice. Blot out the sins of Thy people and forget their iniquities against Thy Holy Name."

Therefore at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass we may exercise our faith even more meritoriously than if we had been witnesses of the Crucifixion. For there, as St. Thomas says, the Divinity was concealed under the Humanity. But that same humanity had worked

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such miracles as would have convinced any one but the wrong-hearted and blinded Jews. Whereas in the Sacrifice of the Mass, both Divinity and Humanity are veiled under the humble appearances of bread and wine, and we hear only the words of Christ echoed through nineteen centuries, "This is my Body. This is my Blood," and we believe the words because He who speaks them is the All-Holy God.

With the eyes of our souls, therefore, well opened to the light of this saving faith, let us consider what is this act of worship which we call the Mass. It is a Sacrifice. Since sacrifice implies the immolation to God of some offering by one consecrated to act as mediator between heaven and earth, we must seek therefore in the Mass, who is the priest, who is our mediator, and what is the victim that He offers? Who is He who, vested with our humanity, raises His consecrated hands to God in supplication for our sins? Jesus Christ, the anointed of the Father, the great High Priest from whose priesthood all others derive their efficacy and power; Jesus Christ, the only begotten of the All-Holy God, who at the moment of His conception became King, Priest, and Victim; Jesus Christ, upon whom the Father poured out the oil of sacerdotal power and the ointment of eternal priesthood, saying to Him, "Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedec." As Melchisedec offered the sacrifice of bread and wine, so Christ the great High Priest offers daily upon our altar the Sacrifice of Infinite value that veils itself under the ap-

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pearance of bread and wine. In the chaste womb of His Virgin Mother, as in the chosen Temple of God, by the ordinance of God, and by the divine hand of the Eternal in the very act of the Incarnation, He was constituted the head, the representative, the priest of the human race, to govern, to teach it in all things that appertain to God and to offer up to the adorable Trinity in the name of the human race, for its salvation and happiness, a sacrifice truly worthy, an acceptable act of adoration, thanksgiving and redemption.

Once upon Calvary He performed the great functions of His office, as the light faded from His eyes, as a shiver of death shook His wounded frame, and in the last anguish of more than mortal agony He cried, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." The Crucifixion was the Great High Mass, from which all others have their efficacy.

Surely as the Sacrifice of the Cross was sufficient to blot out the stains upon the souls of all mankind from Adam down to the last man that shall live upon this earth, just so surely is the Sacrifice of the Altar sufficient to apply the merits of that first Sacrifice to the needs of the individual sinner.

Moreover, as the merits of the Sacrifice of Calvary were infinite, those of the Mass are no less so; for the Priest is Christ, and the Victim is Christ, and Christ is infinite God, and infinite Saviour. There is nothing wanting in the gift that is offered upon the Altar: it is perfect with the perfection of God Himself, and He who offers it is no mere human being. The priest

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that we see at the Altar is, it is true, the minister of Christ, and represents Him before the eyes of the people. He prepares the offering for the sacrifice; he stands before the people and for the people, in God's name; he invites them to join with him in begging God to prepare them and him for the august mysteries; he places the bread upon the altar and the wine in the sacred chalice—that bread and wine soon to become only the veil of the Living Christ, God and Man, hiding Him from our mortal eyes which could not, except in Heaven, look upon Him and live.

Then at the solemn moment in the silence, the human priest pronounces the awful words over the elements, and now no more is the man the chief ministrant, but Jesus Christ Himself is here, Body and Soul and Divinity. Christ stands at the altar between you and God; between your sins and God's justice; between your weakness and God's strength. There He stands as really as the human priest that is visible to your natural eyes: invisible to us, but visible gloriously to the myriads of Saints and Angels who in His Sacred Presence sing the rapturous hymn of everlasting praise—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are filled with Thy Glory: Hosanna in the highest."

He Himself comes to offer sacrifice; for what man is worthy of his own merits to stand as Mediator before the Eternal All-Holy God, except Him whose soul is without spot, because it is the Soul of God; and whose

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Body, assumed from an Immaculate Virgin, is the fitting tenement of such a soul?

Because this great Priest looks abroad over creation and can find no gift worthy to offer to the Eternal Father as an adequate act of adoration and supplication, lo, He offers Himself. "Sacrifice and oblation," He says, "Thou would'st not; but a Body thou hast fitted for me: Then said I, Behold I come." O Christians, as the bell sounds out the tidings, and you bow before the elevation of the Sacred Host, ponder well in your hearts this sacred truth. Christ is here! He stands at the Altar, the great High Priest of the Universe, and pours out before God's offended Majesty that Blood which was spilt on Calvary; which redeemed the world; which opened Heaven; which triumphed over the gates of Hell; which made grace much more abound where once sin abounded; which cleanses sinners, and perfects saints! That Priest is my God: that Victim is my Saviour! That sacrifice of infinite value is all for me; that I, the child of sin, may be the very child of God; that my soul grown old in vice may return again to the innocence of my Baptism, may be renewed as it was before the world, the flesh and the Devil had made me the sinner that I am.

Now Christians, while Christ is with you, not as the injured God, but as the Priest pleading for your forgiveness, seize the opportunity to beg of Him what most your soul needs. Grasp the hem of His garment, and do not let Him go till He has blessed you.

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What if it were the last time you were to kneel in His Presence on Earth! Would you not cry out with all the fervor of your being, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on me, for I am a sinner! Give me back Thy love, Thy grace, which I have forfeited. I am sick of sin: my soul is weary of guilt: the burden of my iniquity is too great for me to bear. I feel it weighing me down, sinking me fast toward Hell. Stretch out thy right hand and save me. Jesus, Victim of love, help me. Lord, save me: I perish."

Look up, Christian soul, to the Altar where Jesus reigns; for even now He hears your cry and has sent forth strength to your soul. In union with Him offer to God all that is best in your possession—your soul freed from guilt, your heart purified from the love of sinful pleasure, your mind and all its faculties, your body and all its members. In spirit lay them all upon the Altar where Jesus is Royal Priest and Victim; and in return ask of Him, the most precious gift in all Creation, His own Divine Self.

This, O Christians, is what the Mass is—the highest and most exalted act of worship, the sublime Sacrifice in which God offers to God a Victim-God, and you who are present join in the offering, and reap the inestimable benefits of the Sacrifice of Calvary.

Where upon the earth can such worship be found except in the Church which Christ established? What treasure is there in the universe of such incomparable value as a single Mass? And yet how incredible, how appalling the coldness, the lukewarmness, the sloth,

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the indifference of Catholics! If for one moment the veil were lifted from our eyes, and we saw what in reality the Mass is, we should be overwhelmed with wonder and gratitude. If we are not, it is because our faith is dead, our souls divided, our minds pre-occupied; because we do not forget the human, frail, mortal priest, in the over-powering consideration of the spotless, Divine Eternal One; nor merge the whole outward ceremonial in the awful reality of the Divine Victim and the ineffable drama of our redemption.

Open wide, then, the eyes of the soul. Lay aside for the moment all thoughts of care and trouble; and come to the Holy Sacrifice as the early Christians did with hearts full of awe and love and devotion; for He who on the Altar as on Calvary is both Priest and Victim, is also the Eternal King of Heaven.

The Perfect Salvation

By MERTON S. RICE, D.D., METROPOLITAN METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DETROIT

*"Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in
Whom we trust that He will yet deliver us."*

—II COR. I — 10

I HAVE never heard a sermon from this verse. I have not in any of my sermonic literature a sermon based upon it. In the commentaries I have at my disposal all the comment I have been able to find has been, that this was a difficult passage, which so far as I am able to make out is no particular distinguishment these days. But here stands this fine verse in the homiletic fascination of a self-analyzed passage, carrying all those great throbs of Christian memory and experience and hope, which are the most preachable matters of our faith.

The second Book of Corinthians opens with a most gracious salutation. It bears the message of comfort in a manner most impressive. I incline to feel that the whole book catches its flavor at its very beginning. Paul was making clear the fact of the experience of real comfort and help in distress, and the obligated helpfulness which such an experience put upon those who had it. I am ready to say, after an experience in the ministry running through more than thirty years,

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and furnishing a cross section of service from the humblest country circuit to the most complex demands of the metropolitan situation, I am ready to say that the prime test of a genuine religion is its ability to stand in the midst of great trouble and of deep liability and bring actual comfort. The Apostle Paul was close to his very best, when with his great pen dripping the flavor of his soul's richest knowledge, he wrote here this great preceding verse, "The God of all comfort, who comforted us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." That great verse has come down the ages in constant accumulation of its beautiful meaning. I well remember when first I came to realize its worth. One of the memorably challenging moments of my ministry took its stand right here. A big strong man had fallen by a sudden stroke. He was a father upon whose strong service a large family depended. The mother and nine children were left. It hurt us all as we gathered in the stricken home, and we eagerly sought for every helpfulness we knew. Two weeks later the mother, in the price of a yet multiplied motherhood, broken in her grief beyond the demand of her strength, likewise fell before the grim sickle. There stood those huddling children alone. They lived on a farm. There was a heavy mortgage clinging to it. I turned to this great verse and sought for some words to say as nearly a Christian thing as I could say that difficult day. All

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the crowding farmer-folk who came pressing into that grief-filled house were broken of heart, but determined of soul. Not one hand was withheld. Not one heart was unmoved. We did try to comfort them with the comfort we too had found. It challenged all the religious helpfulness we had. I went to see the man who held the mortgage. It was a heavy mortgage for such a farm. But he was a man, and a Christian. This same great verse was ringing in his soul. He said to me as I opened the door of his office and before I could tell my mission, "Don't worry about that mortgage." And that fine group of grief-bound children, strengthened by the offered comfort of those to whom the faith had been helpful, worked their way out of it all to a great victory. They paid that mortgage. They preserved their home. I never rode down that country way, and failed to look toward that farm and pray for them.

Out across the years comes this fine passage here, laden with such comfort and blessed by accumulated memories. That was what was in the heart of the author of our text when he wrote this whole book of saturate comfort about the God of all comfort. Then he goes on to tell of a most desperate experience through which he has just passed. He was almost dead. He had never told them about it. I was given up to die while in Asia. I was pressed out of measure, pressed even beyond my strength. My life was despaired of. Everyone gave up hope. Then he writes in this very great and refreshing verse.

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Through all this he declares he learned to trust in God, "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us."

Note the comprehensive statement of the perfect salvation which God has prepared for those who trust Him. Who did deliver us! The testimony of memory, the sure evidence from the past. Who doth deliver us! The satisfied declaration of experience. The evidence of the present. Who will deliver us! The confidence for the future. The assurance of our hope. It would be impossible to find a verse more beautifully self-analyzed, or more homiletically perfect in its statement of our satisfactory faith. The Perfect Salvation. God who did deliver us, who does deliver us, who will deliver us. For the past I am grateful. For the present I am satisfied. For the future I am confident. I would write this great fact in terms of real experience into all our lives.

1. Who did deliver us. Thank God for the vigorous testimony brought by memory in confirmation of our faith out of an eloquent past. If I were confined to personal terms in the telling of this great story I could bring from the archives of all our lives the full confirmation of this claim. Doubtless in one way that is a matter in which all of God's people should be finding a continuous satisfaction. It is, to be exact, the very application Paul was making as the basis of this great declaration of the text. He was building

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his great heartening message to all Christendom upon the satisfactory experience through which he had passed. He saved me.

But there is always a way in which every personal thing overleaps every personal horizon, and becomes a great declaration for general testimony. When one speaks of the past in terms of religion he must touch a large range. The testimony of the satisfactory service of a God who did deliver, is a matter that carries age-over meaning. It is confirmed by the prophets and saints of old. It takes its place in an unbroken line back into all the past can be made to mean.

Thank God for the faith that has come down the ages to bring us assurance now. How nobly it has come. Nothing has been able to turn it back. When we speak of the past out of which triumphantly our faith has come on, we cannot imagine any test that has not already been met. We read and read and read again, that never-tiring, always refreshing heroic chapter in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and rejoice in the noble company who shout their convincing stories across the ages. By faith Abel, and Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Joseph, and Moses, and Gideon, and Barak, and Samson, and Jephthâe, and David. And, oh, such a great and inspiring army, for whose names there was not room. Victors across life's most severe trials. They subdued kingdoms; wrought righteousness; obtained

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promises; stopped the mouths of lions; quenched the violence of fire; escaped the edge of the sword; out of weakness became strong; waxed valiant in fight; turned to flight the armies of the aliens; received their dead raised to life again; were tortured not accepting deliverance, thus obtaining even a better resurrection; had trials of cruel mocking and scourgings; were bound and imprisoned. They were stoned. They were sawn asunder. They were tempted. They were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep-skins and in goat-skins. They were destitute, afflicted, tormented. The world was not worthy of these. They wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. These all having obtained a good report through faith received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us than they without us should not be made perfect. Thus we read the heroic chapter, and refresh our faith today in the fadeless story of yesterday. We thank God for the great list, this side of which we take our stand with a courage that draws new strength from all those who have gone on before us. We do not believe the great chapter was completed when the list as recorded in the Book was made. We believe the very same inheritance of that very same experience has been recorded right along down the unbroken story of the Church of God. The same deliverance that was made glorious by their stories has not failed even until now, and we tune our song to all the saints forever —

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“For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed,
Hallalujah!

“Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might,
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight,
Thou in the darkness drear, their one true light,
Hallalujah!

“From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl, streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallalujah!”

Oh, Church of God, we should make sure to write the unbroken list of triumphant deliverance right down to our own day. Thanks be unto God, who did deliver us. On every page of the great story thus far written stands the unbroken record of this thrilling fact. We cannot read back into it without the quickening pulse of our own purpose being roused within us.

How many, many times we have gone to that strange and surcharged spot on the banks of the Tyne at Jarrow. The sacred influence of the Venerable Bede has gripped the souls of thousands. There stands in sacred treasure the old chair in which he sat while he made the famous translation that lingers yet to testify to his name. From it we can almost see him, frail but mighty as he arose for the last time to speak the final words of the beautiful gospel of St. John,

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and then sank to his knees to die. Then to Durham we go to look again at that strange massive coffin, a magnetic center of our interest. Made out of one great oaken log, and mounted on four crude rough wheels. In that shared coffin you remember they placed the bodies of both Bede and Cuthbert, and when days of great crisis arose, those people who loved their great leaders, would wheel those bodies about, that the sacred influence of the characters they seemed to make real among them, might again lend aid in the great test. Howsoever all such superstition may sound now to us in this proud day of far advanced enlightenment, there nevertheless does come still to all of us the sacred strength of the precious past. We know those victories. We know those deliverances. We do take courage. We do believe by them now. We would wheel out with us as we go, all the sacred memories of all those, down all the long way, who have come through everything life and death can mean; and above their memories, and established in the confidences of their victories would shout, Thanks be unto God, Who did deliver us from so great a death.

2. Who does deliver us. Our salvation is not a mere matter of memory. It does not ground itself alone upon the past. It is not a preservation. It is an experience now. He does deliver us.

We have never been able to recognize the real value and power of history as it is being written. Today never seems as wonderful and conclusive as does

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yesterday. Nor does it seem so luring, or full of hope as does tomorrow. There is a strange tendency in all of us to look behind or ahead of us for real inspiration. Remembering things that are gone, and pressing toward those things that are before, we easily forget that we are engaged in the actual encounter of today. These streets we know are so hard. These days are so strenuous. These heart-aches are so very painful. These sorrows are so real. These temptations are so very trying. Oh, today, today, is a heavy struggling hour for sure. Our feet are weary. Our hearts are heavy. Our souls are bowed down. We are actually engaged with life just as it is. There is always some sweet forgetfulness of the past, which seems to bury from our real appreciation much that made it hard, and to leave for us to cherish only the residue of helpfulness of it all. But oh this hard today! It lacks romance in the rigid reality of it all. We know it so well. The sun of noon. The weariness of the flesh. The strain of soul. This is life just now.

This great verse struck in here from the immediate triumphant experience of Paul, was offered to those brethren, and was set glowing to all who should come afterward, as a precious possession of all the Church forever at the exact point of present requirement. My God doth deliver me now. That is exactly up to the last minute. Religion's immediate help. No excuses are made. No reservations are required. Life is met just as it is. There can be no more vital word

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to get said to this day of ours than that. Our religion is not a mere matter of history, neither is it a matter of persistent hope. For history and hope, both and each, we are grateful. But experience, as the present opportunity of life, we are glad for. We are in step with life now. God is still with His people.

“A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing.”

God does deliver us now. Upon the strong emphasis of this immediate experience almost every great forward movement in the Church's history has been founded. The theology which has attended the great revivals has always been that which has been cast into the alembic of experience. It has been tried by the hard-edged challenge of the life about it. It demands a creed that can accompany courage. It must stand victoriously in the midst of life.

One night that rugged and wonderful worker among men whose lives had been broken by sin, Sam Hadley, was speaking to a large gathering of poor wrecks who had come into the doors of his mission hall. A trained physician sat among the men as an observer of a condition which drew him merely out of curiosity. The vigorous appeal of the preacher for immediate decision for a new life finally so impressed the physician that he could not restrain the protest of his scientific objection to it all, and he arose and speaking feelingly said, “Mr. Hadley, you have been appealing here with a glowing passion to these drunkards

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for a new and a made-over life. I speak as a physician to say that you would not talk to these men thus if you had ever seen what the inside of a drunkard's stomach looks like." As quick as a flash from the experience which was the basis of all the great mission worker's preaching, he replied, "Sir, I had a drunkard's stomach and Jesus Christ saved me from it, and saves me from it now." How eloquently does genuine experience always meet life. We challenge the whole world with the testimony of this salvation. It is the most convincing preachment we have. Oh for a witnessing Church. Your experience! Don't leave it out. Who doth deliver us. We have a salvation that meets life actually. We are not compelled to make one exception. "Come unto Me, all ye." Oh write that across life. Write it across life everywhere in the terms of your own experience. Write it against hardship. Write it against ease. Write it against sorrow. Write it against joy. Write it against old age. Write it against youth. Write it against life. Write it against death. Who doth deliver us. Thank God.

3. Who will deliver us. Hope and the future. We have already come on past enough to warrant us in an on-reaching conclusion that will not turn back however far life may have yet to run. We have read enough history to vindicate the confidence we profess. The race has certainly come on through convincing experience. We have ourselves individually

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met life in such complicate situations that we feel sure of our right to draw our conclusions.

We lift now our faces toward the great tomorrow. We are not troubled. We are not afraid. He will deliver us. This is the face-forward confidence of our religion.

There is a very satisfactory privilege opened to us to look back through all life has thus far meant. We have God's word to cover it all. I thank God every day of my life for what I have come safely past.

“Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of His grace.”

There is likewise a secure confidence I feel in the fact of today's experience. I know Him as my salvation now. This is indeed a testing day. Life runs at me a-flood now. Dangers are all about me. It does require the genuine power of a real faith to stand victorious now. But I am confident in this very significant day and hour to announce this Christian sufficiency.

Upon all life has been and is, I have built up in my soul an unshakable faith for the future. He will deliver me. I believe I know somewhat the meaning of such a declaration as that. There is much ahead. Life may even yet have tests for me that are more fierce than anything through which thus far I have had to pass. I am come on out of youth into mid-life.

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The noontime of the struggle is a trying hour. Much of life's worst tragedy, I know too, has come in the afternoon. There is something about that cry of the psalmist for the defense from the pestilence that wasteth at noonday, that makes me feel that he had been in the hard task of the noon of life. I want to write my confidence right now at that very crucial hour. Not in the approach of the battle. That is hard. I have seen fine young fellows, as brave as any soldiers, lose control of themselves as they came up to the battle. It is a great test. My own son said to me, before he had felt the shock of actual battle, and when the anticipation of it was in his soul, "I don't want to lose my nerve going in." I can speak religiously now of life in the very midst of the conflict. He does deliver me. But I know there is yet to be the test of the evening time. I read with very great interest in our news column recently an account of a man who had been conducting some experiments in hypnotism over wild beasts. He had just cowed a powerful lion into unconsciousness, and turning to speak to the wondering spectators that great beast recovered himself and leaped fiercely upon the trainer and tore his arm into shreds. I am not haunted as I look into the future with the liability of a merely hypnotized past that will come again into the clamor of all its fierce threatenings. I go straight on to the evening time of my mortality in the assurance of the fact that all the dangers of my past life have not been

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hypnotized but forgiven, and blotted out of His Book of remembrance.

Before me is death. He will deliver me. This is the forward confidence I would write across life. Write it to the very end.

“Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse the tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.”

I write these words immediately upon my return from the grave where we left the mortal remains of one of the most heroic Christian young men I have ever known. Just as youth was catching strong step in noble purpose he was stricken with a most deadly disease. So far as has been known by medical science never but two cases have recovered. This young man declared he was going to be the third. He was in training as a physician. He immediately adopted every precaution in what he knew must be a long, long contest, if he should live. Day after day, for weeks, months and years, that indomitable young soul fought that fight with death. Every day he held scientific record of his life for one thousand and fifteen days. He has charted on an unbroken chart, the full record of his heart and his temperature, and in eleven volumes of carefully listed observations of life pursued by death he has left us his great story. Through it all, and down to the very last breath of it all he has sung, and then asked us to sing it when he was gone,

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“Through every day,
O'er all the way,
God will take care of you.”

I stand as a preacher of the Gospel of the Christian faith to gaze steadily ahead into tomorrow in the assurance of the promise we hold. He will deliver us.

Neither heights, nor depths, nor things present, nor things to come, nor life, nor death, nor any other creature, can invalidate this great salvation for me now or ever.

He saved me yesterday. That involves all that my crimson sin had come to mean. He washed me from the guilt, and saved me from the power and dominion of sin.

He saves me today. That involves all that temptation, and faltering, and stumbling can mean. It can be spoken in all the meaning of the infinite tenderness of the infinite Saviour, who shielded from blame the poor sinful woman who wanted a chance at a new life, as well as in the offered meaning of the infinite promise to help us all and each.

He will save me tomorrow. That involves all that can be run into the meaning of hell and heaven in the destiny of the human soul.

He is the God of our salvation, and it is not His desire that any soul should perish. Oh Thou Christ of every human need! The past assures us, the present confirms us, the future secures us. We give Thee our unfaltering allegiance. Memory, experience, and hope, confirm our salvation.

What is a Religious Life?

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, THE COMMUNITY CHURCH,
NEW YORK

MY SUBJECT is the specific question, What constitutes a religious life? I say "specific," for the reason that I do not propose to deal in abstractions and generalities, to wander off into mystic heights of ecstasy and rapture. I want to be perfectly matter-of-fact in what I have to say, and thus specify, if I can, what it is in this daily, routine life of ours which differentiates a religious man from every other kind of a man.

More particularly do I want to mark, if possible, the distinction between a religious man and a moral man. We all of us know, or ought to know, what are the ethical standards of existence. After centuries of experience and thought, we have laid hold upon some fundamental principles that may be said to constitute morality. But what is the distinction between these principles and religion? Is there some ideal, or aspiration, or way of life added on to ethics to make religion, or is this supplementation an illusion, and ethics, after all, the whole philosophy of noble living?

There are plenty of people to argue that ethics and religion, in the true sense of the word, are practically

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synonymous, and that anything "beyond good and evil," which we may choose to call religion, is only so much superstition, to be exposed and gotten rid of as soon as possible. But I propose to present the point of view that religion is something more than ethics—that religion is all that ethics is and then something in addition. In saying this, I do not seek to discredit ethics. The moral life, as such, is entitled to utter reverence, and may be all that can properly be exacted of men and women on this earthly plane. After all, if we can attain to some standard of morality in this world, we are doing pretty well; and for the present, at least, we may be wise to make this the next and farthest goal of our endeavor. But in my heart of hearts I cannot believe that morality constitutes, in any ultimate sense, this farthest goal. I must believe that there is something still beyond and above, and this the most precious thing in life. It is like the experience we have when we climb a mountain! Straight ahead, up the slippery sides of the craggy slopes, there looms the peak that we are seeking. We climb and climb, with much effort and heavy labor, only to find, when the peak is gained, that the summit of the mountain lies beyond. It is this "beyond" that constitutes religion. It is that elevation which is higher still than the elevation upon which we stand. It is "the top of the world"—a rarer atmosphere, a loftier outlook, and as the price of its attainment, a mightier labor and sacrifice, than anything that ethics can ever know. Now abide these two things—the

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moral life and the religious life; and the greater of these is the religious!

I accept the viewpoint, in other words, of Jesus! You remember the immortal story of the rich young ruler. "What shall I do," said this young man to Jesus, "to inherit eternal life?" It is significant to notice that, in answer to this inquiry, Jesus turned immediately to the great commandments of the Law. "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery; honor thy father and thy mother." The first stage in the journey toward "eternal life," obviously enough, is the stage of ethics. We must live the moral life before we can hope for anything else. We can have no true religion without ethics. But the ruler has done all of these things! "These things have I done," he said, referring to the commandments, "from my youth up." But did this satisfy Jesus? Not at all! Having obeyed all the commandments of the Law, and thus achieved the moral life, there was yet one thing more that this young man must do. And what was this "more," but that additional achievement which marks impressively the difference between religion and morality? The religious life, in other words, is something special. It has distinctive features of its own. And it is these features which, if possible, I want to isolate and describe.

In considering this subject, I can think of nothing better to do than to select certain notable men, whom we would all agree to call religious, and use these as

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a basis of analysis. What qualities do such men share in common, which do not appear in the lives of ordinary men? Are there qualities of this kind? If we find such, have we not laid hold upon just those qualities which distinguish the religious life from every other kind of a life? Following this line of procedure, I choose for our examples of personal religion three men—one ancient, one medieval, one modern—whose names we will all agree represent transcendent qualities of spiritual character.

The first is *Jesus!* There can be no dispute as to the spiritual supremacy of this man. Controversy has raged, and still rages, over the theological question of his person—his relation to God, his incarnation of the holy spirit, his cosmic rank as judge of the quick and the dead. But when all these disputes have been swept away as having no reality, there emerges the figure of that noble Nazarene, human as we are human, a man as we are men, a figure of history like a thousand others, but moving on planes of thought and life so elevated, so exalted, that it is not surprising that men have thought of him as divine. Even his disciples felt his qualities in ways that made them speculate as to whether he was not the promised Messiah come at last. For these qualities were pre-eminently spiritual; they had to do with communion with things infinite and eternal, and the power that comes from such communion. Jesus was religious—he lived the religious life—and, in sheer wonder at

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the beauty of such a life, men have for centuries acclaimed him as King and Lord.

The second man, whom I take as an example, is *Francis of Assisi*. It was over seven hundred years ago that this medieval saint lived and died. Seven hundred years is a long time to be remembered, yet the Assisan is as fresh a figure today as when he walked in love and joy upon the earth. In all of Christian history there is no man quite comparable to him; next only to the Nazarene himself, St. Francis stands supreme. Yet he was not a genius in any worldly sense. He left no writing to compare with Dante's "Divine Comedy," or Petrarch's sonnets; his preaching stirred no multitudes as did Savonarola's; even in organizing and administrative capacity he was far inferior to St. Dominic. But it was just because he excelled in no one of these qualities, perhaps, that he became so transcendent a figure for posterity. He lived in an age of war and cruel barbarism, in an age of dazzling wealth and its attendant corruption, in an age of lust, pride, and moral depravity. The church was as rotten as the state, the common man as vicious as the prince. In such a time, this "little brother" of Assisi walked in ways that lifted him up among his fellows, and endeared him to humanity through all future time, as one come from God himself. St. Francis, like the Master whom he so obediently followed, was a religious man. He lived the religious life. Of all men of our western world in the last two thousand years, I know of none who represents so per-

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fect a pattern of what we mean by the religious life as Francis.

The last man, whom I take as an example, is a modern, one who is living among us at this moment—*Mahatma Gandhi*, of India. This man is not a Christian; I am glad of it, for his character demonstrates that Christianity has no monopoly in the things of the spirit. From his youth up Gandhi has been a Hindu. He is Eastern in all his thoughts and in all his ways of life. Yet we search the world in vain today for any man who so fully embodies what we regard as the Christian ideal, who follows so closely in the footsteps of Francis yesterday and of Jesus the day before, as this same Hindu. Says Bishop Fisher of Calcutta, for more than twenty years a Christian missionary in India, "You must take Mahatma Gandhi as perhaps the St. Francis of today. He is the nearest approach to the incarnation of the life of Jesus Christ that the world beholds." The divine inheritance, after all, knows no churches and no religions. It comes, like the air we breathe, out of the universal heavens, and into the universal heart. It is like the wind, to use Jesus's immortal parable. "It bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth." Not to the Christian world at all, but to the pagan world, do we have to look today for the supreme and perfect example of the religious life.

It is these three men—Jesus, St. Francis, Mahatma Gandhi—that I would offer to you as illustrations of the religious principle incarnate in human life. What

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qualities, now, do these men share together which are distinctive as contrasted with the qualities of other men? What have they done, as by agreement, which the ordinary man does not do? If we can answer these questions in the light of these transcendent examples, we shall have gone far, it seems to me, toward finding out just what it is that constitutes *per se* the religious life.

(1) The first fact common to these men, which attracts attention, is their poverty. Jesus's poverty, in origin at least, was accidental; he was born of a poor family, and remained in the ranks of artisans and peasants all his days. St. Francis's poverty was voluntary; his father was a wealthy cloth-merchant, who allowed his son to live in luxury and ease until there came that dramatic moment when the young man stripped himself naked, and went out a beggar upon the public highway. Gandhi's poverty is partly inherited, and partly voluntary; his father, a well-to-do merchant, gave away in charity the greater part of his possessions, a process which the son gladly completed when he dedicated his life to his fellow-men. This mere fact of poverty in itself, however, has little significance. What is important is the attitude which it betokens on the part of these men toward the whole problem of property and the soul.

Jesus made the issue perfectly clear when he said that there were two powers struggling for the allegiance of mankind—the one, God, and the other, Mammon. These are the two masters whom we can

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serve, he said; one or the other, for we cannot serve both. Each requires nothing less than the whole and the best of a man. When we get hungry for money, we find ourselves doing things which debase character and outrage ideals. When we have accumulated properties, we feel it our first duty to protect these properties, and our easiest temptation to increase them. Where our treasure is, there our heart is also! So the inner life in us becomes darkened. We find ourselves cut off from our fellow-men, and set against them. More and more we choose money instead of men, and prefer property to human interest. So wealth grows stronger than a man, and finally owns him body and soul. How hardly, therefore, can a rich man enter into the Kingdom of Heaven! This is not because he is wicked, in any way natively worse than other men. But he has laid upon himself such burdens that it is harder for him to enter into the Kingdom than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. So it was that Jesus advised the rich young ruler, when he wanted to inherit eternal life, that he sell his goods and give the money to the poor.

St. Francis went to even greater extremes than his Master. Upon himself and all his followers he laid the vow of poverty. No brother could own anything, but all must possess in common. Even the Order itself could hold no property, but all its churches and shrines be accepted simply as loans, for which due payment was to be made. This was not because Francis was an ascetic—on the contrary, he was full of the beauty and

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joy of life! But he had known "the deceitfulness of riches" in his youth; and he wanted now that his life, and the lives of his followers, should be delivered from the burden of possession. He dreaded the temptation of owning anything. One day a novice came to him, and asked if he might not have a psalter of his own for his private devotions. The Saint refused him. "When you have your psalter," he said "you will want a breviary, and when you have a breviary, you will seat yourself in a pulpit like a great prelate, and you will beckon to your companion, and say, 'Bring me my breviary.'" Thus would his soul be lost! So Francis took Poverty to be his bride, and pledged the brethren of his Order to her service as "the lady of their chaste loves." When the bishop of Assisi protested against the extremities of his practice, the good Saint replied, "My Lord, if we possessed property, we should have need of arms for its defense, for it is the source of quarrels and law-suits; and the love of God and of one's neighbor usually finds many obstacles therein."

The same conviction holds the soul of Gandhi. Like Jesus and Francis, he has put by all the temptations of wealth, and would lead his people into those ways of simplicity and self-denial which can alone save them, he believes, from destruction. It is from this point of view that the Mahatma looks with such horror upon Western industry and Western culture, and strives to turn back the tide of influence from our world that is now beating upon the shores of his country. Let there be no question as to why Gandhi fears and hates the

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West! It is because ours is a materialistic civilization; because we have builded a society which lays down the dictum that men may be sacrificed to money, and peace to property. Gandhi, like the Easterners generally, is predominantly interested in the things of the spirit; he seeks for himself and his people the religious life, and he sees our lust of possession a menace to his dreams.

It is perfectly clear, from these examples, that the religious life is inconsistent with the idea of property. It has to do with good and not with goods. Here it is sharply distinguished from the merely moral life. For a rich man can be moral; he can hold and spend his money, if he be conscientious, with every regard for the principles of right living. But can a rich man be religious? Not if Jesus and Francis and Gandhi are right. There seems to be something fundamentally inconsistent between what we have in terms of the temporal and what we are in terms of the spiritual. If we would live the religious life, we must divorce ourselves from that love of money which is "the root of all evil." How to do this is a question, the most terrible question of our day! The great men, to whom I am referring, sought economic freedom through the device of communal ownership. Jesus had his band of disciples with their common purse; Francis had his Order with its common treasury; Gandhi has his school and settlement, the Ashram. Whether it is possible, or wise, to undertake such a movement, in such a society as ours, is another question. The one thing we must seek, to my mind, is the socialization of our entire

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system of industry and life. The true objective for the individual who would live the religious life, in our inherently materialized civilization, is the reconstruction of the social order in such ways that wealth shall be equitably distributed as well as abundantly produced, that the many shall have what they earn rather than the few what they seize, that riches and poverty shall be alike abolished in the equal enjoyment of the common good. We must seek, in other words, that great revolution of economic democracy, which is the true successor to the recent revolution of political democracy. Mankind must be made a brotherhood. Meanwhile, each one of us has his problem, as an individual, to attain deliverance from the personal passion of property. Only the man who does this is spiritually free—

“ . . . free from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, and fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.”

(2) I turn, now, to a second characteristic of the religious life. I refer to sympathy for the down-trodden and defenseless among our fellows, and an active, courageous, deliberately partisan advocacy of their cause.

If anything is more conspicuous in the Gospels than Jesus's severity upon the rich, it is his sympathy for the poor. And this sympathy was something *more* than sympathy. It was not charity, merely, but championship. It was a plea not for mercy but for justice.

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He declared that these poor should be free. "Blessed are ye poor," he cried. "Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. Blessed are ye when men shall separate you from their company, and reproach you—for, behold, your reward is great." Next after the poor came the sick, not cared for in Jesus's day as in ours, but feared and cast aside when beset with contagion and insanity! He sought them out and comforted them and frequently, by his mere presence, healed them. Then he went to prisoners behind the bars, and prostitutes upon the streets—all the hated and despised of men—and lifted them up, and gave them a place within his Kingdom. What more significant than Jesus's declaration of his mission, when he stood up in the synagogue to preach! "I am come," he said, "to preach the gospel to the poor . . . to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised."

St. Francis was the same kind of a man. Even as a dissolute young spendthrift, there was something in him that bound him to the wretched from whom others turned aside. Thus, there is the famous story of how he met a leper one day upon the road, and instinctively wheeled his horse away in disgust. Then suddenly, not knowing why, he leaped from his steed, bowed himself in the dust, kissed the leper, and wiped his wounds with his clothing. When he started his Order and gathered his brethren about him, these lepers were his

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first concern. Then came the poor—hence the name of his followers, “The Little Brothers of the Poor”! Then came the criminals and outcast; one day when three notorious robbers had been driven away by Brother Angelo, Francis sent post-haste to bring them back, that they might be loved and served. Even animals in their troubles won his heart. Thus, he would deliver birds from their cages, and “take up the worms and slow moving insects from the road where they might be crushed under foot.”

Gandhi has the same spirit, and has set himself to the same mission. Remember how he abandoned his profession, his family, his career, his social standing, everything that life had to offer, for the sake of the coolie laborers of South Africa, with whom he lived for twenty years, that he might share their suffering and battle for their deliverance! Note his devotion today to the piteous cause of the “untouchables”! Here in India are some fifty millions of unhappy men and women, who are banished from the society of their countrymen. The Hindu will not eat with the “untouchable,” he will not speak with him, he will not receive him into his home, he will not even pass him upon the public highway, lest he be defiled. Think of the status of the southern Negro, then magnify it an hundred-fold, and you have a picture of the plight of the “untouchable” in modern India. To this most wretched of mortals has now come Gandhi as a champion and friend. The Mahatma is not merely kind to the “untouchable.” He has espoused his cause.

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He has demanded his liberation as an equal among equals. He receives him at his table, in his home, among his disciples, and asks that others receive him also. As Garrison freed the slave, so would Gandhi free the pariah. And all India is convulsed by this revolutionary demand of its greatest man for the emancipation of the most despised and degraded among its people.

Here, now, is the second requisite of the religious life. We must be the friends, the advocates, the champions of the oppressed. This does not mean, I repeat, mere charity. There is more, infinitely more, involved here than the giving of alms and sympathy to those less fortunate than ourselves. Charity as such belongs to the moral life, and in so far is good and beautiful. But beyond this is the exaction of the religious life—that we shall recognize these unfortunates to be our brothers, that we shall lift them up and place them in our world where they may be one with us in privilege and joy, that we shall demand justice and equality for the meanest of the race. These down-trodden and oppressed are with us still, be sure of that! The poor still crouch beneath a system which bends their backs and breaks their hearts; the worker still is exploited for the support of those who live in luxury and ease; the Negro still is branded with the badge of inferiority; children still labor; women still suffer; conscripted youth still walk in chains behind the chariot of war. Religion demands that we shall espouse the cause of these unhappy men; not that we

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shall pity them merely, but that we shall deliver them, though the foundations of society be cracked by our endeavor. This is the task of the religious life. So Isaiah saw, when he told of the Messiah who should "judge the poor in righteousness, and decide with equity for the oppressed of the earth." So Theodore Parker prayed from out his own great soul, when he said—

"Give me the power to labor for mankind,
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind,
. . . and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet."

(3) This mention of the religious life as reaching down into the darkest pit of human misery brings us immediately to the third characteristic of the religious life. I refer to the fact that those who would live the religious life must not only reach down to the lowest, but also out to the farthest, of mankind. Religion, in other words, must be universal and thus inclusive. It must recognize that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and thus over-leap all barriers in the quest of brotherhood.

All three of our chosen exemplars are universal men. There are indications that Jesus, in the beginning of his ministry, was thinking only of the Jews. He commanded his disciples not to go "into any way of the Gentiles, and (to) enter not into any city of the Samaritans, but to go rather to the lost sheep of the House of Israel." He refused to aid the Syro-

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phoenician woman, because she was not a Jew, and her daughter a child of Jacob. But this provincialism dropped from him as a garment, as he pursued his cause; and in the climax of his work, he received all men into the embrace of his affection. Jew and Gentile, Israelite and Samaritan, Roman and Ethiopian, it was all the same to him. Not race, or nationality, or religion, not blood or tribe, not creed or color, mattered in the slightest. The spiritual test was alone important. When Peter, the Jew, faced Cornelius, the Roman, it was the spirit of Jesus upon his lips and in his heart, when he said, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him."

Francis also was a universal man. He was a citizen of Assisi when he began—as narrow as any of those medieval townsmen who liked nothing better than to buckle on their armor and draw sword, to do battle against their neighbors. But before he was done, this Assisan was a citizen of the world, with all the world for his parish. He went to Spain, he journeyed to Syria and Morocco, he sought out the Mohammedan and called him brother. Country, language, church—these meant naught to him. He loved men, as he loved birds and fishes and flowers, because they shared the life of God, and were all members one of another in his eternal Kingdom.

As for Gandhi, he is preëminently the universal man of our time. In his own life he is individualistic

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—he has his own distinctive attachments and loyalties. Thus he is an Indian, devoted to the vindication and perpetuation of Indian culture. He is a Hindu, and among the Hindus a member of the strictest sect. In the seething political life of his country, he is a “No-Changer” as over against Swarajists, Liberals, and Home-Rulers. Against the English he has set his face like flint, to destroy their government by denial of coöperation. But loyalties and convictions of this kind do not shut his heart from men. Whatever the differences of opinion and policy, he can still be at one with all men in trust and love. Nothing in the end is so important, he says, as unity. Referring to the furious hatred between Mohammedan and Hindu, Gandhi says, “Is the God of the Mohammedan different from the God of the Hindu? Religions are different roads converging to the same point.” Referring to the sectarian differences that rend his countrymen, he says, “The Hindus, the Mohammedans, the Parsees and the Christians, who have made India their country, are fellow-countrymen, and must live together in unity.” Speaking of political discussions, he cries, “If I have equal love in me for No-Changers, Swarajists, Liberals, Home-Rulers, Independents, and for that matter, Englishmen, I know that it is well for me, and well also for the cause.” So does he cherish this “equal love”—a love that leaps beyond the barriers of country and race, as beyond the barriers of church and party, and binds him to men wherever found.

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In this do we have the third distinctive quality of the religious life. If we would be religious, in the truest sense of the word, we must know no creed or class, no race or country, but only the family of humankind. Not so is it with morality! The moral man can be parochial—tie himself up to some single group of men, and know nothing beyond this group. His world can be his country, and his only friends his countrymen. But the religious man can stop nowhere short of the circumference of the globe. Wherever men are, there are his brothers. Wherever a mouth speaks, a hand labors, a heart sorrows, there is his post of service. The religious man can feel no prejudice, cherish no fear, give way to no antagonism and hate. He can hide behind the walls of no single sect, wrap himself in the flag of no single country. If he sees a man, of whatever breed or color, he must simply love him, that is all; and thus in his love, which is his religion, fulfil the promise of that day when

“Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free,
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.”

(4) The mention of that word, “unarmed,” brings us to another quality, or characteristic, of the religious life. Have you ever stopped to notice how persistently in all ages and in all countries, religion moves, as though by some pull of celestial gravitation, straight toward the ideal of non-resistance—the refusal to practice force and violence for the attainment

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of ends, or, as Gandhi puts it, in terms positive rather than negative, the use of soul-force in place of physical force? Many there are who interpret this fact as evidence of the essential instability of the religious consciousness, of the tendency of the spirit to become fanatical and go to extremes. But I am inclined to believe, on the other hand, that we have here a revelation of the essential nature of religion, its inevitable application when it is wholly true to itself. There can be no doubt, at any rate, as to what our exemplars think about this matter.

Jesus is the outstanding non-resistant of all time. It is from him that we get the classic phrases descriptive of this ideal—"resist not evil," "turn the other cheek," "love your enemies," "he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." It is from him that we get immortal instances of conduct under this ideal—his refusal to take up arms for his Kingdom, his refusal to fight when arrested, his forgiveness of his enemies upon the cross. It is in his followers, also, the early Christians, that we find the greatest non-resistant movement in history. It is curious, when you come to think of it, that this ideal should have been so central in Jesus's thought. For it was the Maccabean tradition that flourished in his day, and the one desire of Jerusalem was for a Messiah to appear in arms against the Romans. But Jesus drew "the sword of the spirit," and used this as his only weapon.

St. Francis, in his ardor to imitate the Nazarene,

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found nothing more necessary than non-resistance. So he sold his horse and armor, which he had worn so proudly as a soldier of Assisi, laid by his sword, and, putting on the robe of a beggar, went forth to win men not by power but by love. In all the literature of non-resistance, I know of no story more delightful—and also more impressive, as illustrating the positive aspects of the principle—than the story of Francis and the bishops. It reminds one of the story of Jesus, when he was asked to send down lightning upon the Samaritans because they would not receive him in hospitality. It seems that Francis's disciples came to him one day, and complained because certain bishops would not permit them to preach, but kept them idle and silent for days at a time. "Why don't we go to the pope," they said, "and get a privilege? Then these bishops would be forced to let us speak." But Francis answered, "I would first convert the prelates by humility and respect, for when they have seen us humble and respectful toward them, they themselves will beg us to preach and convert the people. I ask no privilege unless it be that I may have none—and to convert men more by our example than by our speech."

As for Gandhi, his non-resistant methods and practises are become the wonder of the world. Indeed, the Mahatma is unique among non-resistants in his use of "soul force," as he calls it, for the accomplishment of the greatest political and economic ends. In South Africa, for twenty years, he fought a battle against

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tyranny with no other weapons than those of patient endurance of oppression and steadfast love of the enemy—and carried it through to victory. During the last eight years, he has been the leader of the Indian movement for national independence. He has been trying to do for his country, in other words, what Wallace did for Scotland, Garibaldi for Italy, George Washington for America. But unlike these other patriots, the Mahatma has drawn no sword and shed no blood. Like Francis, he would convert his foes and bring them to his side by “humility and respect.”

Thus does non-resistance take its place among the religious virtues. More than any other one quality, it marks the distinction between the moral life and the religious life. I find no necessary place for non-resistance in a code of ethics. I can conceive of a man exemplifying the highest ideals of morality, and still resorting to violence for such legitimate ends as the defense of the weak and the oppressed. But religion takes us on to an altogether different plane, introduces us to an altogether different world. Here we get a new outlook, a new understanding of the forces of time and eternity. We become non-resistant in spite of ourselves, for we discover, to quote the words of Blake, that

“ . . . the tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the martyr’s woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty’s bow.”

(5) The mention of non-resistance brings us in-

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evitably to the next and last aspect of the religious life. What does the poet mean when he speaks of a "sigh" as "the sword of an Angel King," and a martyr's "groan" as "an arrow from the Almighty's bow"? Why, he means what Emerson meant when he spoke of hitching our wagon to a star. How, think you, does the non-resistant dare to put by the sword and the shield, and set his naked breast against the world? Because he believes in spiritual forces! Because he has faith in a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness! Because he trusts in God to bind men's hearts as he binds the stars. Behind the non-resistant ideal, in other words, there is that final vindication of religion which is the Spirit.

Jesus was in nothing so remarkable as in his immediate and exhaustive consciousness of the Divine. More truly of him than of Spinoza can it be said that he was "a God-intoxicated man." There was something naïve about his interpretation of God; few minds today can be satisfied with his theology. But Jesus was a man of his time, and he thought of God very much as others thought of him in that age. What was unique was Jesus's passion for God as a living and potent presence in the hearts of men.

St. Francis was the same—he had the same great consciousness of God. To him the divine spirit was so real that the whole universe was alive, and all things as kinsmen of his heart. Read his immortal "Canticle of the Sun," and see how he addressed the sun as his "brother," and the moon as his "sister,"

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and sang praises to his "sister water," and his "brother fire," and his "mother the earth"! Francis was more naïve than Jesus, but his heart was in tune with the Infinite, and discovered, therefore, realities of Love and Beauty, powers of Truth and Right, that most of us know nothing about.

As for Gandhi, he is again the same! Every day—his hour of prayer with the Eternal! Every week—his twenty-four hours of silent meditation with the Divine! Every year—his stated period of withdrawal from the world, that he may find God and understand his purposes afresh. "Without prayer," says the Mahatma, "I could do nothing." But he faces an Empire, with no other weapons than patience and love within the heart, because he sees

"God within the shadow, keeping
watch above his own."

These men are mystics! To them this world is no machine, its essence no combination of mere matter and force. On the contrary, this world is to them a living organism, a spirit at work with destiny, a power that moves the stars and moves not less the hearts of men. In this consciousness of spiritual reality is the crown of the religious life. We must all be mystics if we would be religious. The moral man may be content, like the Stoic, to be himself the master of his fate, the captain of his soul. But the religious man reaches out for the Divine, and finds him at his side.

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H. G. Wells has summed it all up, with matchless eloquence, in his *God the Invisible King*:

“Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God . . . , he begins at no beginning, he works to no end.

“Life falls into place, only with God, who fights through men against Blind Force and Might and Non-Existence;

“Who fights with men against the confusion and evil within us and without, and against death in any form;

“Who loves us as a great Captain loves his men, and stands ready to use us in his immortal adventure against waste, disorder, cruelty and vice;

“Who is the end, who is the meaning, who is the only King.”

Such are the elements of the religious life. Who of us all fulfils this life? Alas, not one! It is too high, too far. Just for that reason, however, is it the *religious* life. For religion is a goal, a star, a vision that shines forever. Religion is the “beyond.”

Twin Perils

By DANIEL A. POLING, D.D., MARBLE COLLEGIATE REFORMED
CHURCH, NEW YORK

"Pride goeth before destruction."

—PROVERBS XVI - 18

"The fear of man bringeth a snare."

—PROVERBS XXIX - 25

TWO great perils, ever present though at times particularly apparent, are pride and fear. They underlie the spirit of militarism. They are responsible for secret diplomacy. They are the leading clue to the mystery of any nation's reluctance to enter into a world court or an association of free powers; they undergird industrial unrest and in our individual lives they stand as a barrier between us and our waiting God. There can be no cure for the present international situation, there can be no remedy for sin, without reckoning with these.

The armistice in the Great War was signed in the forest of Compiègne, near a village called Rethondes. The document was completed in a railway carriage which is now exhibited in Paris near the tomb of Napoleon. At the spot where the actual signing took place a monument has been erected bearing the inscription "Here succumbed the criminal pride of the German Empire." Though that inscription was written

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by the French, their haunting fear today is that the inscription is not true. It is this fear that makes peasants restless and statesmen sleepless. At that monument bearing the inscription "Here succumbed the criminal pride of the German Empire," pride and fear meet and make common cause. The pride of Germany humiliated and embittered, seeking revenge, walks arm and arm with the fear of France for her future. Pride and fear, these are the major forces working, and thus far working successfully, to complicate and defeat all efforts toward the reassuring of the world.

What keeps the United States from practically all vital associations in world affairs? Fear, fear of what we choose to call "entangling alliances," though our freedom from these so-called entangling alliances did not keep us out of one war and could not deliver us from another. If nothing else could force us in, pride would. If the next war ever comes, and God forbid, Pride and Fear will be again its high commanders.

Pride is both a virtue and a vice, and the same may be said of fear. There is an honest pride: the pride that the carpenter takes in a piece of work perfectly done; the pride of a mother in the virtuous accomplishment of her child; the pride of a patriot in the justice and democracy of his country. But there is never a time when pride does not walk perilously close to some pit of disaster and always it goeth before destruction. I have small patience with those who affect to despise ancestry. If your blood runs down from some revolutionary fountain, I congratulate you;

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but, Sir, do not dam the stream—give it an open channel through. I shall never forget the youth of Cambridge, Mass., who just before the War, declared that even though he did not enlist—and this was in advance of selective conscription—his silence could not be misunderstood because his ancestors came over in the Mayflower! “Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty and supped with infamy,” said Benjamin Franklin. In the instance referred to, it began with the Mayflower and ended with a callow cad.

It is always difficult for pride to appreciate the rights and distinctions, the holy things of others. Pride is easily inconsiderate and unjust and talks glibly the language of the survival of the fittest. Its gospel becomes presently “the might of right.” What is a Louvain University or a Cathedral of Rheims when pride sends forth its conquering armies?

Pride has equipped the mightiest fleets and marshalled the greatest battalions, erected the most beautiful capitals and organized the richest empires, but always its fleets have come upon a Sir Francis Drake; its armies, upon a Wellington; its capitals, upon a Genghis Khan, and its empires, to dissolution. “Pride is a whizzing rocket that would emulate a star,” wrote Wordsworth and its kingdoms have passed as the flight of a meteor.

Invariably with nations, as with individuals, pride begets a false confidence, while it lights fires of insolence that may be seen and appraised from afar. The

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great military powers have always accomplished their own downfall by overestimating themselves and by undervaluing their foes. At last we hear the haughtiest wailing with Woolsey,

"I have ventured like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth, my high blown pride,
At length breaks under me."

Do you have pride in your good health? I remember *him* standing in the sun lifting up his great chest, contracting his waist, and beating with his fists upon his mighty heart and lungs. He has been dead for a decade and he died at Saranac Lake. Pride it was that led him to run risks with his health.

Do you have pride in your business? In the great success that has always accompanied your ventures? If you do, then watch the more closely your investments and remember that millions may be lost in less than a minute.

Do you have pride in your power? In the adulation of those who bow about you? At the best, power is of few lasting qualities, and fame, until men are dead for at least a generation, is as shallow as a breath. I am a young man, but I have seen eight presidents rise into the sun of our electoral glory and then quickly disappear. And governors! Creatures of a political day.

Do you have pride in your possessions? Your home, your children, your work? I would not wrest the joy from life. I could not; but if I could, I would not.

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God pity us when we do not have pride, but God pity us the more when we do not distinguish the pride that goeth before destruction. Some of us may even be proud of our humility, proud of our lack of pride. The sin of pride is not in possessions but in the quality of the mind, in the nature of its spirit. Pride, the most brilliant and at the same time the most futile: pride, great in anticipation and little or less in fulfillment: pride, leading us to glory, but going before destruction.

“Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift flying meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.”

But with this fact of pride we must deal in our own lives, in all our social and political relationships; in our most sacred religious experiences, and dealing with it, we should know it as one of the twin perils of each generation.

I have said that fear is both a virtue and a vice, and I might with truth say again all that I have said—say of fear, what I have already declared of pride. Fear undermines physical as well as moral strength: fear leads a man to defeat in business; fear causes great monarchs to abdicate and winning captains to withdraw; and fear is the most insidious poison that ever enters the moral veins of youth. Every language is particularly rich in epigrams and proverbs featuring fear. The Arab writes it down thus, “The leaf cracked and your servant fled”; also “Among ten men, nine are

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women." But who of us has not found himself at some time or another in his life whistling to keep himself from being afraid? I had passed through many experiences and had lived to be thirty-three before I ever admitted that I was a coward. But when my hour came, I faced the stern and ghastly fact, and from it there was no turning aside. I might deceive my enemy, I might deceive my friend, but I could not deceive myself. I was afraid.

There is a fear that makes for supercourage and "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Such fear it is that Burke had in mind when he said, "Fear is the mother of safety." We need a world filled with men and women who fear to do evil; who are afraid lest in seeking their own good, they find another's hurt. But this is another sermon. Fear with pride is a twin peril of our time and such fear we face today.

"There is a virtuous fear," declares Pascal, "which is the effect of faith, and there is a vicious fear which is the product of doubt; the former leads to hope as relying on God in whom we believe; the latter inclines to despair, as not relying on God in whom we do not believe. Persons of the one character fear to lose God; persons of the other character fear to find Him." Where do we find ourselves? In what class are we located?

Does it not seem that our generation is troubled with international hysteria? Certainly there has been enough to make the nations nervous. Remember that pistol shot at Sarajevo! Explosions that wreck cathe-

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drals and baptize funeral parties with the blood of innocent victims, revolutions that seethe among four hundred million yellow people, do not soothe our already overtaxed nerves. And international politics but reflect our individual lives and our personal relationships. We are living today in an atmosphere of terror. Returning to our apartment, I saw that drilling operations at the foundation of the building to be erected immediately at the north were practically completed and that the contractor was ready for dynamite. Instinctively I questioned, "What is the chance of that disturbing our building?" We no longer take anything for granted. We live, not in trust, but in terror. And remember: those who so live so die! The individual who is afraid to eat lest he be poisoned starves, or what he does swallow disagrees with him. The business man who continues to distrust his associates inevitably governs his transactions with them accordingly and is distrusted by them. The man who looks into every dark corner for an enemy and never finds one is vastly worse off than the happy-go-lucky individual who stumbles at last into an ambush. The latter was at least happy until his trouble came, though I admonish you against emulating and following either of the two. But such fear is a pestilence and a delusion.

Meetings of Communists are to me always sad spectacles. The American form of government is easily the most generous and successful, yet evolved and put into effect by the mind of man. Its only real failures

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are failures due to the indifference and neglect of its citizens. Its wrongs are all redressable without appeal to force or revolution. Its genius is progressive and allows for adjustment and change to meet the needs of the ever advancing social order. Class rule, for which Communists call, is equally futile and evil, whether it is the rule of the Communist, or of a feudal group. Its government will inevitably fall of its own weight.

But sad as these Communist meetings are, an infinitely sadder spectacle would be the denial of the free speech guarantees of the American Constitution. The Communist at last defeats his own vicious purpose. Gag Freedom and she will go mad. Give her a voice and above every sophistry of violence and selfishness, however loudly their spokesmen cry, she will declare the truth. The Constitution of the United States is a document of faith, not of fear.

Fear prompts nations to begin again the mad and futile race in navy building and military enlargement. Futile, I say, and mad, for it leads, if continued in, to destruction for us all. We are bound by fallacies and we are blind to the tragedies of history as well as deaf to the clear teachings of Christ if we do not actively support every honest effort to bring the nations into agreement. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" is not the word of a man: it is the judgment of God.

Consider the origin of fear. It is born either in ignorance or sin. Ignorance and sin! The world's ugly-

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est twins! Time's most vicious brothers. Beyond the dim Azores lay mystery, the cloud-hung, storm-compassed unknown, and men were afraid. Fear it was that lighted the fires of hell against the unbroken horizon of the West. Fear it was that filled the waters with monsters.—Fear—yes, and pride too—the pride that was ashamed to acknowledge cowardice; the pride that sent the Phœnician home with a terrifying explanation for the failure of his quest. We do not despise these early mariners; we only the more acknowledge the intrepid Norseman and the indomitable Genoan who swept through these last barriers to find the end of the world. Fear is the final foe of man and it raises the walls of its defense with the granite of ignorance in the mortar of sin. “Ye shall know, know the truth and be free” is the oracle of God: free from the terrors of vast spaces, free from the chains of mysteries, free from the bondage of superstitions. “And ye shall know me, know my redemption, my forgiveness, my purification and be free from that superbondage, the bondage of sin”; this is the voice of Jesus, the Christ—our Saviour. Here is the sublime opportunity of the Christian Church. Pride goeth before destruction, but perfect love casteth out fear. Jesus conquered the world when He humbled Himself and when girded, not with a buckler but with a towel, washed His disciples' feet. Love conquers both pride and fear and love is the ruling principle, the master passion, of the Christian faith.

Let us face the stern, unpleasant, the ugly fact.

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We of the Church have failed, have failed Jesus Christ, failed our fellows, failed our world. He counts on us; He has no other plan; He wins with us or He loses: But we have not seen, we have not preached, we have not practiced as we should, the absolute necessity for love in all the aspects and places of life: We have repeated but we have not lived His last and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself." We have seemed in our living to say, "The words and principles of Christ will do for repeating, will do for idealizing, but in practical life we must recognize the grim realities of fear and pride." Yea, and recognize them without trying to correct them. This has been our philosophy. I say that it is a philosophy of sophistry, a philosophy of Bael and we call ourselves Christians! What has it done for us? *What has it done for us?* It has given us a world of red-running frontiers and military laboratories working overtime to produce the deadliest gases. It has given us classes poisoning the springs of social life against each other. It has given us family anarchy, disrespect for law, disregard for the rights and the possessions of others and a certain lewdness of mind that has hung a curtain before the holy fires that should burn ceaselessly upon our altars.

We must halt; we must right-about-face; we must march with Jesus: this sophistry must be denied: this false God of so-called "Practicability" must be thrown down. Christianity is not a profession; it is a confes-

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sion. For better and for worse, in adversity as in prosperity, for individuals and for nations, it knows and presents a force which can cast out both pride and fear, a force which replaces each with a higher pride and a deeper fear—the fear of unworthiness rather than of personal injury; the pride of serving rather than of being served; the fear of God and dread of sin; the pride of human brotherhood and of sonship through Jesus Christ.

"I Am a Hebrew"

By RABBI LEON HARRISON, TEMPLE ISRAEL, ST. LOUIS

JONAH 1-9

THE ringing cry of Jonah is my text and theme. "I am a Hebrew." I am a living link in the infinite chain that stretches from the Rock of Sinai to the Rock of Plymouth. I spring from Israel, the mother of Prophets, from Israel, the despised and rejected of men, yet the more unswervingly the Gladiator of God. This high calling of the Jew is stamped upon his very body; it speaks in the bent of his mind, and in an exaltation and divine fire that kept this harried witness of the Eternal alive through hostile ages, proudly proclaiming in the midst of what is called a Christian civilization, "I am a Hebrew."

But the world will curiously ask, what do these words mean in the mouth of a modern Jew? Do they avow a religious or a race affiliation? Do they indicate a free choice, or a passive reaction to heredity, training and outward pressure, as William James brilliantly maintained in his famous essay, "The Will to Believe"? Is the Jew passively swayed by this Will to Believe? Or does he freely choose among all live alternatives the faith of his fathers?

And my answer is, that the Jew, in his loyalty to

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his ancient traditions, responds, like all other men, to both of these powerful influences. In his mind there is a passive will to believe, woven out of many strands; and an active will to believe, equally cogent and compelling. We will follow the logical order of influences, in considering first the passive Will to Believe, as it operates to attach the Jew of today to the religion of his fathers.

I

Now among these passive forces ancestry takes the foremost place. Every man remains, for the most part, what he is born. He inherits generally his social class, his fatherland, and various preconceived ideas, religious, political, and otherwise. Religion is rarely a choice deliberately made as at an intellectual emporium. It is an inheritance. This is as true of the average Catholic and Protestant as it is of the Jew; it is equally true of the various sects of Protestantism. Men are born into them; and many subtle associations both endear and sanctify these early religious impressions. The phrase, "the God of our Fathers," so common in the Hebrew Bible and Ritual, shall equally belong in the world's newest Scriptures and in every conceivable liturgy. And this is doubly true in a faith, which like Judaism is peculiarly a family religion,—a faith which even without the Synagogue could be perpetuated at the domestic altar. This is especially true further of Judaism, because of the unusual filial reverence, still common in Jewish homes, that greatly

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honors and loves not only the father, but the father's faith. We strongly feel, even when we do not clearly analyze, the force of ancestry that is foremost among the constituent elements of the passive Will to Believe.

The other elements in this attitude are associated with the first, and partly flow therefrom. I mention next the Jewish consciousness, the historic consciousness of the Jew, only a sentiment perhaps, yet how powerful a sentiment! It is the consciousness in a member of the race of its almost inconceivable antiquity, of its romantic and picturesque annals upon its own soil, its rise to power, its points of contact with imperial world-currents, and then its tragic downfall. And the historic imagination recalls how this catastrophe, the grave of any ordinary people, became for this strange race the cradle of a new spiritual life; how they went forth as homeless exiles over the world's highways and byways, outlasting the Egypt that conquered them, the Rome that destroyed them; and though the weakest of homeless peoples, mastering and transforming even their persecutors with their spiritual influence. The historic consciousness beholds them, not worn out, but wearing out civilizations and dominions, ancient and mediæval. And this longevity has not been like the gift to Tithonus of immortal life without immortal youth, who thus was cursed with eternal senility. The everlasting Jew has continued to generate master-minds and prophet-souls. Poets, philosophers and leaders of the highest class have

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sprung from Israel's loins in every century, mediæval and modern. And today the ancient Synagogue stands firm, with its old thought that is yet so new, clustered about with immemorial traditions of a great and wonderful past that we cannot feel has in any serious measure exhausted the possibilities of Israel. This vista spans two worlds and countless generations. The history of our people is written in every tongue, and has enriched the spiritual and intellectual treasures of every people. The rude inscriptions in the Jewish catacombs outside the gates of Rome recall their fidelity under the pagan emperors; the old-new Synagogue in Prague, standing for a thousand years, is still dim with tragic memories and dank with the blood of countless Jewish martyrs. And after all these horrors and tears, we behold near the ruined gateway of the ancient Roman ghetto, wherein night by night the Popes of Rome locked up their Jewish serfs until temporal power passed from them in 1868—close at hand we see the new marble Synagogue wherein might worship not so long ago a Jewish Mayor of the Eternal City, and a Jewish Prime Minister of United Italy.

This tremendous panorama, with its dramatic contrasts, with its infinite variety, with its strange vicissitudes, appeals powerfully to the historic sense; and intensifies the Jewish consciousness of him who reads the storied pages of Israel's Past.

And this instinctive allegiance is given not only

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strength, but a certain sanctity by community of suffering. We value highest that for which we have paid the greatest price; there is no bond like the brother's bond of a common sorrow. And when men have endured physical penalties followed by age-long disabilities, and even in enlightened lands the petty martyrdom of social stigma, they are naturally not only consolidated into a closer unity, but into a deeper loyalty to that for which they have endured so much. There are men of Jewish blood that possess perhaps but little faith in Israel's spiritual heirlooms, and yet they are faithful to their people's cause, responsive to the cry of the needy and oppressed, because they are stung by the world's inhumanity and injustice; and therefore whether with or without religious enthusiasm, stand loyally by the people with whom they have a common heritage.

They are instinctively drawn likewise toward a religious system which, having sprung from the genius of their race, is adapted to the genius of their race. This idea is potent in influencing the Will to Believe. For the Will to Believe is not mental as much as it is temperamental; and a religion thus that mirrors the idiosyncrasies of a people that are practically unchanged by the passing ages, naturally interests and influences that people. Why then should a man of such an historic stock go further afield to choose a faith that is not his, that does not outmerit his own? He surely does not cold-bloodedly weigh pro's and

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con's in his religious choice. For religion is not brain-born but heart-woven. It springs from the totality of the race-consciousness, of the historic consciousness; it appeals to that from which it arises, and affects thus potently, though passively, our Will to Believe.

II

But religion would be but a poor weak thing were it only the passive acceptance of our fathers' faith; were it only an historic charge; our resentment against undeserved pain; just an adaptation of an historic growth to the temperament of a people. It surely means much more than that to all whose convictions are worth-while. For however much religion, that deals with the Infinite, eludes our active reason simply because it transcends it, it does not elude our active Will. Indeed the primary appeal of a religion acceptable to the modern mind is to the Will—the Will that acts, that seeks to approach or to attain the practical ideals of an ethical religion; and the Will also that consciously and deliberately accepts those ideals and the philosophy of the Universe upon which they rest. The energy of our religious convictions corresponds to the energy of character with which we espouse the teachings of religion; as well as the energy with which we execute those teachings when they relate, as they should—indeed as they do in Judaism—to realizable ideals. We will therefore endeavor to enumerate the prime factors that influence our active Will to Believe.

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The first of them flows from all the preceding ones. Ancestry, the historic consciousness, community of suffering, the feeling of temperamental unity with the race and faith, awaken an active sense of loyalty. Loyalty is the passionate devotion of all fine natures to a cause that rightly claims their allegiance, whether that cause be patriotic, political, religious, or one concerning the duties of personal friendship. And a taproot of elemental loyalties should be surely community of birth, a common past, noble traditions; indeed the very unpopularity of the cause espoused, its need of succor and staunch support; its need of generous and self-forgetting chivalry. The noble nature feels that the harder is the task, the holier is the call. The fewer are the champions of a forlorn hope, the more fervid must they be, and the finer their devotion.

Without loyalty, no really splendid character is conceivable, and no continuous moral progress is possible. Without it there can be no community of effort; no successive inspirations that bind the ages together, and slope the history of the world upward. Loyalty to a hard task, to a cause that will be rated as its champions are rated, with no worldly encouragement from the experience of the Past, with no immediate prospect of a dramatic change for the better in the fortune and prestige of that cause—loyalty under such circumstances, is alike the duty and the finest badge of the true gentleman. It is his sacred honor, the

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credentials of his Knighthood. Loyalty, freely chosen and steadfast against all odds, is the first fine fruitage of the active Will to Believe.

But loyalty, too, may seem in a sense instinctive. It may seem to some a devotion into which we rather drift than direct ourselves. But surely not, when even as a *post-factum* influence our faith is confirmed by reason, though not actually created thereby; when we realize that it is in harmony with the science of our age and with the philosophy of all ages; when we who are Jews, with critical minds, estimate none the less because of this, the faith of a skeptical race, tested and sifted by the operation of that law of the human mind, operating in the direction of a minimum of belief, that Sir William Hamilton called the "Law of Parsimony." Our instructed intelligence will not pick flaws in a religion that is not only partially but structurally ethical; and whose ethics are essentially social and not individualistic, as indeed the latest thinking of our own generation demands; and whose whole religious system is pragmatic in the sense that it is not held authentic or worthy of acceptance save in its direct relationship and inspiration to action.

That religion surely has powerful claims alike on our mind and on our Will whose tenets the world at large is not forsaking but approaching; whose standpoint is that with which the Liberal Church is more and more completely identified; whose idea of univer-

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sal Unity in one form or another runs through all the scientific and philosophic thinking of our day. Reason must surely influence our active Will to Believe in that which is so essentially reasonable.

III

We have spoken of the passive Will to Believe and of the active Will to Believe. Does it not occur to you that the Will to Believe is largely a result of the *need* to believe? And as there is a need in our human nature and life to believe some things, so there is equally a need and a corresponding will in our mental constitution *not* to believe other things. In a word, a religion is distinguished as much by its negations as by its affirmations. And Judaism especially has been a religion of protest, a protest against certain current theological assumptions that run counter to the bent and genius of Israel, and to what the historic sense of Israel believes to be the truth, the highest truth absolutely, and also in its practical relation to human welfare. It is of considerable interest therefore, to consider not only Israel's will to believe, but his will not to believe. And invariably in such discussions as this therefore, in connection with the question Why I am a Jew, the further question is asked, why are you not a Christian?

But this question is essentially polemical. And further it is a very extensive one. Today we can give it only a passing answer.

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Are we asked to accept a superior ethical system in the New Testament as compared with the Old, when without regard to the correctness of this comparison, the fact is generally ignored that several crowded centuries separate the end of the Hebrew Scriptures from the beginning of the Christian Gospels, and during that period, Jewish ethics and the Hebrew spiritual outlook also grew, as evidenced in the unfamiliar pages of the Midrash and the Talmud?

Are we recommended to change our religious dogmas and thus to score an advance? Is the Trinity then a higher conception than that of the Divine Unity, attested by the uniformities of science, and the oneness of the Moral Law? Is the Incarnation an advance upon the stern Hebraic insistence upon the absolute spirituality of the Godhead? Does the idea of the Fall of Man surpass the Jewish doctrine of man's moral worth and freedom as made in the image of his Creator, and dowered by Him with both a knowledge of His will and the power to execute it?

Are we asked to abandon so-called tribalism for the broader and more real brotherhood of Christianity? We sometimes wonder whether it is the brotherhood of religious wars and bloody persecutions for religion's sake that even today have not perished from the earth. Is it the brotherliness of the Spanish Inquisition?

And if one sought to become a Christian, how should he choose between warring churches that fill the air with mutual denunciations; between rival forms of

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baptism; between antagonistic creeds; between ecclesiastical authorities in eternal strife?

Can you tell me how my religious lot would be thus bettered; wherein my ethical ideals would be exalted or my spiritual conceptions purified, or my doctrines made loftier and more rational? Has the attitude of the Christian Church to the Synagogue, or that of the Christian in all ages to the Jew, taught by example the higher Brotherhood of Man?

Until therefore I deem that a better religion is offered to my acceptance, I will to believe my own. In this direction flow my passive inclinations, and my active choice; to this incline me equally the negations and the affirmations of the Faith of my Father̄s.

I will to believe and I must believe in the Unity of God; in His progressive revelation throughout the ages; in His direct relation to man without intermediaries; in salvation not by creed but by deed.

I will to believe and I must believe as a Jew, in the historic mission of my people, a prophet-people and a priest-people, that has begotten great world-religions as well as its own peculiar Faith. I believe that Israel is to be not a privileged people, but a pattern-people; that its sufferings are to be a discipline; that it is not to cease prophesying or teaching until there shall arise the Kingdom of God upon earth.

Thus alike the passive Will to Believe and the active Will to Believe, and also the Will not to believe have kept us firm in the faith of our fathers; partly because we must be what we are; and partly because

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we can justify the faith that is in us, and because among alternatives that we will not and cannot believe, this is the only live possibility for our soul's choice.

And that is why I am a Jew, and please God will remain one; until with the last movement of lips stiffening in death shall leap forth the ancient cry, "Hear O Israel, the Eternal is our God, the Eternal is One."

The Curse of Cynicism

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"Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful"

—PSALMS I - I

CHRIST'S way of life is having a difficult time in this world. What is the trouble? I propose the thesis that not so much intellectual scepticism as moral cynicism is the chief enemy of Christianity. The great difficulty is not so much that people theoretically disbelieve the propositions on which Christian living is based but that they live in another moral world altogether and find Christian living practically unreal.

Some time ago, so I am told, an artist and a timber merchant stood together watching a glorious sunset throw its lingering light over a forest gorgeous with autumnal colors. After a long silence, the artist said, "It is glorious, isn't it?" to which the merchant replied, "Yes, that is great timber; I reckon that allowing for felling and transportation it ought to work out to about eighty cents a foot." That merchant did not theoretically disbelieve the propositions on which the artist's judgment rested; he simply lived in another world altogether.

Such is the chief obstacle that confronts Christ's

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way of life. There is, to be sure, plenty of downright intellectual scepticism, but for the most part people do not stop to argue against Christianity; they merely live in their own world, which is altogether different from Christianity, so that when Christian ideals of life are obtruded on them they sit, as the first Psalm puts it, "in the seat of the scornful."

That this attitude negatives all that Christ stood for is obvious. He never sat in the seat of the scornful. He believed in persons, even bad persons, whom others gave up. He believed in the possibility of a righteous society here on earth, where God's will would be done. He believed in the power of moral forces to achieve this victory and, turning His back on cynical chicanery and violence, trusted Himself to goodwill and love to the point of utter sacrifice. And so believing in persons and in their spiritual resources, He enthroned personality at the heart of the universe and called God His Father.

To be sure, Jesus knew all the devilishness of men. He drank to the dregs the cup of their contumely and brutality. There is nothing we could tell Him that He would not understand about the stupidity and cruelty of our race. But, for all that, His faith in people, in social possibilities, in the efficacy of moral forces, and in the good God never wavered. Obviously, therefore, there is nothing that more completely contradicts and obliterates what Christ stood for than cynically to sit in the seat of the scornful.

Our failure to recognize moral cynicism as our chief

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enemy is responsible for the fact that much of our preaching goes wide of the mark. We often preach as though we had on our hands some Robert Ingersoll with his lusty agnosticism; whereas what we really have on our hands is H. L. Mencken splitting his sides laughing at us. We frequently talk as though we were trying to save religion from Tom Paine, whereas Tom Paine is long dead and what Christianity faces is Lothrop Stoddard and his cynical gospel that we are the people, and his contempt for lesser breeds. We continually talk as though we had to construct theoretical arguments for religion, whereas what the people are reading is Sinclair Lewis having a riotous time burlesquing religion and putting an inconceivably vile rotter into the Christian pulpit. We attack scepticism when our most popular and powerful enemy is cynicism and, as another has said, cynicism is the devil.

Let us not shrink from making this fact real in concrete terms. American family life is in a bad way and any one who watches the rising proportion of divorces and notes the consequences to our artificially orphaned children may well be anxious about the future. But if anybody thinks that the trouble is theorists conducting an argumentative campaign against monogamy, he is off the track. Theorists are not our chief trouble. Our trouble is a flood tide of moral cynicism. Read our newspapers; go to the theaters and movies; pick up our magazines and novels. You would suspect that most husbands are unclean, most wives unhappy, and all marriages more or less rotten.

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With a singular unanimity of cynical disparagement the most popular agencies of propaganda that we have are doing to American family life exactly what Vivien's tongue did to the Round Table in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*; it raged

" . . . Like a fire among the noblest names,
Polluting, and imputing her whole self,
Defaming and defacing, till she left
Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean."

In a kindred realm it is quite obvious that standards of sex relationship which only a few years ago seemed secure, at least as ideals of life, are blatantly discredited. What is the trouble? Has a group of theorists succeeded in proving that sexual promiscuity is advantageous to the race, that free love is to be the salvation of society? Of course not. Our enemy is of another caliber. Bernarr MacFadden and his ilk, with their pernicious magazines and tabloids, are not philosophers; they are cynics. They have found the road to money through the passions of the people. There has often been in history a type of person upon whom the just condemnation of right-minded people has been visited: the panderers namely, who rose to place and power by ministering to the lowest vices of their masters, Roman emperors or French monarchs. Today that same type of character emerges, winning money by ministering to the lowest vices, not of the monarch but of the mob, not of the aristocracy but of the democracy.

In another realm, any one who cares about the wel-

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fare of the race must be concerned about our international turmoil. Our dove of peace, like her ancient ancestress from Noah's ark, would have difficulty in discovering a single solid place to land amid our flood of bitterness and hate. What is the trouble? Is it that the people are theoretically for war as against peace? Not in the least. The Bernhardis are few in number. The trouble is a deep-seated and widespread moral cynicism about international relationships. Listen to this from a popular magazine with a circulation of a million and a quarter:

"The time for discussing the right and wrong of the foreign attitude toward America is past. Only the fact that we are universally hated, counts. With all our neighbors looking for a chance to break into our melon patch, carry off the fruit, and trample on the vines, it is time to train a couple of bulldogs and load the shotgun, and not to talk of brotherly love toward those who hate and spitefully use us."

That is essential cynicism and its quality is infernal.

Multitudes of people live habitually in this realm of which we have been speaking. They eat, drink, and breathe cynicism. They are enfolded by it as by an atmosphere. When, then, they venture into or are dragged into a Christian church and hear, let us say, the beatitudes read, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled," it is not so much that they theoretically disbelieve the propositions on which such thinking rests as that they cannot understand it. They are like pygmies

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from the center of Africa listening to Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

Probably a good deal of this prevalent cynicism is a post-war reaction and we need not be too discouraged about it. Niagara Falls is a great affair but those who, like myself, spent their boyhood within easy reach of it know that there is something there more tremendous than the Falls itself; namely, the Whirlpool Rapids below the Falls. It takes many a mile of tempestuous turmoil after the Falls to get to the peace of Lake Ontario. Well, the Great War was Niagara Falls and we still are in the rapids. Let us take account of that fact and see what the consequent cynicism is doing to us. There is none of us who, if he searches his conscience, will not find cynicism one of the most powerful and seductive enemies of his Christian life.

In the first place, there is a conflict between cynicism, on the one side, and faith in people and their possibilities, on the other.

Cynicism about people is easy to excuse. When Carlyle said that England's population was mostly fools he expressed a mood we all know. David said in his haste that all men were liars but we are tempted to say the same thing upon mature deliberation. Merely to be Pollyannas about this race is incredible; there are too many morons, too many crooks. Indeed, Jesus himself said some terrific things about people: "Beware of men"; "Ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell?" "Woe

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unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! . . . It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment, than for you." And once, in a dreadful passage, he said that in dealing with men one could lay pearls before swine and give that which is holy unto dogs. Nevertheless, when you have said your worst about people, there is something the matter with cynicism. What is it?

No man can practice cynicism on everybody else long before it begins to turn in upon himself. Cynicism is a disease which, if a man play with it outwardly, he is bound to catch inwardly. The cynic becomes cynical about himself and then he finds out what cynicism is. It is a fatal blight. It kills joy; it saps sanity; it stops life. A man who has become a cynic about himself is done.

If any of us amounts to anything it is because there were people who had faith in us. When we were babes, with all our possibilities of good and evil still unrevealed, some people had faith in us. And such faith is creative. It is one of the most supremely creative forces in this world. It does to a child what the spring sun and rain have been doing to the earth this last week: it brings out into leaf and flower what is latent there. But cynicism is a freezing thing and if it surrounds a child he will have no springtime for his mental or his moral power. In this sense, therefore, every one of us has been created by faith. You may be eminent and successful but you know well that there were times when you could have gone all to

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pieces. You had it in you, as I had it in me, to make a desperate mess of life, and if we did not you know why: there were people who were not cynical about us, who tirelessly kept on having faith in us.

Let us get our eyes, then, clearly on this initial fact, that cynicism and faith are real forces. They effectually accomplish things in this world. Cynicism damns men; faith creates men. A cynical generation is one in which you can no more expect great manhood and womanhood to grow than you could expect tropical forests at the North Pole, and when a man against the present prevalence of cynicism pleads for faith in people he is pleading for the very life of the generation.

Now, cynicism always gathers to itself a philosophy and makes itself sound erudite. Cynicism has been doing that recently with reference to faith in people. It has developed the doctrine that heredity is everything, that we have the heredity, that we therefore are the chosen people and that, therefore, the Nordics should always slap themselves upon the chest and despise lesser breeds. Lothrop Stoddard has talked so much about that that one would like to try an experiment with Lothrop Stoddard himself. One would like to take Lothrop Stoddard when he was six months old and exchange him for a negro baby in the heart of Africa, of a similar age, and then let Lothrop Stoddard grow up in the negro tribe and let the negro child grow up in the finest Anglo-Saxon environment. Would heredity be everything? You know well that

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Lothrop Stoddard would grow up a cannibal, that he would be afraid of ghosts and believe in witch doctors, that he would marry ten wives if he could possibly gain money enough to buy them, that he would eat his meat raw, and be petrified with fright the first time he saw an automobile, if he ever should see one. And you know well that the same night Lothrop Stoddard died of fright at a witch doctor's curse the negro who had been exchanged for him might very possibly put on evening dress and have a wonderful time listening to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Heredity everything? That is nonsense.

You take an adventurous, courageous, high-spirited boy and let him be brought up in certain sections of New York and Brooklyn and he is likely to become a gangster, his highest ambition to pull off a resounding crime. And you let that same boy be brought up in a fine home and he will probably have another set of ambitions altogether. The same water, my friends, can make very different kinds of stream.

Heredity is important. Just as Jesus said, some start with one talent, some with five talents, some with ten. That is important. But what is more important than blood heredity is the social heritage under the constant pressure of which we grow up.

It is not simply a matter of idealism, therefore, but of common sense to rise above this cheap and easy cynicism about our human stock into faith in its possibilities. I recall a vow that I made during the War in France. God forgive me that I ever forgot it! As I

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watched those boys come up from the ends of the earth, from every tribe and tongue and people under heaven, and saw the way they stood the gaff of that terrible situation, I vowed that never again would I be cynical about the possibilities of the human stock. It is essentially sound, and it would be magnificent if we could achieve a society that would treat all men decently from the time they are born.

I spent the other evening on East Third Street with a club of criminals that the Marshall Stillman Movement has gathered together. Every member of that club has a prison record. Nobody can be a member of that club without a criminal record. They made me an honorary member! Those ex-convicts are refreshing men. They helped to reestablish my faith in humanity. No man, they say, has ever come from prison, joined that club, and then gone wrong again. And as I came home from that evening with criminals, I found myself singing the words of an old negro spiritual, "All God's Chillun Got Wings." Yes, they have. The wings may be embryonic; they may be so tightly folded you would not guess their presence; they may be sadly broken: but "all God's chillun got wings." At any rate, so far as I am concerned, I am going to live on the basis not of cynicism but of faith in people. You are sure I shall be fooled again and again. You are right. I shall be. That prodigal son may not come home, no matter how hard I believe in him, but I had rather be fooled nine times and then once believe in him so effectively that he will arise and

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go unto his father. And, mark it! there is no use in talking about being a disciple of Jesus if you are too cynical to do that.

In the second place, we all have within us a conflict between cynicism, on the one side, and faith in social possibilities, upon the other. It is not strange that we should. When one thinks of what we fought the War to get and then what we got, when one watches the hardness of our economic struggle, the rancor of our inter-racial prejudices and the bitterness of our international life, one is inevitably tempted to be cynical. And yet every healthy-minded man knows there is something the matter with cynicism. What is it?

For one thing, as a matter of history the cynics have uniformly turned out to be wrong. The cynics said we never could have a democratic government but always must live under absolute monarchy. Well, we have had trouble enough with democracy and it is a pretty chaotic mess yet, but there is no one of us who would go back where the cynics said we had to stay. The cynics said we never could be rid of chattel slavery and they lifted the cry, "Cotton is king!" as though that settled it. But cotton was not king. And while, to be sure, the freeing of the slave has not proved an unqualified success, there is not one of us who would dream of going back. The cynics said we never could have public schools and berated with scorn the paternalistic policy that proposed to take education away from the monopoly of private institutions and try to give a chance to all the children of all the

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people. But we did it. It is one of the proudest things we ever did and, so far from going back, we certainly are going on.

Cynics always start by posing as hard-headed wise men, and they always end by being soft-headed fools; that is one trouble with cynicism.

Can we be mistaken in thinking that that same thing is going to happen now? Look at our economic situation, for example. You know the cynics who say that business and morals have nothing to do with each other. Business, they think, is a hard, cruel war and it is nothing else. They are vexed when a minister talks even about applications of the Golden Rule to business. They are the hard-headed, shrewd, canny, wise men. "Business is business," they say. But is it?

Look at Russia in the throes of her gigantic and significant revolution. That economic revolution stands for the thing to which the whole Western world will almost certainly turn unless capitalism in this new generation can be made to serve more than it has the vital interests of the whole body of the people. But we in America are not much disturbed about that. We do not think that Bolshevism has much chance at us here. Why hasn't it? The reason is clear. American business, partly because it has had some wise leadership, partly because its hand has been forced by organized labor, partly because we have had a rich and enormously productive country to exploit, has shared the gains of industry with the people over a wider area than ever before in modern times. More people reap

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more of the fruits of the nation's work than in any other land. I am far from being satisfied about our economic situation, as you know, but at least this is true: little by little wages have been raised; little by little laboring conditions have been improved; ownership of business has spread out over the population and the gains of business have been shared by the general public; little by little coöperative measures have given more people something to say about the conduct of the industry that their life depends on. We are a long way from the ideal but not since the great machines came into use have so many people reaped so large a proportion of the nation's industry as here.

That economic justice which we have so far managed to achieve is our one safety. We are as safe as we have been just and we are not one bit safer. Business is not business in the long run. Business is morals. Our security in this country today runs up to the boundary line of our economic justice and it does not run one inch beyond it. Our one bulwark against violent economic revolution is not our hardness, nor our shrewdness, nor our ability to keep any one down. Our one bulwark against violent economic revolution is the degree to which we have worked out fair play in industry. Therefore, a man has not simply ideals behind him but facts when he says to business: "Go on, raise wages wherever and whenever you can, improve laboring conditions as though your lives depended on it, cause ever wider areas of the people more largely to share in the fruits of industry, widen your coöperative

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measures that more of the workers may have a democratic share in the conduct of the work to which they give their lives." Believe me or not, Jesus was a great economist. You found business on selfish shrewdness and inside of two generations you will lose business. You found business on fair play and even amid the economic revolution of the world you are likely to keep it.

Cynicism is not wisdom; it is suicide. It is suicide in two realms. If we are so cynical that we will not found industry on the Golden Rule, we will lose industry, and if we are so cynical that we will not found international life on coöperative measures like the League of Nations and the World Court we will lose civilization in the next war. And I suggest this epitaph for civilization's tomb: They sat in the seat of the scornful.

Finally, there is in every one of us a conflict between cynicism and faith in God, faith in the spiritual meaning of the universe. For you cannot keep cynicism in a compartment. If a man starts by being cynical about people and about social causes, he will ultimately be cynical about the whole significance of life. In the pulpit we are habitually sorry about or angry at those materialistic philosophers who in university classrooms teach agnosticism to our youth. But no philosopher starts materialism. Philosophers simply sum up and formulate its mental consequences. Materialism starts in the practical world where people really live. One of our college athletes, who capitalized his football

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ability and cleaned up in a single year several times the amount of President Coolidge's salary, has put it neatly for us. "There are still dreamers," he says, "but they are deadened by the thought embodied in the phrase 'What is there in it for me?'—which is the great American slogan now."

That is where materialism starts, in the realm where people say, What is there in it for me? But it does not stop there. It grows like a upas tree until it covers the earth and reaches up to heaven. Then a cynical philosophy issues. Listen to this description of human life from one devotee: "a small but boisterous bit of the organic scum that for the time being coats part of the surface of one small planet." That is cynicism when it is full grown. That is sitting in the seat of the scornful when it is finished. Do you like it? Do you think it is true? Human life merely a small but boisterous bit of organic scum that for the time being coats part of the surface of one small planet—think of living on that when a man could live on "Now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be."

Dread cynicism as you would the Black Plague, and if you would be healthy and escape its infection keep closer company with Christ Jesus. If ever anybody in history had an excuse for being cynical it was He. His family thought Him crazy, His church thought Him a heretic and excommunicated Him, His country thought Him a traitor and crucified Him, His friends thought Him a failure and disowned Him. One of

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those is enough. To have your family think you crazy—that is enough. To have your church excommunicate you as a heretic—that is enough. To have your country cry, Crucify, crucify! against you as a traitor—that is enough. To have your friends think you a failure and disown you—that is enough. But to have all four in the brief span of one short lifetime—Oh! too much! Yet, so mistreated, what has Jesus been doing for us all these centuries? Making us believe in man, making us believe in a kingdom of righteousness upon the earth, making us believe in a good God, burning into the human heart the fairest faiths and hopes that the human heart ever dared to entertain until His very Cross has ceased being a badge of tragedy and has become the center of song. If you would keep wholesome in this cynical generation you would better keep close to that radiant and undiscourageable life!

The One-Thing Man

By FREDERICK F. SHANNON, D.D., CENTRAL CHURCH,
CHICAGO

"He answered and said, Whether He be a sinner, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

—ST. JOHN IX—25

I AM inclined to set down this blind man as a logician of the first order. Knowing nothing of the sinuous steps in the processes of formal logic, yet is he unanswerably argumentative, tenaciously aware of something he refuses to let go of. Born blind, groping through his darkened years until manhood's estate, one day the Light of the World broke across his enshadowed path and thenceforth he began to view the universe with other, larger eyes.

At this juncture, enemies of the Master pounce upon him, endeavoring to beat his fact-logic out of him with cudgels of prejudice, malice, ignorance, and other weapons stored up in the black arsenals of hatred. But his opponents made a sorry job of it. Not only does he refuse to fall back before their furious onslaught; he is aggressive, positive, acute, wise with the old wisdom of reality at the heart of things.

I think of him as "The One-Thing Man," recalling the statement concerning a modern world-figure, of whom it is said that he had "a single-track mind."

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Such a mind may be regarded, of course, in a disparaging spirit; or, on the other hand and viewed in the large, a single-track mind may be a magnificent creation. It all depends upon the mind—*why* it is going, *where* it is going, the *purpose* of its going, and *what* it sees on all sides as it flashes along. No train, however splendidly equipped, ever uses more than a single track at once—not without damage, perhaps even irreparable loss. Likewise, there is something germinal, creative, dynamic in the certitude of this one-thing man. An expert in major matters, he steadfastly refuses to be thrown off his center by minor details. Once and for all, his determination is voiced in my text; once and for all, also, here is the authority which can never be repealed or superseded—the authority of Christian experience: “One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.”

Let us think, first, of the *unifying power* of this one-thing man, or, if you please, of Christian experience. “Whether he be a sinner I know not: *one thing* I know.” Stripped of sham and bared to the bone, here is one of the supreme debates in the whole history of mind. A man with his once dead eyes becomes a merciless as well as a merciful logician. He is merciful because he loves the truth; he is merciless because he hates sham; but whether merciful or merciless, he is sure of one thing: That his physical blindness has given place to physical sight. There may be one—two—a score—a thousand—a million things he does not know, may never know; but *one thing*—well, here

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is a flash of consciousness that is deep, steady, intelligent, aware of its own center, holding its frictionless poise while the universe keeps on its many-minded way.

Thus fortified behind his impregnable walls of unity, he drops a spiritual and mental explosive into the camp of his enemies—a bomb which is exasperatingly disconcerting. How do we know? Because “then they stormed at him.” Unable to answer his argument, to explain his fact, to budge him from his center, “they stormed at him”; they blew up a strong wind of words; they set in motion a psychologic cyclone of cynicism; they released a Euroclydon of agnosticism uproarious with tornadoes of dogmatism. Yet there he stands upon the rock of his *one thing*, calmly serene amid the surging seas of hate and misunderstanding that lash his “inaccessible home.” Why, it is simply great—too great for words.

Now, in the light of this nameless man’s physical and intellectual experience, is there not a clue to the way in which the modern Christian may get his own mental and spiritual bearings? I believe there is. Take it on the physical side of things. From the time man began to think, we see him on the scent, like a mental hound, of the idea of physical unity and order. As I write these words, I happen to be looking from the window of a Pullman car at a pile of buildings in which a great university is housed. Quite impossible to trace, absolutely, the “ins” and “outs,” the “ups” and “downs,” the backward and forward move-

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ments of the human mind in its quest of physical unity from a far-off antiquity up to the time it housed its instruments in these university buildings, yet the search is there, written into the very history of mind itself. As a climax to that long quest for unity and orderliness in the cosmos, here is the latest confession of one of the greatest of living astronomers: "To an astronomer the most remarkable and interesting thing about that part of the physical universe with which he has become acquainted is not its vast extent in space, nor the number and great masses of its stars, nor the violent forces that operate in the stars, nor the long periods of astronomical time, but that which holds him awestruck is the perfect orderliness of the universe and the majestic succession of the celestial phenomena. From the tiny satellites in the solar system to the globular clusters, the galaxy and exterior galaxies there is no chaos, there is nothing haphazard and there is nothing capricious. The orderliness of the universe is the supreme discovery in science; it is that which gives us hope that we shall be able to understand not only the exterior world but also our own bodies and our own minds."

The fact is, the history of mind in its long romantic and tragic quest is an *Iliad*, an epic, a heroism, a hymn—a song not only of "degrees," but a song of unity and orderliness; thus have we come to think of the unity of Matter, the unity of Man, and, back of all, the unity of God. The mysterious doors of the universe swing both ways—inward and outward. They

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swing outward from Spirit to Ether, from Ether to Light, from Light to Matter; they swing inward from Matter to Light, from Light to Ether, from Ether to Spirit. But in whatever direction they swing, God is behind and within, on either side, on all sides of them. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one."

Here, moreover, is a unifying power of soul which offers an apologetic that is final. Now, there is a finality that is dead, static, immobile; there is also a finality that is alive, dynamic, continuously moving into something rich and strange as well as something that affirms its own everlastingness while it journeys along with and within the soul. Whatever we may term it, it is the result of a change in one's personal center—a shifting of the soul-gear from law to intermediate, and, finally, to high—the highest of all. Call it repentance or conversion or new birth or any other name that fits the fact; yet, as Carlyle suggests, it is the vast inscrutable wonder of these twenty centuries.

For myself, I have come to regard the evidential value of atheism, in its various forms, as a positive argument for the fact of God in Christ. Sometimes men fairly rage with downright infidelity; sometimes they merely swell up with haughty agnosticism; sometimes they just gape with dumb uncertainty. Still, no matter how they came by this attitude, do they not present the spectacle of being abnormal in a normal universe? An Australian physician has written a volume on "The Great Abnormals." Some of his subjects are insane, some are partially unbalanced,

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some are moral perverts. It is not time for a competent thinker to give us a volume on "*The Greatest Abnormals?*" And by the greatest abnormals I mean the intellectually sane who are nevertheless spiritually stupid or insane. Undoubtedly among these are some of the living psychologists of the behavioristic school; or, going farther back, Haeckel, who held that man is "an affair of chance; the froth and fume at the wave-top of a sterile ocean of matter." Now, surely, any one who holds such a philosophy of man and at the same time is seemingly sane, has earned for himself a conspicuous place among "*The Greatest Abnormals.*"

A certain lawyer of this school says that life is a drab affair; that man, not knowing where he comes from or where he goes to, is the victim of blind forces, and, therefore, morally unaccountable for his character and conduct. Two things should be said in answer to this kind of thinking. In the first place, this particular man, according to his friends, is much better than his philosophy. They assert his kindliness, his humaneness, his championship of the social under-dog. Now, if this is true, where did he get his humanitarian instincts? Are they and he "just an affair of chance" a bit of scum floating on the surface of the waters of being, or are they effects produced by certain causes rising out of a First Cause? Ordinarily, thinkers reason from cause to effect,—except, extraordinarily! when they set down false premises and reach false conclusions in matters of religion. The mental twist

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of the *irreligiously* insane would be amusing if it were not saddening.

The second thing to be said is this: The human soul is in duty bound to protect itself against any such attitude. "Life is a pretty drab affair," says our Christless humanitarian. Well, why not, if there is no God, no Soul, no One Thing that can be known in the midst of many things that cannot be known? If some people gave a tenth as much of their time in an honest endeavor to find out the fact of God in Christ as they do in trying either to disprove or obscure that fact, I would be willing to bet my soul that they, too, would be able to find the white-hot certainty that continues to burn the cold chill off the edge of many uncertainties. "By their fruits ye shall know them" may be spoken not only of those who live with Christ in God, but quite as emphatically, also, of those who have an intellectually good logic engine pulling a long train of spiritually empty cars. At this point I was not sure of my figure. Turning to the conductor, I asked: "Captain, what do you call a train of empty cars?" "Why," he flashed back, "we call 'em dead-head equipment." That is it, precisely! An average logic engine drawing a spiritually "dead-head equipment" of godlessly empty cars—coming from nowhere, stopping nowhere, going nowhere. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—unbelievers and agnostics and infidels as well as prophets and saints and martyrs. Allowing a million minor things to run over and away with them, they are tragically unaware of the "one

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thing" of stupendous meaning—the glowing inner unity which gives wealth and harmony to both the apparent and real disunities of life.

II

Moreover, this one-thing man, as a type of Christian experience at its best, asks us to consider a second proposition. It is the *reassuring power* of the faith of God in Christ. No one questions the worth of assurance in common, everyday affairs; yet nowhere is certainty more fundamental than in religion. "One of the dominant notes of modern life," says a thinker, "is not so much unbelief as uncertainty." Accepting the statement for its discriminating value, there is no blinking the fact that overmuch uncertainty ends in surrender to forthright unbelief.

Now one of the unquestioned values of the assurance created by personal contact with God in Christ is this: It victoriously outwits all theories as such, whether grounded in theology, philosophy, or science. I hardly need to pause to say that all helpful theories have their place; what I do affirm is that all of them are incapable of formulating or expressing *all* there is for the soul hid with Christ in God.

Reverting to this old story, see how the blind man turned upon his tormentors and grilled them unmercifully. Disciples of Moses, yet they did not know whence the Christ is. "Why herein is the marvel," he answered back, "that ye know not whence He is, and yet He opened mine eyes." Consider, too, his

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appeal to history: experience puts into his grasp a rapier of logic which cuts through fancy to the heart of fact—whatever fact may be, wherever fact may lead. “Since the world began”—his words come with measured majesty—“it was never heard that any one opened the eyes of one born blind.” In short, there may or may not have been remarkable cures in the past; but never before—not since the world began—did one *born* with dead eyes have them opened. Not theologically clever, nor philosophically acute, nor psychologically verbose, nor scientifically instructed, yet he knows that something unique in the history of the race has happened to him. The fact is what he wants; he himself is the fact; let other explain the fact as they may choose. Weigh, furthermore, his conclusion—a thunderbolt from the heavens of inductive philosophy sixteen centuries before Francis Bacon was born: “*If this man were not from God, He could do nothing.*”

Here, then, is the fore-runner of the type of assurance which makes the disciples of Christ equal to the emergencies arising in each and all generations. I have seen a few specimens in my own lifetime. The first was Dwight L. Moody. As a country boy, I came to the World's Fair held here in Chicago. Vivid, indeed, is the memory of how that great new world of industry, commerce, art, and science burst upon my wondering eyes. I was filling the rôle of a printer's devil in those far-off days. I little dreamed then as my employer, Milton F. Conley, later announced when

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I preached my first sermon in Louisa, Ky., that I was to be promoted from "devil to divine." Fascinated as I was by anything pertaining to printing, I remember how I used to stand before that giant press exhibited by *The Chicago Daily News* and dream of the day when I might possibly be the foreman of all the pressmen who ran it. But one of the other ineffaceable memories of that period is hearing Moody preach in a downtown theatre at noon. I don't remember what he said; but I do remember *Moody*. It is the memory of a man who had experienced something too great to be told; of one who knew spiritually where he was and where he was going; of one who overflowed with joyousness attuned to great good common sense. Now, there were a lot of things Moody did not know and made no pretense of knowing. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, for example—and *others*—he never really learned how to spell. Mr. Fleming H. Revell, his brother-in-law, once told me this story: Sitting in the writing room of a Philadelphia hotel, Moody asked, "Flem, how do you spell Philadelphia—*Fil* or *Fel*?" Yet Henry Drummond, a man with many-sided human contacts as wide as the world, declared Moody was the greatest human he had ever met. And the greatness of Moody consisted in the fact that he had met Christ in life's way, that he *knew* he had met Him, and was assured that he would continue to meet Him forever.

Some years ago it was my privilege to be one of the speakers at the annual banquet of the Civil War

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veterans in Brooklyn. The other speaker was General O. O. Howard. Along with many others who were privileged to know him, I shall never forget that nobleman of God. He carried an armless sleeve about with him, having lost his right arm at the battle of Fair Oaks on June 1, 1862. He also carried a strong, gentle, beautiful face as he went to and fro in the earth—a face whose inner smile refused to come off. Where did he get that smile? Some of it came through his ancestors, some through cultivation, but the most of it came, according to his own confession, from the deathless light Christ struck into his soul while he was kneeling one night before a table, with his Bible on it, in the old barracks room at Tampa. Next morning a fellow-officer said to him, “Howard, I hear that you have become a Christian.” “Yes,” answered Howard, “I have, and I’m not ashamed of it.” “Why,” the other continued, “I can show you a hundred inconsistencies in the Bible.” “Perhaps you can,” rejoined Howard, “but you can’t show me that last night I did not surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I’ve been so happy I couldn’t sleep. I can wait God’s time for an explanation of the inconsistencies.” For years Howard was a teacher of mathematics at West Point; but in that old barracks room at Tampa he himself was taught something which kept him through the years and beyond—even as he journeyed the way of the unreturning. Do we not need more of this quality of faith today? It is the assurance born of experience when God has His own conscious beginnings in His

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way with man, moving definitely out of the realm of theory into the soul He has made for His true dwelling-place.

I officiated at the funeral of the widow of Jerry McAuley. I knew her and her second husband, the late Bradford Lee Gilbert, father of the modern skyscraper, very well. They were two of the godliest folk it has been my fortune to know; and "godliness," said John G. Wooley, "is the splendor of character which gives the shine of omnipotence to action." These people had both the shine and the action—a kind of omnipotence with which God alone weapons men and women who act as if He were, and are then assured by processes at once too subtle and large to be caught within the molds of formal logic, that He is that final and supreme fact which the soul was designed to *know*.

Standing by the side of her casket in a downtown mission hall in New York, did I even intimate that that God-intoxicated woman—an unusual individual as well as a unique social force—was uncertain as to the redemptive power which had lifted her, her husband, and thousands to whom they ministered, out of the black abysses of sin and degradation up to solid spiritual roadways leading on and ever on to the sweetly inviting homes of unfathomable reality? No; I said that this greatly transformed human knew, like Paul, *Whom*—not just *what*—she believed; that there were a multitude of things she did not and could not know while in the flesh; but one thing she was hilari-

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ously and songfully convinced of: that she had been marvelously found of God in Christ, and, through that finding, had been privileged to drink from the River of Life—even the River whose waters fertilize the roots of the universe.

III

There is still another fact which this one-thing man challenges us to consider, and that is the *clarifying power* of Christian experience. "I was blind, now I see." He is referring, of course, to the purely physical change wrought upon his dead eyes by the Infinite Optician. But in saying purely physical change I do not wish, even suggestively, to minify the majesty, mystery, and miraculousness of the Master's cure. There are those—excellent people, too—who are not kindly disposed to the "works," "signs," "miracles" of our Lord. Very well; every mind for itself, and a wondrous Heaven, let us hope, for all. But believing, as I do, that the Lord Christ Himself is the most transcendent, awe-inspiring fact yet disclosed to our part of the universe, everything else is comparatively simple. I would measure my words here; for I am no longer on a swift-moving, limited train, but in the midst of one of the loveliest of all of God's Acres. I am prone upon the grass, level with these graves around me; I am brooded over by a turquoise sky, perfumed by flowers, sung to by birds of gorgeous plumage—yea, and surrounded on every hand by the tombs of my ancestors. Moreover, I am soul-deep in June—

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indeed, this is June's last lingering day for 1927. Thus, you see, I am in one of those immortally jocund moods and blessed situations which dispose one to tell the little bit of truth it has been his privilege to glimpse while touring through this part of the vast cosmos.

We talk of the wonderful works of God, and we do well. These insect-filled yards of space about me are teeming with mystery. The ant which is scaling this blade of grass at my feet represents, Darwin thought, the largest brain-power in small compass ever unfolded to his perceiving mind. Well, this ant, for aught I know, may regard himself as he climbs his blade of grass, an ant pioneer out in space—a kind of twentieth-century steeplejack walking up the outside of a forty-story building; or, perchance, if he be an unusually daring citizen of the ant kingdom, he may regard himself as a Lindbergh, a Chamberlain, or a Byrd of the air. However, this is what I want to say: I think all other works and facts of our human world, in comparison with Christ, as of antlike proportions—somewhat like a blade of grass alongside the Woolworth Tower, or like the ant himself as compared with our human birdmen. *Get God in Christ, and there is nothing more to get, though you may be all your immortality getting it, so inexhaustibly much is there to be gotten.* Walking on the water, multiplying the loaves and fishes, straightening out withered hands and limbs, opening blind eyes, raising the dead, turning water into wine, forgiving sins—these belong to the

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great imponderables of the moral universe; but they are, after all, as secondary to Christ as the universe is secondary to God. The stars in their courses belong to a lower order of grandeur than the Christ Who is continuously active in and through the spiritual forces of which He is the unique and ageless Master.

Now, we must certainly reckon the clarifying power of Christian experience as one of the transcendent facts of history. Go where you will, this sky-born music will break in upon you in some form or other; not only the New Testament, but human life itself witnesses to the truth that God has never left Himself unrevealed anywhere or any time. Yet facts compel us to say that God in Christ prosecutes a process of regeneration whereby, in the words of Professor William James, "a self hitherto divided and consciously wrong, inferior, and unhappy, becomes unified, and consciously right, superior, and happy, in consequence of a firmer hold upon religious realities." Does not the great psychologist lay bare the heart of the matter? Only, it is not merely through our own "firmer hold upon religious realities," but through the *firmer hold which religious realities get upon us*, that spiritual blindness gradually recedes before the dawning light of God in Christ.

Consider, therefore, this clarifying power of the one-thing man in the sphere of religious insight, of spiritual understanding. One might assess many varieties of knowledge and types of human beings for illustration. But as there are two books here in the grass

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beside me, I will choose from them. "Have you never marked the eyes of a man," says one, "who has seen the world he has lived in: the eyes of the sea-captain, who has watched his life through the changes of the heavens; the eyes of the huntsman, nature's gossip and familiar; the eyes of the man of affairs, accustomed to command in moments of exigency? You are at once aware that they are eyes which can see." These words are from Woodrow Wilson's essay, "On Being Human," first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* thirty years ago. Pope Benedict says that Wilson's mind was the only first-class mind the World War produced. Agreeing with His Holiness that the Great War President had a first-class mind, I do not agree with him that the war produced it. The mind was there already, trained, prepared, waiting for the cataclysm which merely *declared* the intellectual and spiritual readiness which had been in process for more than fifty years. "*You are at once aware that they are eyes which can see.*" Don't forget that sentence; we shall come back to it directly.

The second book here in the grass beside me is *The Christlike God*, by Bishop Francis J. McConnell. If he, like Wilson, were dead, it would be entirely becoming to speak of him as one of the most wholesome, as well as the subtlest, fairest minds of our generation. Having read in the field of Christian apologetics for a good many years, I regard *The Christlike God* as in a class by itself. Ponder these sentences: "If we are to have a God at all, we may just as well have one

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worth having.”—“My body itself may be the seat of microscopic universes.”—“Of course the Divine must know Himself through and through.”—“If so much mind is required to read off the processes of the universe, it does not seem far-fetched to assume that the universe is the expression of mind.” This sentence, I think, is the best putting of the philosophy of theism ever made.—“The revelation of the revelation in Christ may continue indefinitely.”

I have quoted from two of the most competent of modern minds—full-bred human beings, to paraphrase Woodrow Wilson’s words, who love a run afield with their understanding. Why are we at once aware that these men have eyes which can see? Contrast them, for example, Wilson with Clemenceau, and McConnell with Santayana. No fair-minded person would question the intellectual abundance of the French statesman or the Spanish philosopher. Yet is there not a marked difference in the undertones of the unbelievers as compared with the overtones of the avowed disciples of Christ? It is not too much to say that we are immediately in a changed intellectual and spiritual climate the moment we cross the human frontiers represented by these four men. What makes the difference? Certainly, nothing less than the clarifying power of God in Christ. “Whereas I was blind, now I see.” This is the good confession of men and women of high degree and low. The Christlike God does turn a steady, supersolar blaze, at once golden and illuminating, into the depths of human consciousness. Then

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does the one-thing man become big enough for anything—anywhere—up and down the path of Duty within the worlds. And all because, as in the experience and words of Robert Browning:

“That One Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and knows.”

Creative Freedom

By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, D.D., CENTRAL METHODIST
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"For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under law, but under grace."

—ROMANS VI—14

FOUR hundred years ago Luther wrote his famous treatise, "The Freedom of the Christian Man." With unhesitating paradox he set forth the Lordly liberty and the loving servitude of the Christian man. Over fifteen hundred years before Luther, Paul had passed through the most desperate personal struggle in respect to the same matters and had set forth in intense and burning words the charter of the emancipation of the Christian who for all his freedom remained the most willing slave of Jesus Christ. To-day we find the problem pressing hard for a contemporary solution. Many restless eyes all about us tell the tale of an emancipation which has not set free, and of a liberty which has left the taste of dust and death upon the lips. The old, old questions lift their heads again. And even in these bustling amazingly active days we cannot ignore them and we cannot content ourselves with superficial answers.

CREATIVE FREEDOM

I

A good deal of the human story has been a long and dreary march of slaves. The valleys of the Euphrates, the Nile and the Tiber have had each their own tale of heavy and cruel servitude. To untold millions of people life has consisted of doing the will of some other person whose power could not be resisted. Even where there has been no political slavery often the economic conditions of life have made men slaves. The freedom to starve has never been a very highly prized possession, and where economic pressure has created hard and bitter conditions, usually most men however unwillingly have made some sort of terms for the sake of keeping life going. Society itself is a kind of stern master. When we accept its sanctions we do not in the least mind their strength. But when we give lip and hand service while our hearts are hot and resentful we experience a contradiction in our own lives which is a very tragic and disintegrating experience. And our unhappiness is none the less acute if the standards are high and gracious sanctions coming out of the noblest experiences of the race, sanctions which we ought to love, but in whose presence we actually find ourselves restless and unhappy. Whenever a man gives outward conformity to standards which for either good or bad reasons he hates in his heart that man is a slave.

The ugliness of slavery is sure at last to lie in the fact that as it does its will with a human life its

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victim ceases to be a person and becomes a thing. He ceases to be in a fine sense an end, and becomes in a hard and ugly sense a means. Slavery is the contradiction of the very meaning and glory of the personal life. It disintegrates the fibers of personality itself. It finds a man and when its work is done it leaves a machine.

The situation is very much complicated by the fact that it has always been true, and never so true as now, that the efficiency of many a practical enterprise is for the time at least increased if the service of a large number of responsive automata can be secured. To press the button and to secure immediate practical results is the requirement of mechanical efficiency. For the moment at least human machines seem much more satisfactory than growing persons. There are times when personality seems an impertinence. Bridge building, the construction of railroads and all the endless repetition of the automatic workers may easily suggest the negation of personality. And a shortsighted technique of what calls itself scientific organization may actually work out in such a fashion that life is sinking to lower levels all the while. The machine is paid for, if one may use such a figure, by the very lifeblood of personality itself.

To be sure in the long run personality has its sure revenge. It is only a temporary efficiency which is secured by the depletion of the vital forces of manhood. It is happy workers doing work so organized that personality comes to its own who form the basis

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of ever increasing industrial efficiency. You cannot dwarf human life and increase production indefinitely. The automatic worker must have a human life away from his round of routine for the sake of the machine he is helping to make, as well as for his own sake, and for the sake of the human life of the world.

The desire for quick returns however is quite likely to lead men to ignore such facts as these. Just as we waste a ton of coal for every ton we take out of the ground, just as we carelessly harvest our supply of timber, so we are likely to use up our human material with little thought of the future. We think all too little of the necessity of forestation. And we think, one is tempted to say, scarcely at all of its equivalent in human life. So we turn persons into things with little thought of the meaning of the process.

II

Something deep in the nature of man revolts from the whole process which makes him a slave. If he has been cringing with lip service in the presence of standards in the life of the community which do not actually command his loyalty, he comes at last to hate these sanctions with a bitter hatred. If the daily round of his life leaves no place for the expression and the growth of his personal life he comes at last to have an attitude of angry rebellion.

It is quite likely that this revolt so easily understood and analyzed will work no end of havoc when it

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has gathered momentum and has come to the fullness of its power. For revolt breeds the love of destruction for its own sake, and a good many fair and precious things are likely to be caught in the destructive fury of the storm.

At the moment we are observing great numbers of lusty and energetic people who are very angry at the historic standards of good living in personal and social relations. They quite hate the sense of inferiority which is ready to descend upon them if they admit the validity of these standards without changing a good many aspects of their lives. They feel that the society which firmly upholds such standards is all the while making slaves of men. They are determined to have self-expression even if that means what wise men in the past have called lawless indulgence. They are apostles of revolt who would put down the standard of control and would lift up the standard of license.

Of course it is an old dilemma. And if we are not too self-conscious to learn from human experience, history has a good deal to teach us. There was the same revolt in the Italian Renaissance. It began by eating the forbidden fruit of alluring vices. It ended with poisoning people whose presence in the world was an inconvenience, and in all sorts of other hardened sordid cruelties. Indeed the escape from the Ten Commandments through violating them has never kept its promise of giving a new freedom. The experience is like the attempt to escape from the law

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of gravitation by defying it. The result is likely to be at least a bad fall. The philosophy of license is really a network of clever lies. The apostles of license are all the while promising that which they can never give. You cannot become free physically by defying the laws of nature. And you cannot become free morally by defying the laws of ethics. Even our age with all its love of the experimental approach to reality may be reminded that this approach has been tried with approximate thoroughness in a good many generations and has always failed. Some self-conscious youngsters talk as if nobody had ever broken the Seventh Commandment until their arrival on the human scene.

The industrial and economic situation has also elements of disturbing complexity. To be sure the case is much clearer here. For you do have a social organization which often ignores fundamental human values. And all this must be met with frank and unhesitating criticism. And it must be changed. But even here it is all too easy for zestful reformers who are strong in their enthusiasms and not always so strong in their understanding of the elements of the problems to make serious mistakes. It is all too easy to throw out the baby with the bath.

When a passionate apostle of revolt condemns all those industrial methods which sacrifice the very values which make men human we follow him heartily. But when he goes on to dream of a world where all will go well without discipline, and self-control, and sac-

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rifice and the doing of difficult work, grave hesitations emerge. Too often social revolution has failed through the excesses of the revolutionists. Too often a hatred of stability and order gets into the heart of a man who thinks that his hatred is only for industrial tyranny. The excesses of the peasants in the days of Luther put the clock back in Germany in a fashion from which that land has not recovered in four hundred years. The wages of license are reaction. And the greatest foe of progress in the industrial world is the man who mistakes license for freedom. This way madness lies both in dealing with the problems of the individual and in facing the needs of society.

III

The New Testament has a way of turning out to be curiously adequate when we go back to it after a really searching analysis of modern problems. Nowhere is this more clearly true than when we go back to the Gospels and the Epistles with the dilemmas we have just been considering. Whatever else may be asserted of Him, Jesus was the great free man of all the world. He was the first free man in whose heart law truly and completely lived. He was an incarnation of that law whose love is perfect freedom.

In a sense Jesus is the very living expression of a series of paradoxes. And there is no more perfect illustration of this statement than the fashion in which He found freedom without license, and stability without slavery. In His own life at least the Ten Com-

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mandments were set to music. He transcended them by His perfect expression of every sanction for which they stood. Not by defying them but by loving them He secured a position of moral and spiritual mastery which included them and yet went beyond them. In Him love found more than the fulfilling of the law. It found the transfiguration of the law. The things which men are all the while separating He brought together in an astonishing harmony. From Him an apostle of revolt may learn the secret of having all the liberty he desires. But that liberty consists of freedom in law and not of freedom from law. In one age after another He has commanded the complete surrender and the entire loyalty of some of the most daring spirits whom the period has produced. They have felt at first dimly and later with understanding that He possessed all that great and far-reaching freedom which they desired. And they have been astonished at last to find that this freedom was built upon a solid foundation of loyalty to the very sanctions which they had been inclined to repudiate. It is really a mark of an immature spirit to suppose that you must fall into ways of lawless indulgence in order to be free. Only minds which have not become capable of understanding discrimination confuse a warm hearth fire with a burning building. There ought after all to be no great difficulty in apprehending the difference between heat distributed through a great edifice on a winter's day, and the destruction of the edifice in a red passion of flames. But we have sadly

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to admit that intense young spirits in every age have gotten into desperate confusion at this point. The first Great Freeman not only taught the distinction: He illustrated it. His life was always burning and never consumed. For the law itself became a noble passion in His life.

It is significant enough that this matter of relating the deathless sanctions of life to a free and growing personality was centered in the struggle and victory of the personal life of the Apostle Paul, and was kept central in his teaching as a great evangelist. As a young man Paul almost sold his freedom. He almost surrendered to a hard, and mechanical, and rigid code. He found the experience terribly bitter and baffling and tragic. And the greatest experience of his life was the discovery that religion puts a new heart into the old loyalties, and makes the moral law not a slave master with a whip in his hand, but a great friend with a smile on his face.

There are no more significant writings for our time than Paul's letters to the Galatians and the Romans. For these set forth that view of freedom with ethical insight at its heart, and of moral demand becoming joyous passion which is the most vital matter in Paul's gospel. The freedom which does not emancipate finds diagnosis and prescription here which simply must not be passed by. If Mr. H. L. Mencken were told that the real failure of his mental life is to be found in his incapacity for the comprehension of Paul's letters to the Galatians and the Romans he would doubtless

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feel a kind of amused and cynical surprise. But of course that is just the reason why the editor of the *American Mercury* can never be an American John the Baptist. There is a good deal of contemporary writing which is an attempt to rehabilitate discredited vices. It seems fairly safe to say that Paul will have a great and penetrating word of summons and challenge and rebuke to say to men and women in our time as long as the distinction between liberty and license is one which their minds do not compass, and one to which their hearts do not respond.

IV

Using the mechanistic view of life as a basis for thought it would be possible to argue that everything is completely determined beforehand. Such an analysis would be very impressive until one remembered that when two men are sitting at a table one somehow does manage to ask the other to pass him the salt. And in spite of the reign of law every important act of our lives is based upon the unhesitating assumption that we might have done something else had we desired. We live in a world of natural law, yet we are not under the law. By the very process of obeying we find liberty. Men calculated strains and pressures and weights and built the Gothic cathedral which almost seems free from earth. Engineers work out the most detailed mathematical schemes in a similar fashion and build the great bridge whose mighty span is a thing of beauty and of endless serv-

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ice. A daring lad in perfect obedience to physical laws completely transcends them and crosses the Atlantic in a day and a half. There is something creative about such freedom. It is completely emancipated. It has made friends with law. Its very emancipation lies in perfect obedience.

The same principles apply in the realm of individual and social morality. You cannot build a great bridge of conduct without calculating all the weight and pressure and strain. The structure which is a defiance of moral law will go down in the flood. The structure which is an expression of the fundamental rightness of things will stand under the severest test. The Old Testament prophet who gladly put the law in his heart found far more freedom than ever comes to the apostle of license who surrenders to a lawless heart.

Our problems of industrial organization must be met in just this spirit. We cannot solve the problem of the automatic worker by breaking the machines. We must organize leisure for the protection and up-building of personality. And by short hours of automatic work and zestful hours of such use of leisure that mind, body and soul are developed the whole level of our life can be lifted. We must organize the whole scheme of life for the development of personality as well as for the material output of our factories. And the very organization for such results will open the way for a creative freedom among all the workers of the Republic.

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Law is an ugly thing if one approaches it in the attitude of hard revolt. It will break us if we defy it. But if we love it at the very moment when we have expressed our loyalty we will acquire a vast and transcendent freedom. The Great Freeman meant us all to be free. The brave apostle who assured the Romans that they were not under the law was in the same sentence requiring noble obedience. Creative freedom is found at the point where the law meets spontaneous love and love transfigures and fulfills the law.

The Same Yesterday, Today, and Forever

By BURRIS A. JENKINS, D.D., LINWOOD BOULEVARD
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"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever."

—HEBREWS XIII — 8

TO PREACH as if one had only one sermon to make gives one pause, and induces a rather sobering atmosphere. If a man had only one more address to make, a sort of farewell, his sense of proportion and perspective should be rendered acute. As Joseph Fort Newton has said, however, every preacher really has just one sermon. He varies it by dressing it up in different costumes and presenting it in differing conditions; yet it is the same old message, which might well be put into a single sermon.

The text I have chosen is, I think, the second one that I used when starting in as a boy preacher. The first one was, of course, John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son," which has served as a first text for so many thousands of fledgling ministers. I suppose I used it first just because I thought I ought; but the one I used second, which is my present text, is the one which captured my boyhood imagination and has never lost its dominance. All through the years, now nearly forty of them, this

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text has furnished the key to my one sermon. I may have wandered from it, I may have bungled the presentation of it, sometimes doubtless people have wondered what earthly connection there could be between what I was saying and this guiding principle of all my thought and utterance; and yet I hope that down deep underneath, like the matted roots of alfalfa, everything I have said has been tied up with this master text.

It is not to be wondered at that this age of ours should question whether Jesus fits our time and civilization. He was oriental, we are occidental. He was pastoral, we are industrial. He was thoroughly an idealist, so spiritual that he seemed to have little connection with the life bound up in material things; while we are intensely material, concerned with machines and products and trading and creature comforts. He had no concern with laboratories and libraries, while our life is intimately connected with the researches and the findings of science. He is two thousand years away from our time and more than two thousand years away from our thought. He belongs to yesterday; how can we say of Him, then, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever"?

More than that, our age is actually asking whether the picture we draw of Him is borne out by the facts, whether He is not an ideal that has slowly been evolved through two thousand years, an abstraction, an idea rather than a real being. Comparison frequently has been made to the Lenin cult which is now

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arising in Russia, a worship of a flesh and blood man who died only yesterday and who embodied in himself the revolution by which Russia has sought freedom. Some say that in a few centuries he will be a god, that he is almost one now.

I will not pause to argue the historicity of Jesus, but will concede for the time being the utmost that can be said against it. Suppose He is an ideal, an abstraction, purely subjective in the minds and hearts of His followers, with but slender connection with a historical being, the ideal is none the less valuable, none the less powerful. That abstraction, if you will, is more influential in the world, however far we fall short of its realization, than any other ideal known to man. If your mind challenges that statement, then think a little while about Mahatma Gandhi and Rabindranath Tagore, who more than any other two men represent the millions of India and are perhaps nearer Christians than any two men equally prominent in all our Christian world. They are not church members, but they are Christians. It is not a question of how powerful is the church, nor even of how nearly does the Christian world live up to Christ; but the real question is how deep down in the hearts of myriads of men and women east and west does the Christ ideal strike its root. Men attack the church, and no wonder; men assail avowed Christians, and it is not strange; but who assails Jesus, real or ideal, his teachings, his life and his death? Nobody worthy of notice, the wide world round. What he was yesterday that he is today, and

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he is increasing in power over the hearts of men, in prestige in the thoughts of men, and in influence in the lives of men.

I am aware of the struggle going on down in the valleys, the shadows, and the mists where we live, underneath the tall, quiet, snowclad summit which is Christ. I know that the view of Him is obscured in the darkness of our little lives. We are absorbed in factories and half blinded by their dust and smoke; we are pushing over the roads of the world to carry our products and to trade them, our heads reeling in the heat and the dust clouds of the world's highways; we eat and drink and dance and laugh and fight, while the clouds of our barrages and of our poison gas shut out the view of Him. Nevertheless, all the time within us we are conscious of that white summit, that White Comrade—real or ideal, it makes no difference—and we cannot be rid of Him if we would. He is the same today as He was yesterday for all who have ever heard of Him. He seizes upon the mind and the imagination and His hold can never be shaken loose. He wrestles with us like a God.

I am quite well aware, too, of the proud scientific spirit of our time and our tendency to train all our thought in the lines of scientific investigation and achievement. It seems as if our wonders would never cease. Resolutely we have subdued the earth, the sea, the air, and now even the ether. We are busy improving all our discoveries, prolonging life, lessening pain, promoting comfort, ease and rapidity in all our doings.

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We are delighted with ourselves and the wonders we can perform; but so irruptive is the human spirit that it bursts up through all these material occupations and diversions, like the spirit of a child tired with its complex and rapid play, to reach up after an ideal that towers above our toys and our gyrations. We are even declaring now that our science is to invade the realm of the spirit with increasingly wonderful conquests, as it has been doing of late already, and that within the dark chambers of the soul we shall witness the miracles of science in the days that are just at hand. All the time, however, hearts are hungry, minds are restless and dissatisfied. Stimulate the glands of internal secretion as you will, the more complex life becomes the more we are bewildered, and hearts break just as they have always done. We need a power not ourselves that makes for sympathy, encouragement, righteousness, and smooths the intricate paths of life for our feet. No matter how sophisticated we become, the peasant Christ has a word and a heart-beat for every step of the way.

I can understand and appreciate that attitude of mind, the offspring of the scientific age, which looks upon life as stern and cruel in its origin, bleak and harrowing in its progress, and dreadful in its close. It seems at times as if cruelty were king in all nature and in the lives of men. Pain is the price of so many steps along the way, and bloody are the footprints that we leave behind in sand or snow. It is not to be wondered at that some of us, in our perplexity and inability to

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solve the riddles of an apparently cruel world, hide our heads like ostriches in the sand, refuse to believe in pain and evil and, with a sort of blind optimism, deny the existence of these things and try vainly to lift ourselves by our bootstraps above the shadows where these evils lie. Nor, on the other hand, is it strange that a sort of stoic pessimism should in more stalwart minds be the outgrowth of the cruelties of life. Stoicism and pessimism are not dead, but are very much alive in the civilization of our western world. The best expression of it in verse, the bravest and the frankest, is that of William Ernest Henley, the Shropshire poet, in his "Invictus," which concludes:

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Mr. Jack Barker, who was with me in British camps in 1917, singing to soldiers wounded, convalescent, or just about to go up into the lines, always sang that song and always changed the last two lines to run:

"Christ is the master of my fate,
Christ is the captain of my soul."

And I think that to men facing almost certain death or wounds, that change was justified. It lifted the poem out of a pagan philosophy, out of a defiant pessimism, into an atmosphere of Christian faith and courage. And I've seen it work in the faces of the men and have felt it thrilling in their handclasps. Cruel as was

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their destiny, they were willing to bet their lives that there is a God. They believed in the White Comrade; some of them even told me that they saw Him. It is nothing to me that He was only a mirage, if He was; it is everything to me that He was an idea and ideal, the most real thing in this world, comforting and sustaining those men at Mons, at Paechendaele, on the Somme, at Verdun. It makes little difference whether He is an abstraction to men and women at this very hour, facing operations in hospitals, burning with fever in their beds, or standing by open graves where their little loved ones are being lowered into the dark. Idea or ideal or real person, it is all the same. He is at work in the world giving grit and endurance and hope to millions whose lives would otherwise be dark indeed. He is the same yesterday and today, and He will be forever.

I venture the assertion that Jesus is fitting into this age just as well as He fitted into the simpler pastoral air of Galilee and Judea; that as He entered through tent-flaps or beneath thatched roofs of mud huts, so He enters into marble halls of office buildings and hotels, apartment houses and palaces. He is preached today by commercial men, in the assembling places of trade, who perhaps never know, or at least seldom stop to reflect, that they are preaching Him and His ideals. Our very "service clubs," the most spectacular manifestation of business life, are named for one of His ideals, ministration. And suppose our intelligentsia are rather surfeited with the word "service," and sup-

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pose they do turn up their noses in a kind of cynic sarcasm at this slogan of self-abnegation. It is only a passing pose of smartness. In their own homes and friendships, and even business relations, they practice it. In the language of Rabbi Harry Mayer, "May the time never come when we shall lose this brightest jewel from the diadem of faith." The ideal of Jesus, His statement that he who would be greatest among you must be servant of all, is entering into the very foundations of our commercial and industrial structures, and will one day, please God, enter into our international ones. Blink it, jeer it, sneer at it, as in our worldly wisdom we may do, there it comes, growing, working, like the yeast in the lump of dough, like the mustard seed growing into a great tree. It even hangs over our leading institutions of learning, for painted over the Wellesley chapel platform, and engraved in the great stone gate of Harvard, are these words of the greatest teacher of them all: *Non ministrari sed ministrare*, not to be ministered unto but to minister.

We are increasingly realizing, too, that even His economic principles are the best worldly wisdom. We forget how recent is our realization that honesty is the best policy; but Jesus goes as far beyond mere honesty as noontime is beyond the twilight of the dawn. He declares that the Golden Rule is the best policy in business as in all other human relations, and we are dimly beginning to understand how practical and hard-headed is His judgment. Nations are not yet ready for non-resistance, but of this much they are increasingly

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conscious, that resistance is the road to ruin. Some day they will go the whole distance with Jesus, as China long ago did, and learn not to fight, if they want to live as nations for ten thousand or twenty thousand years. That He was an expert in economics the world of business—led by men like Edward A. Filene, Arthur Nash, William Hapgood, and, dimly, Henry Ford—is beginning to understand. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

His highest principle, that love is the best fulfilment of the self, we are also beginning gropingly to understand. His greatest follower harped upon that theme in music almost divine, and one of His latest followers has called love the greatest thing in the world. Few of us know it yet, and still fewer of us practice it; but His master key of love unlocks all doors in the labyrinth of life, straightens all paths, solves all puzzles. Love, deep and absorbing, for a person, for a cause, for a principle, for an ideal, is the solvent for all pain and anguish, weariness and heart hunger, disappointment and failure. One who loves anybody or anything with such passionate absorption can never despair of life, its meaning and its end. This is a high altitude, I know; it remains for humanity in the future to climb up where He is, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

The old dilemma, presented by John the Baptist to Jesus, is still the same: "Art thou he that should come? Or look we for another?" We come to Him today, consciously or unconsciously, with that same query.

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Either He is the answer to the yearning, heart-broken cry of our souls, or else we must look to somebody else. I look around and see no other. On all the horizons of history there looms no other figure that can answer the hungry cry of my soul. Not in the east, with all its genius for religion, do I see one; not in the north, with its sagas and its demigods; certainly not in the west nor in the south is there a head lifted above the skyline. My heart with all its vagaries, with all its decayed spots, with all its fears and qualms, with all its terrors of the dark, calls out for someone to come and to help. I am incurably religious—and I speak for all humanity—and if He is not the one, then there is no one, and hope is dead. He *is* the one, the only one, and He shall be the burden of my song until “this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave”: Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Is Jesus God?

By JAMES I. VANCE, D.D., FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
NASHVILLE

"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."

—JOHN 1-1

WITH this verse as a text, I want to discuss the question: Is Jesus God? There is today no livelier nor acuter question than this in all the realm of religious thought and controversy, and there is not today nor at any other time a fact more fundamental to Christian faith or more essential to the existence of Christianity as a supernatural and authoritative religion than this of the Godhood of Jesus, Who in the prologue to John's Gospel is called "the Word."

ATTACKS ON THE DEITY OF CHRIST

The deity of Jesus is a live question today because of the attacks made upon it. These attacks move along three lines.

The first moves in the direction of a bigger view of man. There are those who affirm that man is divine. All men are divine. Any man is divine. You are divine. It may surprise you to know it. You do not feel very divine, especially in some nasty humor or vile mood. You do not regard yourself as very much

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of a god, especially when the Philistines make kindling wood of your plans. Yet there is a measure of truth in the statement that man is divine. He was made in God's image. He has divine potentialities and possibilities. By God's grace, he becomes a partaker of the divine nature. "We shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness." But if Jesus was divine merely in the sense that you and I are divine, He was not God at all. He was merely a superman, and there is an infinite difference between a superman and God.

The second attack moves in the direction of a smaller view of Jesus. There are those who would explain away all the big things recorded of Christ. They pose as scientists, and proceed on the theory that a fact sensed by a flesh perception ranks ahead of one sensed by a spiritual perception. So they deny miracles, and regard the supernatural as a superstition. It is true they have not yet gotten through explaining, but they point to the victrola, the telephone, the wireless, to airships and the radio, and say: "Give us time!" Their position is that if they can explain away the miracles it will reduce Christ from a God to the measures of a man, a theory about which there may be a difference of opinion.

The third line of attack moves in the direction of an attenuated and diminished Deity. There are those who declare their belief in the deity of Christ and then proceed to tell us what they mean by deity. When they have finished, we discover that the thing they call

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Godhood is so elusive and negative that it is not Godhood at all. One of this class says: "Yes, I believe that Jesus was God. God is just a word for good. The root meaning of good is the root meaning of God. Jesus was good. He was without sin. There was no element of evil in Him. His nature, therefore, being free from sin, was the God or the perfect good." It does not seem to occur to these people that their theory would make Adam very much of a god until he fell out of Eden. If Jesus was God merely in the sense that He was not guilty of actual sin, His Godhood is fragile, and the church would be wise to carry accident insurance.

These are the three lines along which attacks are being made today on the Godhood of Jesus—a bigger man, a smaller Christ, and a thinner deity.

IF THESE ATTACKS SUCCEED

Suppose these attacks on the deity of Christ succeed and we surrender our faith that Jesus was God, what follows? We have lost our Bible. If Christ was merely a good man, the Bible is merely a good book. It is on a level with other literature. It has no more authority than Shakespeare's plays or Mr. H. G. Wells' *Romantic History of the World*. The glory of the Bible is not its age nor its style nor its historical value nor its literary beauty nor its moral grandeur, but the fact that on its pages we meet the sublimest Figure in human history. "In the volume of the book it is written of me." If Jesus shrivels from a God to a

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mere man, you may as well send your Bible to a museum.

If Christ loses His deity we lose our Saviour, for if Christ be not God, He cannot forgive sin. He may be a great Teacher, but He is not a Saviour. A gentleman said to me one day: "I am going to join the Unitarian Church." I said: "Then you will have no Saviour, for if Jesus is not God, He cannot save us from our sins." "That is true," he said, "but I do not feel the need of a Saviour." "How then do you regard Jesus?" I asked him. "I regard Him as the noblest and wisest and best of men." "But this wisest and noblest and best of men says that you need a Saviour, and that He Himself is the only Saviour, that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. If it be true that you do not need a Saviour, then He has deceived you and misled you and declared what is not true." Therefore if Jesus be not God, He is not even a good man.

If Christ's Godhood goes, we also lose our salvation. There can be no salvation without a Saviour. What we call salvation is merely a spasm of hysterics, a hypnotic mood, a piece of pious somnambulism. We may think our sins have been forgiven, and our natures changed, but it is merely a phase of auto-suggestion. If any change has been wrought, we have brought it about ourselves.

We also lose our heaven when Christ loses His Godhood. Whatever heaven is, it is the one bright spot on the far sky, our long home, where the weary journey

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ends, where God wipes all tears from our eyes, where sorrow and trial and disappointment are forever behind us. But if Jesus was not God He did not rise from the dead. If Christ did not rise, neither do we. We rot in our graves forever. The dead are gone from us not to return. We have lost our loved ones. We may sing: "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Jerusalem, The Golden," but there are no answering realities to these great hymns of hope. Heaven is merely a castle in the air and the golden city a mirage. There is nothing ahead but blank, sterile night.

We also lose our heavenly Father, for Jesus is the only One Who has taken fear out of God's face. The heathen and pagan cults think of God as a terror. Their gods frighten them, but there on the cross Christ lifted His hands pierced by the nails and tore away the veil fear had woven over the face of God, and as we look we cry: "Abba Father!" Jesus said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," but if He lied to us about Himself, He may have lied to us about the great Father, and there is no God left Who can comfort a weary heart or call a prodigal home from the far country.

These are some of the things involved in this question. When the fine phrase-makers of liberalism would spin their web of metaphysics and confuse us with speculative mist, it is well to keep in mind what is involved. If Christ be not God, we lose our Bible, our Saviour, our salvation, our heaven, and our heavenly Father. This is not a faith lightly to be surrendered.

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Is there any good reason why it should be surrendered? I do not believe there is. Of course none cares to believe a lie. If Jesus is not God, there is no virtue in believing that He is, for there is no virtue in believing a lie. Superstition is without merit. Credulity has no power to save. But if Jesus is truly God, he who surrenders that faith for any reason, has swapped the universe for a toy balloon. I am not hunting for that kind of a trade.

THE PROOF OF HIS DEITY

Was, then, Jesus God? Let us at once clear the way by saying that miracles are not the proof, whether they be the miracles of His ministry or of His Person. It may be as we go on that some day we shall discover the secret of the miracles and understand how Jesus in a perfectly natural way healed the blind, cured the lame and cleansed the lepers; but if we do, the discovery will not take from Him His Godhood; for He never based His claims on the signs He performed. Christ worked miracles to bless humanity, not to make a display of His power. As for the miracles of His Person, the virgin birth and the resurrection, it seems to me that Christ proves them far more than they Him.

The abstract argument for the Godhood of Jesus is brief, and from the standpoint of logic, unanswerable. Jesus was either God or He was not. If He was not God, He was either deceived about Himself or He deceived others about Himself. Was He deceived about Himself? Was He suffering from an hallucination?

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Was He mentally unbalanced? Was He crazy? There is not the slightest evidence that He was. On the contrary, He had perfect poise. He was calm and self-contained, always in possession of Himself, sound and sane in every position that He took and in every judgment He formed. That alternative, then, must be rejected. On the other hand, did He deceive others about Himself? Was He a fraud? Was He an impostor? Did He live a lie? There has never been a life of such absolute sincerity. He was truth incarnate, and His influence on mankind has been to create integrity of character, to make men trustworthy and dependable, to establish confidence between man and his fellows. That alternative must also be rejected. We are thrown back, then, on the first proposition, from which there is no escape, namely, that Jesus is God.

This abstract argument, however, fails to satisfy us, for saving faith is not the result of a mental process but of a life experience. People discover that Jesus is God as they learn to know Him and try to live Him. This was His challenge, and His only challenge. "If any man will do my will, He shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak from myself." Let us turn, then, to some of the convictions that come as a result of a life experience.

I believe that Jesus was God on the testimony of the Bible. At an annual luncheon of the alumni of Union Theological Seminary in New York City, at which I was present as a guest, one of the speakers made this

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statement: "The Bible nowhere says that Jesus is God." At the conclusion of the luncheon a venerable Presbyterian minister came forward to the speakers' table and said to Dr. Lyman Abbott: "In your address you declared that the Bible nowhere states that Jesus is God." "Yes," replied Dr. Abbott, "and I stand by what I said." "What will you do, then," asked this minister, "with the prologue to John's Gospel, which says, 'In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God, and the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth'?" "O, that does not refer to Jesus," said Dr. Abbott. "To whom, then, does it refer?" he was asked. Then Dr. Abbott became a bit confused and said: "Have you read such-and-such a book?" When these gentlemen are asked questions they cannot answer, this is their method. They usually refer you to some book.

Of course the Bible says that Jesus is God, not only in the opening chapter of John's Gospel, but over and over again. If language can say a thing, John says that Jesus is God. There is also that wonderful passage in Philippians, where Paul declares that "Jesus, though being on an equality with God, thought not Godhood a thing to be striven after, but emptied himself, (or humbled himself)." This means that Christ did not use His divine power for Himself, but for others. If to this extent He emptied Himself of Godhood, He must have possessed Godhood to begin with.

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One does not empty a vacuum. In the opening chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, Jesus is declared to be "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His Person." The entire Gospel of St. John was written to prove the Godhood of Jesus. This is the writer's statement in the closing verse of the twentieth chapter, where he says: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, ye might have life through His name."

There is only one way to get rid of the testimony of John's Gospel to the deity of Christ; that is to cut it out of the Bible. It is the method adopted by those who deny Christ's Godhood, but it is a poor argument that starts out to prove a thing by a certain document and begins by rejecting that part of the document which is unfavorable. Here is a witness—the Bible. It is clear and credible. I will match that book against all the guesses of the scientists who deny Christ's deity.

I believe that Jesus is God because He lived like a God. If He were merely a man, why is it that other men do not live as He did? We have His teachings. Why is it we do not faithfully practice them? We have this ideal of a perfect life, but we fall far short of realizing the ideal. When I was preaching to the soldiers overseas, a Jewish rabbi came to the camp to speak to the Jewish soldiers. Among these Jewish lads was one who attended a number of times the Protestant services. He asked the rabbi to tell him the difference between the Messiah of the Jews and the Jesus of the

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Christians. The rabbi said: "The difference is that we Jews believe that the Messiah is still to come, whereas Christians believe that He has already come in the Person of Jesus." After a moment's meditation the young soldier said: "But, rabbi, when our Messiah comes, what will He have on Jesus?" Christ lived the perfect life, the kind of life God would be expected to live were He to become man. Who can suggest a single change that should be made in Christ's life to conform to this perfect ideal? He realized the ideal; because He lived like a God, it is not hard to believe that He was God.

I believe that Jesus is God because He died like a God. One day in the pioneer period of our country, a great statesman hitched his horse in front of a country church in the valley of Virginia and went inside. He was a stranger to the community. The congregation was composed largely of the farmers and their families from the neighborhood. In the pulpit was a blind preacher. As the statesman listened, he was spell-bound. The blind preacher was painting a picture of Calvary, of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus. He described the arrest, Christ's bearing before Pilate and the priests. He went on to speak of the actual scene on Calvary. He dwelt on the words that fell from Christ's lips as He hung on the cross, on the sublime moment when Jesus said to His Father: "Into thy hands I commit my spirit!" At the climax of this eloquent picture, the blind preacher in a voice that thrilled his audience exclaimed: "Socrates died like a

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philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God!" If there were nothing but that day on Calvary, it would be enough for me. There was something unearthly, heavenly, about Jesus. To Him, death was not defeat, but achievement. He did not suffer death. He accomplished His decease, for He was God.

I believe in the Godhood of Jesus because of His humanity. It was real. He possessed divine power, but He never used it for Himself. He could make bread out of stones, but He never changed a stone into a loaf to feed His own hunger. He was thirsty and tired as He sat by Jacob's well, but He was so human that He said to a sinning woman who had come to draw water from the well: "Give me to drink."

Christ's name for Himself was "Son of man." This expression occurs more than sixty times in the New Testament. In every case with two or three exceptions it comes to us over the lips of Jesus Himself. He took this name not because He had any doubt of His deity, but probably because He would emphasize to us the fact of His humanity. It is a little man who is jealous for his titles and attributes. A big man can get along with a plain name. And so Christ took a plain name, the Son of man, because He was a real God. It was His humanity that is stressed in that significant passage where Christ asked His apostles: "Who do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" Peter answered: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" He seems to say: "Thou art so much the Son of man, so human, Thy humanity is so big, so capacious, so racial,

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so all-inclusive, that Thou art more than Son of man, Thou art the Son of God."

It is difficult to know where the human ends and the divine begins. They probably blend. But the greater always includes the less. Here in Christ's humanity there is such a glory about the less that it becomes easy to believe in the greater. As we become acquainted with Jesus, we find it easy to believe that He is God. It is this humanness that we long for in God.

"'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for,
My flesh that I seek in the Godhead,
I seek and I find it, O Saul,
It shall be a Face like this face that receives thee,
A Man like to me thou shalt love
And be loved by forever, a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of the new life to thee!
See the Christ stand!"

I believe in the Godhood of Jesus because of what He claims to do. There are those striking passages, such as: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you!" What amazing presumption in any but a God to make such statements as these! But I refer especially to those passages in which He claims to forgive sin, a thing which only God can do. He proved His ability to do it by wiping out the penalty. His enemies charged Him with blasphemy because He claimed to forgive sin and thus made Himself equal with God. But He

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replied: "Which is easier, to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk'?" That is: Which is easier, to forgive sin or to blot out its penalty? Then to prove that He had the power to forgive it, He blotted out the penalty of the man's sin, and the paralytic stood before them whole. It was for this that they killed Him. He made Himself equal with God. He could easily have denied it, but He let the charge stand. He could not deny Himself. And so they crucified Him because He claimed to be God, and they were too blind to see the proof He offered to support His claim.

Again, I believe that Jesus is God because of what He does. One could believe in Him because of what He did, because of His ministry to stricken human nature during those years when He was here upon earth in the flesh. But we need not go back into the past. The people who assail the deity of Christ might be disposed to challenge the record again. Therefore let us take His work today. "The Son of man has power on earth to forgive sin." The greatest miracle Christ ever performed He is daily performing. It is the miracle of raising, not a dead body, but a dead soul, of putting broken-down character on its feet again, of making the sinner a partaker of the divine nature. This miraculous ministry of Christ passes before our eyes daily. What He is doing today demonstrates His Godhood.

I believe in the deity of Jesus because of Christ's influence on the world. You cannot explain the early apostolic church if Jesus were a mere man. Before

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His crucifixion, His disciples were timid, vacillating, cowardly. At the arrest they all forsook Him and fled. Then came that sudden change when nothing could daunt or deter them from their work, when they welcomed trial, persecution, martyrdom. What wrought this marvelous change? Christ had come back from the dead, and they knew beyond the peradventure of a doubt that their Master was God.

The rapid spread of Christianity during the first three centuries bears a similar testimony. There has been nothing like it in human history. We need to go back and read over again the story of those days. The faith of Jesus swept the world. So widespread was the acceptance of Christ that when the Roman emperor ordered the death of the Christians in a certain section of his army, he was told that to carry out the command would be to destroy the army.

The effect of Christ's influence on the world has been too big, too far-reaching, for a mere man to have produced it. It is going on upon an ever-increasing scale. There is no power that can stop it. Jesus is the Hero of the world today. He is the conquering Christ.

Added to all else is the experience of millions who can say with Paul: "I know whom I have believed!" One may not understand the dogma of the deity of Christ or the virgin birth or the resurrection, but he knows that only God can save, that it takes divine power to regenerate a soul. When one can say: "I know that I am saved," he has an argument for the

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Godhood of his Saviour which nothing can challenge. He can more easily doubt himself.

THE BURDEN OF PROOF ON THOSE WHO DENY

Because of all this, and of other things that might be mentioned, we can go back to the prologue of John's Gospel with renewed confidence. Is Jesus God? It is a question to be answered with a great affirmative. The burden of proof is not on those who affirm, but on those who deny the Godhood of Christ. They can never prove their denial, not only because it is impossible to prove a negative, but because the positive proof of Christ's Godhood is unanswerable. What folly to try to build a sect around a negation! Even the devils believe and tremble.

Should Christ go, who would take His place? There is no substitute. There are many religious leaders and teachers. There is only one Saviour, of Whom we may say with Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God!"

It is not a smaller Christ the world needs today. It is a Christ bigger than all the creeds, bigger than all the churches. Christ is all of that. We have not yet explored His Personality. There are reserves in Him we have not touched. There are margins of power and sympathy and leadership awaiting the call of world conditions yet to be developed. We may rest assured

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that as for the past, so for the future, this tall Figure on the world's skyline will suffice for race leadership.

Nevertheless, we must keep in mind that Christ does not shut out of His fellowship those who have but a partial view of what He is and of what He would do for them. Christ offers to men not a dogma, but Himself. As He is received and followed and experienced, doubts dissolve, and Christ discovers Himself to His followers. It is possible to have intellectual difficulties about many questions connected with Christ, and at the same time exercise saving faith in Him, for it is not with the head, but with the heart, that man believeth unto righteousness. It is one thing to deny the deity of Christ. It is another, and a very different thing, to want to believe it but to find oneself hampered with honest intellectual difficulties. Thus hampered, one may receive Christ for all that He is and for all that He would do for him, and as Christian experience unfolds, find faith taking the place of doubt.

If one can do no better, he can at least do this. He can give Christ the benefit of his doubts. It were far better to believe in Jesus as God and be troubled with doubt, than not to believe in Jesus at all. "Give us your faiths," said Goethe, "as for doubts, we have quite enough of our own." Let us say with Richard Watson Gilder:

"If Jesus Christ is a man
And only a man, I say

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That of all mankind I will cleave to Him,
And to Him will I cleave alway.

But if Jesus Christ is a God,
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
Through earth, the sea, and the air."

The Greatest Story Ever Told

By RT. REV. JAMES E. FREEMAN, D.D., BISHOP OF
WASHINGTON

"All they that heard it wondered."

—ST. LUKE II—18 (part)

WE CATCH freshened enthusiasm and renewed inspiration from the old but ever new story of the birth of Christ. Somehow, there is that in all the incidents of this blessed and wondrous event that touches with greater power our deeper emotions, and calls forth from us the better and nobler impulses of our nature. Possibly no writer has made this more evident than Charles Dickens in his immortal "Christmas Carol." The awakening of the latent and dormant nature of the selfish and repellant Scrooge, the almost miraculous change wrought in him through the joyous and hopeful appeal of the season that speaks of childhood and youth and of all those sacred associations that find their noblest expression in the things of the home, illustrate in a striking way the deeper meaning and purpose of the events that constitute the story of the birth of Christ in Bethlehem's stable. No single incident recorded in human history has so gripped the imagination or compelled the reverent awe of men the world over as this wholly picturesque and

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utterly homely scene. It is not surprising that when the shepherds on the hillsides of Judea told their story, "all they that heard it wondered." From that day to this latest hour, in spite of all the strivings and contentions of men, the believers and unbelievers, the faithful and the unfaithful, men have said as these anniversaries of the birth of Christ recur: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass." No far-famed capital, no great world center of learning, no gallery that houses the choicest of the master arts, so focuses and holds the vision of men as the obscure village in which Christ was born. No matter what our individual judgments may be, no matter what influences may conspire to separate and segregate us into groups and classes, yes, no matter what our creeds may state or may not state, the influence that proceeds from the holy incidents that mark the birth of Christ makes all hearts coalesce, gives to life a new meaning, inspires it with a higher purpose and compels it to deeds of nobler service.

There are some things that, as Tennyson says, "lie too deep for sound or foam." We try in vain to express them in language, forms and symbols, but they are too elusive, too utterly splendid, too far beyond our powers of expression. They appeal to the imagination, they cause deep reflection, they call into action desires and impulses that give to life a new interpretation and sanctity. The birth of Christ, His wonderful ministry, His incomparable teachings, His supreme sacrifice on Calvary, His resurrection from the tomb, what

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language may we command to express our thought or our devotion concerning Him? There come to us in the course of life's struggles and complexities, its joys and its sorrows, hours when we feel the compulsions of these sacred incidents that overwhelm us with wonder and draw from us expressions of our highest adoration and devotion. It is amazing and well nigh incomprehensible how this irresistible power of Christ persists. Not all the machinations of men, not all the oppositions of those who would resist the impulses of divine love, not all the clamor and strife of tongues, not all the wars and rumors of wars, can stay the power or influence that proceeds from Him who was born on Christmas Day. If it be true that the great epochs in human history have been marked by the rise of outstanding personalities, if now and again a single individual has been the means of ushering in a new era of human achievement, how transient and ephemeral seem their accomplishments when contrasted with that which is witnessed in the person of Jesus Christ.

The world as we know it today, is passing through a period of tragic happenings such as it has never known before. The pathway over which our feet are passing is strewn with wrecks, wrought by the hot temper and havoc of war. Institutions that through the centuries we have builded have suffered shock and misfortune, and the very foundations themselves seem for the while at least to be shaken. Truly,

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"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be."

Even the currents of our thought have suffered change and our genius for leadership in every department of life has experienced a seeming suspension. We repair to our laboratories and classrooms, our halls of legislation and our places of concourse seeking for light and direction. We cry "peace, peace, and there is no peace." We turn to our sources of knowledge and experience and they avail us nothing. In the midst of all this turmoil and confusion, with men's hearts failing them for fear, there are conspicuous evidences that the world is turning with greater assurance and more definite conviction to the supreme Master whose birth was marked by obscurity and lowliness. Already the hopeful are beginning to see on the horizons the dawn of a better day. Already there is made evident the influence that softens the hardened and apostate, that renders tender and responsive the impenitent and sinning, that lights with a new sense of hope and expectation the lives of those who have been shadowed and darkened by sorrow or misfortune, and that fills with inspiration those who are looking forward to the realization of the ideals of a universal brotherhood.

At such a time as this we dare not come to men with our fanciful theories and conjectures. The multitude is at our gates, insistently demanding, "Sirs, we would see Jesus." A tired and disillusioned world is a-weary of all our speculations and negations. He was right

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who said, "Let our prophet come with a new mandate for the soul upon his lips and the people will hear him gladly."

Today in the midst of a disordered and distracted world there is no reasonable ground for theological controversy. Now as never before the insistent demand is for a Church that can present with unfailing fidelity the supreme Saviour of men, without obscuring or rendering uncertain or ambiguous His mighty teachings. The yearning of men for a vision of the uplifted and risen Saviour has never been greater than now. Anything and everything that tends to draw the vision of men away from Him, menaces the security of His Church and retards the happiness and peace of the world. In the midst of a condition that literally imperils our Christian civilization there is no room for the controversialist, no time for the discussion of those questions that tend to strife and division. To increase bitterness or party rivalry at such a critical time as the present when unity of action is indispensable to the securing of the most sacred interests of life, is folly, and can issue in nothing but disorder and confusion worse confounded. The great body of the laity, of every class, are calling for a faith expressed in simple terms that will serve to stabilize, refresh and inspire them in the midst of the world's confusions and distractions. Whether they can comprehend the formulæ of the Church or not, they expect to find at the heart of all our Church systems the central and supreme figure of Christ. They have come to believe, even in the

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face of controversy and conflicting opinions, that in Christ alone and His teachings are to be found the cure for the ills that are causing the distresses and disorders of men and nations. To revive at such a time discussion concerning the niceties of creedal expression means to obscure His life and to seriously embarrass the one agency that is designed to bring order out of confusion. To proclaim to men the fact that "there is none other name under Heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved," is the immediate and supreme business of every man who has assumed the office of the sacred ministry. If we have magnified the agency or the method more than the Christ, if we have permitted conceits of learning or insular habits of thought to take the place of a consistently preached and exemplified Gospel, then let us with chastened spirits undertake to restore our sacred office to that function to which at our ordination we solemnly obligated ourselves. Loyalty to the major things is imperatively demanded at this time.

Reasonable latitude in interpretation, where sanctified discipline is exercised, has never been denied to either the clergy or the laity, it is not denied them today; but liberty in the large matter of interpretation does not mean license. Loyalty to the central facts of our common faith as we hold them in the Apostles' Creed, is imperatively demanded in a body that would challenge the respect and devotion of those who constitute its constituency. It is not the disputant or the controversialist who has given to men either

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the vision or the inspiration indispensable to life, but the consecrated prophet flaming with a passion for souls. We have differed in matters that concern the administration and relative importance of the Church's offices; we have in spite of these differences maintained our solidarity and unity as a Church. Shall we at such a time as the present, when broader and greater opportunities are at hand, disclose an internal condition that speaks of division, discord, suspicion and a tragic lack of Christian forbearance? The multitudes wait for the dispensed bread of life; shall we give them stones?

The call for the prophet, the prophet who has been with Jesus and learned of Him, is insistent and urgent; shall the prophet come to his people with the discussions and controversies of the classroom, thinking the while that these can refresh and renew a jaded and sin-sick world? Where a vital and vitalizing faith is being preached, where men are purveying that which nourishes and renews, there the spent spiritual forces are renewed and the Saviour once again becomes regnant among men. Let us silence the voice of criticism and controversy, let us find our unity in Him whom we are pledged to serve, let us remember the needs, the indispensable needs of those to whom we are called to minister, let us put away from us all malice and in the broad spirit of Christian charity be generous to one another's frailties. A challenging Christ is on the broad highways today seeking for the wandering and the lost; shall we not with renewed

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fidelity now join Him in the great quest, and in more stable times when men's judgments are stronger and their tempers less feverish, give ourselves to those questions that in the light of a clearer vision and better understanding call for calm consideration and dispassionate judgment? If loyalty to Him and His Church in this critical hour is the supreme need, may it be our high privilege to subordinate our wills and purposes to His sovereign will, that the transcendent claims of His kingdom may be made evident to the children of men.

His voice is calling us today and its message is: "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Let us seek for faith and order within our own household; let our only rivalry be, who best can serve Him, and serving Him we shall set forward the large concerns of His kingdom.

The near approach of the blessed and joyous season of Christmas brings once again before our vision the story of the birth of Christ. It is inwrought in the dearest and finest things we treasure in life. It has furnished the inspiration of art, of poetry and of the nobler and truer things of domestic life. Through the long centuries, in the face of apostasy and sin and the horrors of war itself, men have been saying one to another, "let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass." Wondering as they believed its story, too deep for the mind of man to fathom, trying as they might through the medium of language to phrase their faith concerning it, their love of the circumstances attending the advent of Jesus

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Christ has impelled them to offer their gifts and to realize anew the meaning of the ancient prophecy, "a little child shall lead them." Here at Bethlehem, understanding gives way to the sublime things of faith, and reverence takes the place of curiosity. The beauty of it commands the devotion of the careless and the indifferent alike. The learned and ignorant, the rich and the poor, the light-hearted and the sad, find in this incident that which compels their love, quickens their thought and satisfies their deepest aspirations. The very mystery of it all enhances its significance and renders it the most compelling and fascinating incident in human history. Our explanations of its meaning are unsatisfying, our theories concerning it divest it of its most appealing aspects; even the brush of Raphael falters as it attempts to give it its setting and beauty on canvas. Sublime in its simplicity, rich in its significance, unfathomable in its mystery, it stands as the witness of a love that is beyond our powers to adequately comprehend.

Once again a tired world turns to behold the Christ-child. Once again we lay aside all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking, with all malice, and in the spirit of true fraternity and the deepened consciousness of our common need, pay homage to Him who for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich. How poor and mean seems all our piled up national wealth, our proud intellectual conceits, our speculations and negations, in the presence of this mighty mystery which

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this anniversary of the birth of Christ proclaims. What need, what tragic need there is today that we should with England's great laureate say:

"Our wills are ours, we know not why,
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

Away from our strifes and discords, away from our selfishness and ignoble rivalries and competitions, away from everything that is petty and mean and unworthy of our better natures, He is calling us today. There is that within us which cannot find satisfaction apart from Him. There are the unsolved problems, the bitter disappointments, the broken fellowships, the domestic tragedies, the enervating sorrows, the body and soul destroying sins to be overcome and mollified and healed. "Lord, to whom shall we go?" Express it in what terms we will there is a language of the heart that the lips may not articulate that responds to the spirit of Him who was born on Christmas Day. Motherhood, the most sacred of all human relationships finds its apotheosis in the annal of the Bethlehem story. Blessed indeed among women, is the mother of Jesus. To her the world reverently turns as the greatest among women. Mary, mother of Christ, what sacred associations group themselves about her blessed person! Corregio, Raphael, Murillo, yes, all the highest exponents of art come to this Bethlehem scene for inspiration, and from it derive the noblest and finest expressions of their genius. Motherhood and childhood, what sublime and holy thoughts these awaken

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in the human breast. Even the embittering and hardening influences of the world that dull and chill the emotions, are softened and subdued as they feel the spell of this holy environment. Shall we not fervently hope that once again this old world, with all its distractions and sorrows and sins, shall find its heart softened and its impulses ennobled, as with renewed reverence and devotion it turns to behold the blessed mother and child of Bethlehem? What care we for all the confusions and disputes of those who would seek to subtract from our belief concerning these holy incidents that which makes the story of Bethlehem altogether the most compelling and fascinating, yes the most rejuvenating and inspiring of all recorded annals? As we consider our unworthiness we stand abashed before mother and child. We have no language adequate to express our reverence and devotion. Only angel choirs are fit to sing His advent song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will." Our petty systems, our conceits of learning, our most august ceremonial pale into insignificance before the holy scene of Bethlehem. We return to it today with renewed ardor, with quickened emotions, with reverent awe. While it baffles and embarrasses us, it challenges and silences all our speculations and negations, it touches the deeper and truer things of our nature, it lights up with divine radiance the meaning of life's most sacred relationships; it makes the high purposes of God more evident to us, yes, it is Emmanuel—"God *with* us," the fullest ap-

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proximation of all that the human mind is capable of comprehending of divinity.

“How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given,
So God imparts to human hearts
The Blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!”

Incontestable Fact and Indispensable Truth

By BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER, METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH, SOUTH

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

—I CORINTHIANS XV—14

CHRISTIANITY is pre-eminently a religion of fact; its source is not mythical and its nature is not speculative.

It arose in historic events, advance in the enlightened period which followed the "Augustan Age" of Roman literature, and moved under the focalized light of Roman law, Grecian philosophy and Jewish religion. "For this thing was not done in a corner" (Acts 26: 26).

The supreme fact of this factual faith is that of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

It is the only miracle that is indispensable to Christianity. We are assured that "many other signs" He "truly did" which are not recorded (John 20: 30 and 21: 25). Indeed, less than two score of the miraculous deeds wrought by Him are mentioned in the four Gospels. But myriads of miracles would not avail to establish His claims to divine authority, if He did not rise from the dead. If He did thus rise, the fact is sufficient to support the weight of all other miracles

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attributed to Him and to prove that He is "the Son of God with power according to the Spirit of holiness" (Romans 1:4).

Jesus Himself emphasized His resurrection above all other signs as the full and final evidence of His divine character and heavenly mission.

Early in His public ministry, He "went up to Jerusalem," and while there He drove from the Temple, the traders and money-changers who were defiling the holy place with their corrupting commercialism; and when it was said to Him, "What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing thou doest these things?" he answered, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," accompanying His answer doubtless with a gesture toward His body which made plain His meaning. The author of the Fourth Gospel says, "He spake of the temple of his body" (John 2:21); and evidently His questioners so understood Him, for after His crucifixion representatives of the same party said to Pilate, "Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night and steal him away, and say unto the people He is risen from the dead: so that the last error shall be worse than the first" (Matthew 27:63 and 64).

At a later date, when again a sign was demanded of Him, he responded with these burning words, "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of

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the prophet Jonas: For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth" (Matthew 12: 38-40).

It is not strange that our Lord rested His claims to saving power and regal authority upon the fact of His resurrection. It was essential to His Messiahship as the Incarnate Son of God. As such He was bound to die and bound to rise again. Otherwise He could not fulfill "the hope of Israel" nor accomplish the redemption of mankind from sin and death. His resurrection, therefore, was inevitable, "because it was not possible that He should be holden of death" (Acts 2: 24). Hence His great and weighty words to His disciples: "Thus it is written and thus it *behooved* the Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things" (Luke 24: 46-48). The culmination of His Messiahship was in His resurrection and the essence of the commission given by Him to His Apostles was witnessing to the transcendent fact.

Paul, therefore, was affirming no more than Jesus had taught, when writing to the Church at Corinth he declared, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

In this noble Epistle, which is one of four the Pauline authorship of which the most radical of the critics admit is "undisputed and indisputable," the great

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Apostle affirms that the fact of the resurrection is axiomatic in the Christian system and indispensable to it, Christian faith being both vacuous and futile without it. He assumes that no party in the factious Church at Corinth will deny it, whatever else might be the subject of doubt or debate among them. To it he appeals as a matter settled beyond all question and as a certainty by all Christians however divergent their views on other subjects might be. He avers most emphatically and solemnly that it was the source and support of the faith of the Corinthians and the central truth in the Apostolic preaching by which they had been brought to Christ and won to Christianity: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (I Corinthians 15:1-4). He thus affirms that the saving gospel which he had preached to them, and which they had joyously received at the first was a sacred deposit, "*delivered*" to him and by him—*not discovered*—of the revealed truths of Christ's atoning death and resurrection. These facts he proclaims, not as fanciful theories or sterile speculations, but as indispensable elements of their holy religion, deeply embedded in age-long Scriptures, the staple truths of

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Apostolic preaching, and the very essence of the faith of all who might justly profess and call themselves Christians. On a factual foundation he rested the Gospel that he preached, and he made the fact of Christ's resurrection its corner stone. And such, indeed, it is to any true and real Gospel that is worthy of the name.

Corinth has been justly characterized as "the Vanity Fair of the Roman Empire," and into the gay city all the currents of a foul, but alluring, paganism flowed. Thither ran floods of commerce, waves of politics, and streams of philosophy, which mingled in a turbid tide that bore on its bosom peculiar perils to both the faith and practice of the Church among the Corinthians. Not the least of the influences which ill-affected the creed and conduct of the Christians in Corinth was a subtle and popular philosophy of a materialistic nature which had penetrated the minds of a considerable number among them. Like many modish-minded disciples of Christ in all times and places they were more eager to conform their faith to prevalent speculations than to bring "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ" (II Corinthians 10:5). Hence they scouted the idea of the resurrection of the dead as a conception which was both unbelievable and undesirable. They did not, however, propose on that account to renounce Christianity flatly and unequivocally. They would cling to the name though they would modify its nature. They considered it a system, like other philosophies,

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which they were free and competent to review and revise and adapt as they saw fit. From it they would eliminate whatever seemed to them might be unreasonable and unwelcome to the carnal mind and retain such elements only as they esteemed to be essential and credible. They would cling to the simple story of Christ's life in the flesh and would cast aside as worse than worthless any legendary additions which according to the science of their day were incredible statements of impossible events.

They were quite ready to believe that Christ's life on the earth was most beautiful and most worthy to be followed as an example of lofty living. They were willing to confess that He propounded in the Sermon on the Mount a heavenly doctrine of morality, and that on Calvary He died heroically though shamefully. But whatever Paul and others might mean by affirming that He rose from the dead these rationalists at Corinth would not believe for a moment that His rising was such a bodily resurrection as contravened their dogma that "there is no resurrection." On that speculative pre-supposition they proposed to dismiss any thought or theory of the resurrection as unimportant and unessential, if not untrue.

Perhaps they accounted themselves somewhat superior in intelligence to the Apostles and the average Christian because they possessed broader minds, had acquired greater learning, were more progressive, more tolerant, and more hospitable in thought, without being less devoted to Christian morality or less observant of

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religious duty. It may be that they indulged the self-complacent notion that they were more sweet-spirited and more devout because they rejected unintelligible tenets which Paul and the majority of their fellow Christians held far too tenaciously and without just respect for "freedom of thought."

But Paul would have nothing of their limp and listless liberalism. Accordingly he gave them plainly to understand that to ignore, minify, explain away, or deny the resurrection of Christ is to renounce Christianity altogether, that it is to deal the Christian faith a death blow at its heart, and is not merely to maim one of its members, which may be more or less comely and useful, but not essential to its life. And such, indeed, is the case, if the words of Jesus can be believed, and the saving Gospel, proclaimed by the Apostles and received by the primitive Church, can be accepted.

It is too plain for serious discussion that to deny the fact of Christ's resurrection, or to explain it away by any speculative theory which robs it of its resurrective nature and makes it a transmigration of His soul into a phantom form, destitute of His essential and perfected humanity, is to renounce historic Christianity altogether. A Christ who did not rise from the tomb in which the Crucified One was buried is not the Christ revealed in the New Testament. Such a Christ has nothing in common with Him "whom the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, and the noble army of the

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Martyrs praise; whom the Holy Church throughout the world doth acknowledge; who is the King of glory, the Everlasting Son of the Father.”

The Christian Church owes its birth and its continued life to the Christ who “did truly rise again from the dead, and took again His body, with all things appertaining to the perfection of man’s nature wherewith He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth until He return to judge all men at the last day.” Its vitalizing faith in its Risen Lord does not rest on a cunningly devised fable, nor spring from delusive hallucinations, nor arise from mythical legends. By neither falsehood, fanaticism, nor fancy was Christianity created. A real and risen Christ created it; and the fact of His resurrection is central to its tenets, vital to its life, and inseparable from its history. For its belief in this great fact the Church has been, and is, always ready “to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in it” (I Peter 3:15); for no fact in all human history is better attested.

Let us consider briefly a small part of the evidence by which it is established. (1) *There is the positive and unequivocal testimony of competent and credible witnesses in proof of it.*

(a) The men whose witnessing to it is set out in the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles had perfect opportunity to know the fact to which they testified; and such personal knowledge was an indispensable requisite to their Apostleship. So said St. Peter when

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he proposed the choosing of one to succeed Judas, who by transgression fell: "Wherefore of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning with the baptism of John, unto the same day that He was taken up from among us, *must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection*" (Acts 1: 21 and 22).

(b) They were not credulous and superstitious men, ready to believe anything however preposterous. It is recorded by them that their Master chided them for their slowness to believe what was foreshown by the Scriptures and fulfilled by His resurrection (Luke 24: 24 and 25 and John 20: 24-29). At the first sight of Him which some of them had of Him after His resurrection they were filled with fear and misapprehension. "Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he shewed them his hands and his feet" (Luke 24: 36-40).

(c) They were not men of bad character, whose vices discredited them; but they were men against whose moral life no impeachment was ever brought.

(d) They had no motive to deceive. They could

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gain nothing by preaching that Jesus had risen, if what they said was false. On the contrary, they lost everything, some losing life itself, for declaring the fact of the resurrection. It was their dying for the truth which so changed the meaning of the Greek word "*martus*" which signified "a witness," until it came to mean "a martyr" witnessing by his death.

(e) Whatever may be the real, or fancied, discrepancies in the several accounts which are given of the resurrection, however the narratives may vary in minor details, they all agree unanimously that the transcendent event really and truly took place; and the writers of the Gospels had no disagreements about it while they continued to live and labor together. Apparent discrepancies exclude the possibility of collusion upon the part of the witnesses, but they do not involve contradictions among them.

Moreover, when Paul wrote his first Epistle to the Church at Corinth there were still living a majority of "five hundred brethren" (above two hundred and fifty) who together on one occasion had seen the risen Lord, and confirmed the testimony of Peter, James, John, and all the other Apostles. .

(f) It is idle to attempt to explain away all this testimony on any theory of "hallucinations" or "visions." The same delusion does not begin to possess so many persons at the same time and leave them all the same day.

(2) *Furthermore, the testimony of the evangelists*

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is corroborated by the circumstances surrounding the event.

Jesus was crucified at the time of the Passover, the greatest feast of the Jews, which drew thousands to Jerusalem, where He was tried and executed. His trial and crucifixion by the civil authorities at the instigation of the Jewish Sanhedrin made it a subject of intense interest to all the inhabitants of the city and to all the visitors at the Feast. His ministry of preaching and healing had excited the nation for many months, and He had entered the city shortly before His trial amid the hosannas of a great multitude. He had predicted His rising from the dead, and His prediction was known to His enemies, who took the most careful precautions against any story of its fulfilment being believed. Accordingly, He was buried, the sepulchre was sealed with the seal of the Roman procurator, and a centurion's guard of a hundred men was stationed by it to watch it. Now, with the body of Jesus thus entombed and guarded, one of three things must have taken place, *viz.*:

(a) His body lay in the grave and dissolved as do all dead bodies; (b) or, it was stolen away; (c) or He rose from the dead. There is no other alternative conceivable.

Did it continue in the sepulchre and return to dust? Why, then, did not the foes of Christ and their followers produce the body and thus summarily end the mischievous superstition about a resurrection which in less than a week began to be proclaimed? With His

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lifeless body thus exhibited His disciples would have been dispersed beyond the possibility of their rallying again for the promotion of His cause.

Was the body stolen away? How could any one, whether friend or foe, have perpetrated the theft without detection, at the time of the Passover, when the full moon in the Syrian sky made the night almost as bright as day, and when the eyes of thousands were fixed on the tomb in the garden around which a company of Roman soldiers kept watch? But, if, despite these conditions, it was stolen, who committed the theft? His enemies? Why did they not produce it? If they had it, they had every motive to produce it and no possible reason for not bringing it forth.

Did His disciples steal it? If so, how did they elude the guard? By bribery? For that they were too poor. By force? For that they were too timid and too powerless.

If they secured it by bribery or by force, why were they never indicted, convicted, and executed for the offense, as most assuredly they would have been if guilt could have been fixed upon them?

Again, if His followers had on their hands the mangled, lifeless and decaying body of Jesus, whence came their newly-found faith, which was so confident, and their restored courage which was so fearless? Whence their death-defying zeal, by which they were able to establish so rapidly and firmly large churches at Jerusalem, Antioch, Corinth, Ephesus, in the cities of Gala-

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tia and Macedonia, and ultimately at Rome, the distant capital of the empire?

Could a conscious and corrupt fraud so revive hope, quicken courage, and elevate moral character? Could a delusion so enthrall and empower men of their type, or captivate men of any type? Did a hallucination ever so stimulate faith, purify lives, and conquer the world?

The facts of the case admit of but one explanation. The positive testimony of upright men, corroborated most perfectly by circumstantial evidence, proves conclusively that Jesus rose from the dead.

(3) *The witness of St. Paul in his undisputed Epistles, and especially in his first letter to the Corinthians, adds cumulative force to the proof supplied by the four evangelists.*

These Epistles show that their author, within a very few years after the crucifixion of Jesus, had been converted to Christianity and changed from a cruel persecutor of the Christians to a zealous propagandist of their religion. They reveal that both he and those to whom they were addressed believed most firmly in the fact of the resurrection and considered that fact as the very foundation of the faith which they professed.

They show further that this belief in the risen Jesus was prevalent in churches as widely separated as those of Galatia, Corinth, and Rome, and that men of all parties and shades of opinion, however they might differ with respect to other matters, accepted

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the resurrection of Jesus as a fact about which there could be no disputing among them.

From these four Epistles it is clear beyond all reasonable doubt that within a very brief space after the crucifixion the Christian Church arose on the sole foundation of the confident belief that its crucified Messiah had been raised from the dead, and that it achieved speedily the greatest advancement throughout the Roman Empire.

What can explain these incontrovertible facts, if Jesus did not rise from the dead? Did a delusion detach Saul of Tarsus, the persecuting Pharisee, from the school of Gamaliel and bind him in deathless devotion to Jesus of Nazareth? Did the delusion which deceived him spread as an evil distemper throughout all the widely scattered churches which he founded, yielding wherever it went a new and nobler type of life in all who were affected by it? If so, what a blessed hallucination it must have been!

The miraculous birth of the Christian Church through the proclamation of the fact of Christ's resurrection, is scarcely more marvellous than the social effects which soon followed throughout the Roman Empire and the moral consequences which have continued until the present day.

At the beginning of the first century of the Christian era, the wearied and hopeless world was sinking helplessly into utter chaos and despairing ruin. But a new era dawned as the propagators of the Gospel went forth everywhere preaching "Jesus and the resur-

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rection" (Acts 17:18). Amid the desolations of the dying civilizations of that age a new force began to operate which renovated the nations that yielded to its influence and rescued them from anarchy and destruction. A power of progress was released which has never ceased to persist. From that time until now, sustained advancement has been found only among the peoples who have most nearly followed the Risen Christ. Wherever this faith is found elevation of life and energy of enterprise are seen; and where it is not, inferiority and stagnation prevail. This correspondence of cause and effect cannot be accidental. A careful and candid consideration of the past history and present condition of the human race leads logically to the conclusion that the Christian religion is the source of vitality from which the foremost nations have, and must, draw their life and vigor. If such is the case, it is the mightiest power for the regeneration of mankind that the world has ever known. Indeed, it is not too much to say that it has saved the world in the past and is the only saving power for the future. If its force were now withdrawn from the earth, the twentieth century would be as dark and despairing as was the first century before Christianity appeared.

What is the secret of its power, if Christ did not rise from the dead?

If the men who first preached this redeeming Gospel had not truly believed that their Lord had really risen from the dead, they would never have dared to proclaim it. Most certainly they would not have died

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for it, as did most of them. Least of all, would Saul of Tarsus, in the noon-tide of his life, have renounced the teachings of Gamaliel, severed his position of honor in the sect of the Pharisees, and devoted all his remaining days to the propagation of this religion, if he had not been convinced that Jesus had risen and was alive forever more. In the first century, therefore, no Gospel of Christ would have been preached and no Christian Church would have been born, if the great Apostle to the Gentiles and the other Apostles had not believed indubitably the fact of the resurrection. And but for their confident belief and courageous preaching there would be in our day also no Christianity for the men of the present day to discuss and declare.

Now, if Christ did not actually rise, the belief of the Apostles and the Churches which they founded was a delusion, and that delusion has saved the world! And the faith founded in that delusion is the religion of the foremost nations now living on the planet and the only hope of salvation for all mankind! If that be true, then delusion is better than knowledge and falsehood better than truth! How monstrous is that conclusion!

We cannot leave both Hope and Truth thus dishonored in the closed tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. All history unites its voice with the early believers, and cries joyously, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

And this incontestable fact is not an isolated and sterile marvel. It gives rise to indispensable truth

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directly pertaining to life and duty. The Risen Christ, "the Prince of Life," is the source of all spiritual vitality because from Him issues through the Holy Spirit the transforming force which operates in regeneration and persists in sustaining the life of the regenerated soul. Because Christ lives the Christian lives also.

This is the transcendent truth concerning which St. Paul wrote to the Ephesians when he told them that the new birth was the result of the "mighty power, which he [God] wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places far above all principality and power, and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come" (Ephesians 1:20 and 21).

It was from this superhuman source he informed the Galatians that his own spiritual life derived its existence, saying: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me" (Galatians 2:20).

To the experience of this supernal life he called the Colossians when he said, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God" (Colossians 3:1).

We are not to conceive that the power of Christ's resurrection is a co-ercive force, constraining the soul and nullifying freedom. It is power that operates in the realm of the spiritual world in harmony with the

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laws of that world even as in accordance with the nature of the physical world it effectuated the bodily resurrection of the crucified Redeemer.

Its consequences in the spiritual world, however, are not less real and wonderful. It effects a mighty renewal and exaltation of moral life analogous to nothing else so much as to the raising of Jesus from the dead. It does not co-erce, but it converts the soul; and conversion is no small change.

Jesus described it as nothing less than being "born again"—"born from above" (John 3:3). It is such a union with the risen and ever living Savior as justifies the great Apostle saying: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (II Corinthians 5:17). In the Epistle to the Colossians it is set forth as a "deliverance from the power of the darkness and translation into the Kingdom of God's dear son" which makes one "meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Colossians 1:12 and 13).

Christian life, therefore, is not an earth-born and commonplace thing. It arises from the great miracle of the resurrection repeated in the human soul.

They do greatly err who would have us believe that Jesus knew no bodily resurrection, and that belief in His resurrection is not necessary to Christian life. His resurrection was very real, and when it is reduced to a mere phantom, the source of Christian life is evaporated and Christian experience becomes a shadowy and impotent mist of unreality.

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The great facts of the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth of Jesus and His bodily Resurrection, are the foundations of the Christian faith and the perennial springs of Christian life.

Men need today, and will need forever, the Incarnation, as truly as did the men of the first century. It is no transient and sterile spectacle utterly unrelated to Christian experience.

Johann Scheffler wrote in perfect truth the beautiful lines,

“Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He’s not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.”

The obstacles to Christian life are too great to be overcome by a feeble faith; and the proper elevation of it is too lofty to be attained by an unmiraculous religion. It is reached and retained by “the power of the resurrection.” No less force is equal to its initial production and perpetual promotion.

Christ’s resurrection is the source of the power of Christian life in this world and the ground of its confident faith in the life eternal. “Christ in us” is the basis of our “hope of glory” (Colossians 1:27). The heaven begun makes the heaven to come credible.

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again into a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us” (I Peter 1:3-4).

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"Blest be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

"When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

"There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot pass away.

"Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall take us home."

The Inspirational Life

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"He breathed on them and saith unto them: 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'"

—JOHN XX - 22

"But ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you."
—ACTS I - 8

THE inspirational life is the life inbreathed of the Holy Spirit. Its source is definitely Divine. The natural partakes of the supernatural when the Holy Spirit is received into the soul. This is the strongest expression which could be used to indicate the definite, Divine impartation to human personality. Jesus laid great emphasis upon the fact that when He had departed, God the Spirit would be an omnipresent fact universally available and would empower the Disciples to fulfill their mission in life. This serious and beautiful assurance of our Lord occurred after His Resurrection and became the comforting guarantee of victory which emboldened the disciples to undertake the terrifically difficult task of propagating Christianity. They went again and again to martyrdom with calmness and without complaint because they had been empowered by the Holy Spirit to endure. Again and again Disciples spake far above the level of their ordi-

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nary intellectual ability, under the inspiration of the Divine Spirit. "*Plus ultra*" is the inspiring legend confronting the thoughtful student at every frontier terminal. The circle of the demonstrated only widens the horizon of the unrevealed yet ever available. The inspirational life regards periods not as finalities, not as terminal points even, but as gateways to the unexplored and undemonstrated. Each successful conclusion for the Christian represents only a new beginning. Just as we name the concluding period of academic study, commencement, because it is an inauguration of the larger term of study in life's great university, so we designate each achievement in the Christian life as a beginning rather than an end. The retrospective and the reminiscent have a proper place at various points in life's progress, but after all, the principal thing is outlook through inspiration. All great questions and problems, religious, sociological, scientific, political, express a kind of challenge to every serious-minded man or woman. Congratulation and felicitation is perfectly appropriate whenever some great task is completed, but far more important is a contemplation of the priceless privileges and matchless opportunities of life. The inspirational life has its regulative principles within and works under the spell of benign compulsions which lead to heroic endeavor without in the least limiting the freedom of the will. The inspirational life draws unceasingly upon invisible supplies and because reënforced is enabled to contribute continuously without exhaustion, to impart

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unceasingly without depletion. Being inbreathed of God such a life, in turn, inbreathes other lives and becomes therefore doubly inspirational through what it receives and what it gives.

THE PURSUED AND THE ATTAINED

To every aspiring soul, the wide disparity between the pursued and the attained is nothing less than appalling. One is overawed by a sense of the potential mood. One is overwhelmed by the sense of the imperative mood. May and must stand so far apart and yet so closely related, that you cannot contemplate one without the other. Between the idea and the realized the vastness of the distance would be disheartening, were it not for the unmistakable assurance of the possibility of Divinely inbreathed wisdom and power. The ideal as it is presented to us, in Revelation, always appeals to us as the possible. "I ought, therefore I can." Such was the dictum of the philosopher who more than most men of his day recognized the inseparableness of duty and ability. We are utterly unable to free ourselves from a sense of obligation to do the thing that unaided finiteness is ever scornfully telling us is impossible. Somehow we know God imposes no duty which cannot be performed. "I ought" is affirmed by the conscience of much that is vastly beyond the power of our natural ability. How can we reconcile this urge to undertaking, seemingly so hopeless?

Faith comes to our rescue at this very point. The pull and pursuit of a flying goal would make life

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confusing and even chaotic, if we were to be left to unaided finiteness. The ideals of life imperatively demand the assistance and contribution which only God can give. On the human side faith and faith alone can appropriate sufficiently the supernatural to make the claims of conscience consistent. An undefined sense of justice insists that ability and obligation must be in equilibrium. Who is willing to believe that our highest conceptions are tantalizing Utopias dooming us to lives of baffled endeavor and ultimate defeat? Faith answers the soul's yearning cry for enough of Almightyness to enable us to move on aggressively, though every step be contested, to those celestial summits where all the beatific glory of transfiguration becomes the normal experience of life. Every widening of the intellectual horizon, every new truth discovery increases the demand for an availing and achieving Faith. We must develop an ability to appropriate and utilize invisible, intangible treasure for the enrichment of life and the empowerment of the soul. Human aspiration utterly fails to enjoy satisfaction through the offerings of the sense world. Equally evident is it, that processes of mentality however energetic and persistent do not result in contributions to personality that will meet the wants of an aspiring life. The longest chain of logic stops of what is felt to be the final goal. Destiny is a large word. It points to an objective as high and as holy as origin. To the Author of life must we look for the

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inbreathing which will enable us to move on toward perfection.

DIVINE RESOURCE ACCESSIBLE AND AVAILABLE

We are conducted to the borderland of the defined and demonstrated and bidden to look out upon the vast immeasurable unknown with the eye of Faith in order that we may see that which is invisible and appropriate and enjoy what is both immeasurable and intangible to the natural senses. Natural and revealed religion alike declare for a communicative, contributing, empowering God. Faith forms the connection between the measurable and the Infinite. Soul satisfaction is measured only in terms of worship and service. The incentive to service is the conviction of the reality of that invisible treasure which Faith undertakes to make the possession of a soul. Conscious peace is impossible apart from conscious power. Hope dies in the presence of weakness. To be weak is to be miserable. Ability is indispensable to complacency. Power itself is an inspirational thing. God has so ordered it that judicious employment is the *sine qua non* of increased bestowal. The man who hides his talent, is impoverished, without hope of release. In the central power station where power is generated for electric cars there is an automatic mechanism whereby power is only generated as it is called for by actual "draw" out on the line. If fifty cars are calling for power the generator will act to produce it. If half of the cars are idle, the generator refuses to send out the

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power and thus waste it. The life which seriously undertakes great tasks will be enforced for those tasks. Incompetents are those who are not engaged in behalf of humanity or for the glory of God. Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy three times sent pathetic appeals to his father asking for reserves because he thought the battle was going against him but the reserves were not sent and finally the answer presented to him by a courier was this "You have a father who loves you too much to withhold help when it is needed and one too wise not to know when it is really required." Much more true is this of the Infinite Father whose resources are measureless. Soul power is not determined by evolutionary processes, whereby capacity for the Divine is amplified, but rather by a vital and immediate connection with God Almighty insuring His immediate response to the soul's deepest call. We realize our ideals not by beatific contemplation but by an achieving faith and an energetic devotion. The world is rich in knowledge and in human wisdom. By no means let us disparage the wealth of learning from which we may draw. Our great libraries containing the ripest thoughts of the ripest minds in all the realms of learning may well be contemplated with satisfaction. They are a wonderful testimony to the self-sacrificing devotion of the men and women of past ages. They are a great reservoir, which may be employed to slake the thirst for learning experienced by the ardent youth of our time. Yet how poor would life be if its sole treasure consisted in the defined and

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demonstrated, the measured, the visible and the tangible. Schopenhauer, among the philosophers, reveals the fact that a sense of emptiness is felt when faith is abandoned; when faith makes no contributions to human life. His destructive mood resulted in a hopeless pessimism. Dean Swift caught in the maelstrom of doubt found little incentive to effort and nothing to gladden his sad heart as the even-tide of life came on. Edwin Arnold employed beautiful imagery to portray his thoughts but that does not conceal the dark and rayless night with its cold and chill and unrelieved peacelessness in which his latest years were spent. The seductive charm of "The Light of Asia" can not possibly blind one to the fact that Arnold had lost the higher vision of the "Light of the World." The life which is wanting in the inspirations which faith gives is portrayed in all of its gloomy hopelessness in James Thompson's "City of Dreadful Night." When last-century philosophy had proven faithless and the world turned to science in its search for relief a crass materialism resulted. The declaration that nature is both inexorable and pitiless and that the world could not have been the work of a God of love was leading steadily toward Atheism. Darwin, Haeckel and Lewes all presented theories which left no place for any true ethic in nature. Such cosmic antagonism to revealed religion as they found was felt by believers to be untrue to fact and the reaction against their position was strong both inside and outside of the Church. Without disparaging the intellectualism of Hume, the

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powerful mentality of Kant or the poetic beauty of Arnold, this is to be said of all of them that they fail and utterly fail because they do not make for the Inspirational Life. A multitude of eminent scientists disagree absolutely with all those who find no place for ethics in nature. Browning and Tennyson and Wordsworth and Bryant and Whittier, thoroughly inspirational in all their writings, have made large contributions to true faith in the highest and holiest. Faith which produces the Inspirational Life is not to be confused with mere credulity. Indeed there is no such thing as a blind faith. Faith must be rational. It rests upon foundations of highest and holiest reasons. It makes apparent the naturalness of the supernatural and the reasonableness of the superlogical. We have been moving steadily into a zone of thought which has as its slogan "Nothing above the natural." It is an attitude which is necessarily prejudiced against true Revelation. This is a period of intense criticism and also of wide and earnest research. Christianity would encourage with all heartiness the intensest and devoutest thinking. No objection can be offered to the critical attitude provided it is reverent and unprejudiced. Let it not be supposed that the scientific and philosophical research of today is altogether without spiritual incentive and spiritual objective. Eminent students in all departments of learning, devoutly Christian, commandingly intellectual, find no contradiction whatsoever between a revealed religion and science. The demands of reason are continuous and

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inexorable but reason cannot answer her own demands or solve her own riddles until faith comes to give supersight and insight.

HIGH IDEALS

Life becomes truly inspirational only when it is harmonious with the Infinite will. Exalted ideals are the ever-present facts in the Inspirational Life. The life of Jesus was not only inspirational but it was thoroughly revolutionary in its ideals of life and living. The false estimates and motives which have so long obtained were corrected by Jesus who set a new value upon the worth of the individual, and presented human personality as God's highest opportunity. Jesus reversed the mathematical order as it obtains in the material world, when applied to spiritual realities. He taught that men must lose in order to gain, must seemingly suffer defeat in order to victory, must attain eminence through humility, must multiply by dividing, must die in order to live. The paradox, "When I am weak then am I strong," was presented by Jesus as one of the greatest of life's realities. Jesus manifested His greatest sympathy and interest in the nethermost and the hindermost who still aspire. His word of cheer was for the man outranked, yet running. He taught the graciousness of sympathy, the sublimity of humility, the dignity of self-effacement, the Divineness of sacrifice. He declared for a brotherhood universal, for a political and social economy highly ethical and for the true unity of the race. The

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ideals of Jesus stand today as the most perfect expression of Divine purpose the world has ever known. Emerson said, "Not failure but low aim is crime." There are ideals exalted, inspired, toward which humanity must ever thrive, if they expect progress to be constant and uninterrupted. Materialism and naturalism prohibit the higher conceptions and the finest distinctions of life. One of the distinguishing characteristics of faith is its creating quality. The art galleries of the world, the libraries of the world, and the entire history of human achievement declare positively and unequivocally for faith's inspirations. The paintings which make their strongest appeal to the soul were wrought by men to whom God had said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The same thing is true regarding musical compositions which have proven perennial fountains of joy. The great Oratorios, the hymns of the Church which have done so much to develop her courage and enthusiasm have been the product of minds fairly saturated with the Spirit.

POWER OF INITIATIVE

The most exalted ideals are comparatively valueless until the fires of a great conviction blaze in them, and heroic courage undertakes to practicalize them in daily life. Timidity and hesitancy are natural because of the apparently stupendous magnitude of tasks which confront the man who is seeking to actualize life's ideals. Human ability is nowhere more resplendent than when expressing a power of initiative. Not

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following precedent but making precedent is the mark of greatness. The creators of a great literature, the founders of a State, the builders of nations, all have had an intrepid spirit of venture. The history of Christianity is the record of one long series of courageous initiation leading the world to new social and industrial undertakings. The history of our own country is particularly rich in expression of the wisdom and courage of personalities capable of initiating untried experiments in government. All reformations demand this same quality of initiative, backed up by the more serious and severe expressions of supernatural Power. Faith alone can produce the calm assurance which will lead to stupendous undertakings and the inauguration of great social movements looking to the betterment of humanity. Last century witnessed the successive moods of Atheism, Agnosticism, Materialism, Naturalism, Rationalism and Idealism. Faith triumphantly passed through all of these and compelled each of them to make some contribution to her own complete victory. The cycle was completed and now we are entering again upon the same dismal round of unbelief with its depressing moral influence. Hebraism, Romanism and Hellenism at the beginnings of Christianity stood challenging the advance of faith. Each in turn was conquered and indeed was made to contribute to faith's onward march. Recently an unfriendly science and hostile philosophy has been compelled to pay tribute to faith. The apostles of doubt and negation sing their dirges while Faith chants her

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pæns of victory. Faith stands for the truly inspirational life. She asserts herself particularly in behalf of the poor and friendless and builds conspicuous witness to her power through men like Mueller and Bernardo. She goes into the darker places of our great cities in the name of university settlements and kindred philanthropies and awakens hope and stimulates ambition where they had been lost. Christian Faith declares for civic righteousness and social purity and is the soul of all true humanism. When the world loses her high ideals because intoxicated with her own powers of intellection, with a false science, with cold materialism, Faith speaks inspirationally and men catch glimpses of the glory of God and the grandeur of goodness. Just now the Christian world is needing the Divine inbreathing. Christ is calling to a Church none too enthusiastic, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Whenever the Christian Church responds to this appeal of heaven she becomes immediately conscious of a new power and engages herself in the interests of a lost world.

POWER OF ACHIEVEMENT

Unfinished tasks confront us on every hand. Sustained effort requires more inspiration than determined attack. "This man began to build and was not able to finish" is the derisive and sometimes pathetic refrain as we look upon the unfinished buildings about us. Every spiritual advance is challenged. To carry to completion an inspired program tests both faith

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and courage to the uttermost. It is the reassurances of Faith which keep alive the fires of enthusiasm in the presence of chilling snows and multiplied perils. Spiritual imperialism is the high aim of those who love God and humanity. John Stuart Mill said, "Life is for knowledge." Herbert Spencer said, "Knowledge is for life." Faith says, "Both are right and all are for the imperialism of spirit." Persistency in great undertakings demands a right perspective and a continuous inbreathing of God. Only unremitting and unwearying prosecution of apparently impossible tasks will insure ultimate coronation.

PARALLELING THE PURPOSES OF GOD

That God has a plan and a purpose for each individual life, is clearly revealed. The acceptance of that fact has everything to do with courageous engagement. In the pursuit of ideals immeasurably beyond us; in the striving and struggling for sunlit summits, the supremely encouraging fact is, God Almighty has planned success and not failure for each individual. Paralleling the purposes of God is not only our highest duty but our one and only guarantee of making life worth living. Christ's unique place in the history of the race lay in this one fact, He paralleled the purposes of God. He said: "I do always the things that please Him." The controlling objective in a truly eminent life is the fulfilment of a Divine will. There are volumes of truth in the answer of the Westminster Catechism to the question:

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"What is the chief end of man?" "To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." The latter part of this answer is all too often neglected. We seem to fail to understand that God is not only to be obeyed but to enjoy. There should be therefore a supreme happiness in Christian service. Whenever a person can say of his avocation, "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world," then hope and happiness are sure to abound in that life. God Almighty is not to be regarded as a spectator, but as a participant. It makes a difference, to him, whether or not we succeed. He is for us and not against us. When the will of God is the law of life, progress is as sure to follow as light follows the sunrise. Make the will of God the law of life and the purpose of God the plan of life and all the powers of earth and hell combined will be no match for your power and your wisdom and nothing can prevent your success.

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?

With regard to life's activities a perfectly legitimate inquiry is this: does it pay? A thousand siren voices call upon us for our approbation and our patronage and for the dedication of our gifts. Life is struggle, conflict, war. Waste is wickedness. What investment will really pay dividends? What is worth while? A very eminent political leader in New York was asked upon his birthday for an expression of his feeling. He answered, "My years have been many. Some have been fruitful. Many of them have been

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barren. But none of them have been worth while." What a pathetic confession. No Disciple of Jesus Christ could possibly give utterance to such a thought. Who is willing to put up the fight of years, and laboriously engage in life's successive activities with only a probability that he will be compelled to say at sunset as he thinks of the years he has lived, "None of them have been worth while." The fact is, no fatalistic conception of the universe can make life worth living. If the individual is merely a product of chemical forces, and with no guarantee of immortality, life then is less than worth while, it is a rank and dismal failure. The lament of Lord Byron while he was yet in his youth, is a pitiful confession, that a life of unbelief is a life of distressing disaster.

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of life are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!"

Jesus Christ made perfectly evident that His coming into this world had just one purpose, "Abounding Life." No word in the English language is more filled with meaning than the short, simple word, "life." In the Christian conception it is vastly more than existence. Until man is more than man, he is less than really human. We come therefore, to the inquiry, "What are the conditions which man must fulfill in order to receive this inbreathing of God of which our text speaks?" Man was created in the image of God. By his own act of transgression, he lost the glory given

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him at creation. One little word spells disaster to the human race, SIN. Sin introduces into the soul a destructive element which ultimately works complete ruin unless counter-acted. The only antidote for sin which has ever been effective is God's inbreathing which is nothing more nor less than the Holy Spirit entering into the soul of man. Christ's imperative to all humanity is this, "Ye must be born again." To show His Infinite Love for the world, God the Son took upon Himself humanity and came in the likeness of sinful flesh to walk with men and then die for man as the supreme evidence of the measureless love of God. The story of complete transformation is told in the third chapter of John's Gospel. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." There can be no mistaking the plain significance of the teaching of the Gospel regarding sin and salvation. The lostness of man is no philosophical pinion. It is the clearest declaration of God's revelation and human experience alike. Man is saved from the guilt of sin and the love of sinning in just one way. Regeneration through the Holy Spirit! Salvation either through character or the exercise of resident forces in the soul is the worst of all delusions. In practical experience, it simply does not work. It is the testimony of untold millions that the acceptance of Jesus Christ, as a Personal Saviour, removes the burden of guilt and at the same time furnishes a powerful incentive to a Christ-like life. Nothing seems

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more chaotic and purposeless than the bobbin-throwing of the worker in the Gobelin tapestry, at the early stages. Among the hundreds of colors no appreciable plan is in view. But as time advances, harmony and order are brought out and the artist's conception is materialized. However perfect the plan of the designer, unless the worker follows the design, his work will be a failure. It is precisely so in life. Nothing but obedience to the will of God can result in a perfected life. There is one inner urge commanding and controlling which will lead to the very acme of human success, that is, love. The world has known no compulsion comparable to the compulsion of redemptive love. It was this which led Jesus voluntarily to go to His Cross. It is sacrificial love which today urges men and women to their most heroic achievement.

DEFEATING GOD'S PLAN

Nothing gives to life more serious thought than the perilous power of defeating God's plan for us individually. In its broad and general scope there is no possible question but what God Almighty will carry His purposes to the utmost completeness. God has given to man, however, the power of abandoning His purpose and His will, thus defeating the Divine intent for the individual. A tiny bit of steel in the mariner's compass will overcome the pull of the north pole and lead to the wreck of the ship. Three things serve to bring us at cross purposes with God and induce failure. The fear of criticism; love of applause; the

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passion for pleasure. The one indispensable to the victorious life is the fulfilment of the exhortation of Jesus, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and His righteousness."

A three-fold faith alone will make us irresistible. Belief in God, belief in humanity, belief in self. It is something to recognize personality and say "I am." But a great step in advance has been taken when looking Godward you say with firm conviction and belief, "Thou art." But the climax of hope and holy enthusiasm only comes when you throw out the hand of faith and grasp the outstretched hand of Infinite love and say "We are." Then defeats are turned to victory and life's sorrow to abiding joy. It is the glory of the Inspirational Life that it is climacteric. It always has outlook. Hope sits at the helm in all storms. In the Lion of Lucerne I see the type of character which leaves a lasting monument after the day's work is done. This marvelous sculpture after the plan of Thorwaldson, carved in the living rock, represents the King of the Forest dying, a broken lance protruding from his body. His outstretched paw protects the Bourbon lily on the shield and as though caressing it his head reaches out toward it affectionately. It was erected in memory of the Swiss guard who died defending the Tuileries in Paris. The immediate suggestion of the statue to me is: "Faithful unto death." Such is precisely the distinguishing characteristic of the Inspirational Life. Such a life fears no foe and stops at no sacrifice. The crying need of the Christian

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Church today is a recognition that the real dynamic of Christianity is the Holy Spirit. Our weakness has been our self-dependence. Jesus Christ is not less ready today to utter the words "Peace be unto you." Upon those who will it so He still says: "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." Conscious of Divine power, urged on by redeeming love, life becomes rich in opportunity and measureless in power and transcendently victorious. With Maltibe Babcock, we may sing confidently,

"This is my Father's world,
Oh let me ne'er forget,
Though wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

"This is my Father's world,
The battle is not done.
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And earth and heaven be one.

"This is my Father's world,
If ere my heart is sad,
The Lord is King,
Let the heavens ring,
God reigns, let the earth be glad."

What Is Religion?

By REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, EDITOR "CATHOLIC WORLD,"
NEW YORK

"Thou has made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee."

—ST. AUGUSTINE

THE most ancient and elementary desire of the human heart is the desire for God. Indeed, the passionate longing of man for God is not only ancient but aboriginal, not only deep-seated, but ineradicable. At certain times, and in some places, scepticism and materialism seem to prevail, but irreligion never really gets deep into the soul of the race. Religion always recurs, when artificial restraint is lifted, and if the restraint be prolonged, religion bursts forth with violence. It cannot be permanently suppressed, any more than a volcano can be smothered. Some one has said, "Christianity has been disproven an unconscionable number of times." Likewise, religion has been discredited in every century and every generation. But—and this fact is significant—the invidious task of driving out religion from men's hearts always has to be done over again. Man reverts invariably to what is natural to him. The latest attempt to wean man away from God is now in progress in Moscow and throughout Soviet Russia. But if the Bolshevik lead-

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ers had studied the history of revolutions, especially of religious revolutions, as carefully as they claim to have done, they would have shunned the absurdity of proscribing religion. They are but repeating the blunders of the past. Their only original contribution to the propaganda of atheism is a new slogan, "Religion is the opiate of the people." They have adopted that battle cry in place of "*Ecrasons l'infame*," and other such formulæ. But religion is not to be slain with slogans. Nor can it be obliterated by governmental decrees, no matter how relentlessly and cruelly they may be enforced. If it were possible to raze all churches, temples, and synagogues, and to massacre every priest and every minister of religion, religion would spring up again out of the soil, and out of the human heart. The earth will not be rid of religion until it is rid of man. For man is incurably religious. Any one who, like Jesus Christ, "knows what is in man," is aware of what has been called, quite aptly, "the inveterate mysticism of the human heart."

It will be interesting therefore to consider the precise nature of this universal and indestructible phenomenon,—religion. Let us, therefore, ask the question, "What is Religion?" and let us come at our answer by means of a process of elimination.

It must be evident, to all who read either history or psychology, that mere morality cannot be substituted for religion. There is, of course, a modern notion that the only safe and sane religion is morality,—“moral-

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ity touched with emotion," as Matthew Arnold used to say. To live clean, to work hard, to do good, to pay one's debts, to be a desirable citizen,—and all that—is doubtless praiseworthy. But it is not religion. Ethical culture bears the same relation to religion as a marble statue bears to a creature of flesh and blood. Perhaps we all remember the story of the little girl who became dissatisfied with her doll, and declared that she wanted a "meat baby." The race of mankind is like that. Ethical culture leaves it cold. All "natural religions" remain the playthings of little cliques of the *soi-disante élite*. Man, in the mass, will have nothing to do with them. He demands the supernatural, the mystical. True, this craving for the supernatural may open the door to superstition. But the human race has never been excessively chary of superstition. It will risk a little superstition rather than denature religion.

Furthermore, (though it may savor of scandal to admit it) religion can exist without morality. I speak of a *de facto* condition, not of an ideal. Religion frequently exists, and even flourishes exuberantly, side by side with an atrophied morality. Religion can survive even when conscience is dead. So religion and morality are not only not identical. They need not even be co-incident.

Nor is religion to be confounded with philosophy. Philosophy is the pursuit of Truth, perhaps we may say, the worship of Truth. Now Truth is God, and

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hence to worship Truth might seem the same as to worship God. But religion is more than philosophy. A man may philosophize for a lifetime, and scarcely experience one moment of religious feeling, or perform one act of religion.

There is, (to mention but one difference) a sense of certainty in religion, that is wanting in philosophy. In pursuit of truth, the philosopher will follow one path for some distance, become perplexed, and retrace his steps, only to try another, and yet another road to his goal. But the religious man once he has found his road, holds to it, and as Chesterton has said of St. Joan of Arc, he "goes down it like a thunderbolt." To change the metaphor,—the philosophical mind plays with truths, juggles truths, scrutinizes them, selects and rejects them, throws them down and picks them up again: but the religious man lays hold on Truth, and says to Truth, "I will not let Thee go!" "O Truth, my God, make me one with Thee, in everlasting love," cries à Kempis. Has any philosopher loved truth so passionately?

Again, religion is not synonymous with theology. A man may be profoundly religious, and care but little for theology. In his impetuosity he may even utter words that seem to indicate disdain for theology. To quote again the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, "What signifies making a great dispute about hidden and obscure things . . . and what matter is it to us of *genera* or *species*. He to whom the Eternal Word speaketh is delivered from a multitude of opinions.

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What doth it profit thee to dispute learnedly of the Trinity, if thou be wanting in humility, and so be displeasing to the Trinity?" Evidently the gentle saint who wrote these words was a bit impatient with some professional theologians, if not with theology itself. But no one questions his being genuinely and deeply religious. Nor would even the most zealous champion of orthodoxy deny that religion pure and simple often exists in a soul innocent of theology. In fact, it is a familiar and favorite thought in theological circles that the "old woman telling her beads under the pulpit" may love God, and be loved of God more than the learned Doctor of Divinity.

Religion, therefore, is not identical with morality, or philosophy, or theology. What then *is* religion?

Without attempting to give, at this moment, an adequate theological definition, let us say that primarily religion is the recognition of the fact that all creation is mysterious and points to an Ultimate and Eternal Mystery beyond this visible universe. The origin of this religious instinct is doubtless supernatural, that is to say, directly infused by God into the soul of man. But I think we may say that man's natural experience confirms the divine revelation.

For the world in which we live is filled with mystery, and the sense of mystery is akin to the instinct of religion. I do not say that one who senses the mystery in the universe is necessarily religious. A poet or

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a philosopher may recognize the presence of mystery about us and yet not be professedly religious. But the poet, the artist, the musician, the philosopher, the scientist, the scholar, in fine all who seek after truth or beauty, are, knowingly or unknowingly, "searchers after God." If once they could but recognize that the all-pervading Mystery is personal, then the zeal of the scholar, the rapture and ecstasy of the artist and the poet would become religious experiences. "He is not far from any one of you," says St. Paul, quoting "one of your own poets." "In Him we live and move and have our being." He is like the atmosphere, which we cannot see, but in which and by which we live. He is more. He is like some one close to us, but invisible. "Our eyes are held" that we cannot see Him. But we "seek the Lord if haply (we) may feel after Him and find Him."

Lovers of Truth and Beauty, however they may differ, or imagine that they differ one from another, are all lovers of God. Some of them need to be warned in the words of St. Augustine, "seek what ye seek, but it is not where ye seek it." But whether they seek wisely or unwisely, in the true direction or in the false, they are all restless with the passion for God; "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee."

Not only poets and other men of unusual talent, but all men, (except those who have been quite degenerated by an artificial civilization) are aware of

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an elusive but ever-present Reality behind the things that appear. "We cannot see His form but we can see His shadow. We cannot hear His Voice, but we can hear His footfall." The nearness of the Unseen baffles us, provokes us, leads us on. If our hearts are right, the presence of mystery subdues us, chastens us, makes us tread softly wherever we go. All ground is Holy Ground. Every bush may, as we gaze at it, become a burning bush. The poet, or the prophet, or the saint, is merely one who sees a bit clearer than the rest of us, and who, seeing, has the gift of telling, at least to some extent, what he sees. The poet, perhaps above other men, is a seer. If he be no seer, he is no poet. If he be a seer indeed, he can see beauty and glory, not only in a sunset and a waterfall, or a snow-capped mountain, but in those things that to the unimaginative (that is, to those who cannot see the unseen) are prosaic and sordid. Wordsworth has the truth,

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem apparelled in celestial light."

One man, looking at a blade of grass, sees only an insignificant thing which "is to-day but to-morrow is cast into the oven;"

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

But the sight of a blade of grass, or a yellow prim-

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rose, or the fallen petal of a rose, prompts in the heart
your true poet.

“Thoughts that lie too deep for tears.”

Here the poet is one with the mystic. Many students of the psychology of religion have recounted the mysterious illumination of nature in the eyes of one whose soul is newly awakened. “Natural objects were glorified. I saw beauty in every material object in the universe. The woods were vocal with heavenly music,” says one. And to another even his horses and hogs seemed changed, and, says a third, “When I went to the fields to work, every straw and head of the oats seemed, as it were, arrayed in a kind of rainbow glory.”

It is easy to say that the poet or the mystic reproduces visions that exist only in his own exuberant imagination. But the fact that *we* cannot see what he sees is no proof that *he* does not see it. We see it after he sees it, as he makes us see it. The painter who puts on canvas, or the etcher who puts on paper, only the crass thing that strikes the carnal eye, is no artist. He must make us see what the eye does not see.

It is so with the poet. He must make us see what “eye hath not seen,” and hear what “ear hath not heard.” Mrs. Meynell, in one of her charming little introductions to certain selected poems in *The Flower of the Mind*, exclaims, “How often we say ‘It was so beautiful that I have no words to express it,’” adding, “Tennyson has the words!” Yet it was Tennyson

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who lamented, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me." The truth is that sometimes he had the words, and again he had not the words. Every seer sees more than he can tell. St. Paul, St. Teresa, all the prophets and poets and mystics, tell us much of the other world, and then complain that they can't even begin to tell us.

Now, what the poets and the artists and the mystics cannot tell us, is the very object of religion. They are all concerned primarily with the Invisible. Even the devout simple believer, who sees no visions, experiences no ecstasies, is, none the less, in aspirations and longing reaching out to the unseen. Where there is none of this longing and effort, there is no religion.

All the universe, then, is mystery. But even more, man is mystery. Human nature is more inscrutable than any visible or tangible object. They who deny the mystery in man can never have studied man. "The proper study of mankind is man," but it is a difficult study, and few there are that have either the patience or the wisdom to undertake it. But, properly studied, the heart and mind of man are a revelation of God. For man is made "in the image and likeness of God," and to know man is to begin to know God. Shakespeare, in common with all poets, felt the mystery. Witness the paradox: "In action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God," and yet "this quintessence of dust." Man himself is mystery more baffling than either the inanimate or the brute creation.

For that reason, the outstanding geniuses of the

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human race are not those who have studied the course of the planets around the sun, not those who have spent long lives humped over books in libraries, with their be-spectacled eyes riveted on some "volume of forgotten lore;" not those who potter about in chemical laboratories scrutinizing the contents of test tubes, or peering through the lenses of a microscope to spy upon the antics of some wriggling bacilli; not those who ensconce themselves in a cage in the heart of the jungle to catch upon a phonographic disk the sounds that they are pleased to call the speech of monkeys: not these are the superlatively great men of our race, but those who have by intuition the uncanny power of penetrating flesh and blood, of reading the revelation that has been written on the "fleshly tables of the heart," and then of revealing man to himself. One of the young men who listened to Newman at St. Mary's, Oxford, used to say that the secret of the power the great preacher exercised over the undergraduates was that "he revealed ourselves to ourselves, and the revelation startled us." The revelation of man to man is a work worthy of an inspired prophet. The sacred scriptures, be it remembered, are as much a revelation of man, as they are of God. But whether one read the inspired scriptures, or the heart of man, or the documents of human history, one fact repeatedly emerges: "In the last resort, the destinies of mankind are invariably guided, not by the concrete 'facts' of the sense world, but by concepts which are acknowledged by every one to exist only on the men-

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tal plane. In the great moments of existence, when he rises to spiritual freedom, these are the things which every man feels to be real. It is by these and for these that he is found willing to live, work, suffer, and die. Love, empire, religion, altruism, fame, all belong to the transcendental world." That is to say, to put it baldly, man is preëminently a religious being.

I have included scientists among those engaged in the high and holy vocation of interpreting God and man and the universe. Unfortunately, some scientists have failed to see the dignity of their own calling. Haeckel—to take the most extreme example—declares, in his offensively dogmatic way, "Our human nature, which exalted itself into an image of God, sinks (under scientific scrutiny) to the level of a placental mammal, which has no more value for the universe at large than the ant, or the fly of a summer's day, the microscopic *infusorium*, or the smallest bacillus." The trouble with such dicta as these is that they contradict the aboriginal conviction of the human race. There is no need of refuting Haeckel, still less of growing angry with him. He himself is the one who seems to be angry with all mankind. But it is foolish, not to say arrogant to get angry with the human race. The race has a way of vindicating itself. The individual dies, and the race continues. And the race, as we have seen, returns again and again, infallibly to religion. The true scientist will take account of that fact, and deal with it, as scientists are wont to deal with any fact,—reverently.

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It is frequently said, by apologists of religion, that science does not conflict with religion. But to say merely that there is no conflict, is to understate the truth most miserably. Science and religion have the same subject matter,—mystery. Men used to say, "Philosophy is the handmaid of religion." Men will say, in centuries to come, "Science is the coadjutor of religion." The scientist, like the theologian, is trying to penetrate the veil that separates the seen from the unseen, the known from the unknown. And every time the scientist sees something beyond, he also sees, in the selfsame flash of light, that the unknown world is vaster and more marvelous than he had hitherto imagined. I wonder that scientists, at work in their laboratories or their observatories, do not collapse to their knees, and bow their heads in silent adoration of the vast Unseen. Perhaps they do. Keats imagined that the astronomers and explorers felt the same mystic exaltation as the poets, "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken." Is there not ecstasy and silent worship under the little domes of observatories, as under the big dome of heaven? And did not "stout Cortes" (let us grant Keats his Cortes) "and all his men, look at each other with a wild surmise, silent upon a peak in Darien"?

This is religion, and poetry, and science. They are all essentially the same. They are all concerned ultimately with the Unseen, the Illimitable, the Infinite, the only Partially Known. Some pseudo-scientists, of narrow mental gauge, think and say that science

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has done away with mystery and miracle. True scientists know that science has enormously increased the sense of mystery, and that all nature is a huge miracle.

We have no miracle in religion greater than the miracle of the rising and setting of the sun. The rotation of the earth upon its axis is as bewildering to the brain as the procession of the Son and the Holy Ghost from the Father. Electricity is as mysterious and as incomprehensible as the Blessed Eucharist. Even Huxley used to say that one could not experiment with the physical without promptly encountering the metaphysical, and that there is as much mystery in a hen's egg as in the Trinity. The origin of a human being, from the coalition of a couple of microscopic particles, which bear no more resemblance to a human body than an invisible mite of marble dust to the Venus de Milo, is so great a mystery that the Church insists that marriage is a matter of religion—a sacrament. All is holy, all is good, save sin,—just as all is mystery. They that have caught a glimpse of these things have commenced to be religious.

They have commenced to be religious. But it cannot be said that they have attained to the fullness of religion. The object of divine worship cannot be blank bewildering mystery. We cannot adore Reality-Behind-the-Phenomenon. The object of worship is a Person,—God. Religion is not merely awe and adoration. It is love and possession of the Beloved. "Whom you therefore ignorantly worship, (the Unknown God,) Him we declare unto you," says St.

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Paul. And the declaration is that God has indeed come very close to us. God has become incarnate, in the Person of Jesus Christ. The last word of Revelation is "The Word was made Flesh." God, the infinite Mystery has become visible and tangible. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled . . . we declare unto you," says the Apostle, St. John. God has not remained "out beyond the shining of the farthest star." He has made it His "delight to be with the children of men."

The Incarnation will seem incredible, and beyond all expectation only to those who have not studied the heart of man. There is, in the book of Exodus, a statement that on one occasion the people said to Moses, "Speak thou with us, and we will hear, but let not God speak unto us, lest we die." But habitually the human race has spoken boldly to God and has demanded that God, in return, shall speak to His creatures. "Keep not Thou silence, O God," cries David, "hold not Thy peace, and be not still." "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," says Samuel.

Even more,—man has importuned God not merely to speak to man but to permit Himself to be seen by man. "Oh that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down. Drop Him down as dew, O ye heavens, and ye clouds rain down the Just One," says the prophet. And the psalmist is equally insistent: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God . . .

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How long, Lord, wilt Thou hide Thyself forever. Hide not Thy face. As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God. As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say to me, where is thy God?"

I need not continue. Those to whom the psalms are familiar (and who is there who does not think and pray with the spirit and the very words of the psalms) will know that these outpourings of the soul of David are in reality the unburdening of the heart of mankind. The voice is the voice of David, but the sentiment is that of the whole human race. The sentence of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee," is an epitome of all the hunger and thirst, the passionate demand for God on the part of all races and tribes and peoples in all ages. Possession of God, union with God, not merely in a remote kingdom of the future, but here, now, on this earth, is the ultimate demand of the religious instinct in man.

It is a primary tenet of all religions that God has condescended to this cry of the race. But in Christianity, the union of God and man first in the Person of Jesus Christ, and secondly through Jesus Christ with every man, at least with these men "who are

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born not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," is the very essence of the faith.

Man, therefore, begins with a sense of awe in the presence of all-pervading mystery, rises to a knowledge that the Mystery is God; comes to know that God is not a mere Force or a Presence, but a Person. He reaches out to that Person, demanding union. The union is achieved. Man and God are united. This, in the understanding of the race, is Religion.

“Behold, the Man!”

By CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, D.D., BROADWAY
TABERNACLE, NEW YORK

“Behold, the man.”

—JOHN XIX—5

THESE words are from the lips of Pontius Pilate. They were spoken in one of the most dramatic moments in the history of the world. A Roman Procurator stands face to face with a crowd of angry Jews in the City of Jerusalem. Between the Roman official and the crowd there stands a prisoner. The Roman Procurator wants to release the prisoner, the crowd desires to kill him. Pilate has made four attempts to save the prisoner's life. When Jesus was first presented to him he refused to have anything to do with the case. “Take this man,” he said, “and judge him yourselves.” The crowd shrieked back, “We don't want to judge him ourselves, for we have no authority to put a prisoner to death, and we are determined that this man shall die.” After quizzing Jesus for a few moments and learning He was from Galilee, the bright idea occurred to Pilate that this was a case within the jurisdiction of Herod. It so chanced that Herod was in Jerusalem on that very day, and to Herod therefore Jesus was sent. Herod had long wanted to see Jesus,

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and proceeded to ask Him questions, but to the questions the prisoner gave no answer. What can a judge do with a prisoner who remains dumb? Jesus was sent back to Pilate. Pilate has not yet exhausted his list of expedients. There is a custom by which the Procurator releases every spring at the time of the Passover, a Jewish prisoner, and why should not Jesus be released? The suggestion is offered but is instantly rejected. The crowd would rather have any other prisoner than Jesus released. Even Barabbas, the notorious robber, was more acceptable than He. Being thwarted again, Pilate now decides to compromise with the crowd by having Jesus scourged. He will punish Him even though Jesus is guiltless, and after the scourging will set Him free. This scourging was a brutal form of punishment. The thongs were weighted with pieces of metal and of bone, and when the whip fell on the back the flesh was lacerated horribly. Sometimes the prisoner died before this awful ordeal was completed. Jesus did not die, and therefore the soldiers decided to have some fun with Him. They had heard Jesus claimed to be a King, and if He were indeed a King, why should He not look like one? They decided to dress Him like a King. One of the soldiers found an old military cloak in the barracks. It was worn and soiled, but it was good enough for a Jewish King, and this was put on Him. A King ought to have a scepter and so a reed was brought and put in Jesus' hand. It was a fragile scepter but good enough for a King of the Jews. A King ought to

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have a crown, and a soldier hurried out and broke a few twigs from a prickly bush at the door, and weaving these twigs into a wreath he jammed the wreath down on Jesus' head. Being now properly dressed, the soldiers began to salute Him. "Hail King," they said, and as they spoke they kneeled and on rising completed the salute by slapping Jesus in the face. Some of the soldiers went so far as to spit upon Him. How long this tragedy went on we do not know. It soon ceased to be funny, and Jesus was led once more to Pilate. The Procurator can say only what he has said several times before—"I find no crime in Him." Gazing on Jesus for a moment, clad in the crown of thorns and the purple cloak, he exclaimed, "Behold, the Man!" In Latin the words were "*Ecce Homo*." Translated into our English they mean, "Here's the Man!"

In what mood and with what accent did Pilate say, "*Ecce Homo*"? We do not know. It is said that the vibrations of the voice pass into the ether, and we know from experience that by the proper apparatus we can pick up these vibrations and transmit them to the brain. It may be that the vibrations of Pilate's voice are still in the ether, and that at some future time we may be able to pick up vibrations even two thousand years old. He is a bold man who dares assert that anything is impossible. Possibly Pilate spoke in disgust. He may have said, "Look at the revolting fellow! Set your eyes on the bloody creature! Gaze on the harmless lunatic! Why do you want to waste

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any more time on Him?" Or he may have spoken in pity. He may have said, "Look at the poor devil, don't you pity Him? See the blood on His face and on His back. Don't you think He has suffered enough? Surely you do not want to kill Him now?" Or he may have spoken in a voice which expressed admiration. "Look at His composure! Look at His patience! Look at His poise! Whoever He may be He has the bearing of a king. Look at the kindly look in His eyes!"

Or he may have spoken in tones solemnized by awe. We know that Pilate was afraid of Jesus. Jesus frightened him by His silence. Jesus had a fashion of falling silent when other men were in the habit of speaking. And moreover Jesus had a mysterious way of talking. He said things which went out one could not tell how far, and used words which left the heart wondering. Moreover Pilate had received a message early in the day from his wife saying, "Have nothing to do with that righteous man. I had a dream about Him and I am very unhappy because of that dream." It may be that Pilate spoke in mingled pity and awe.

We know the effect on the crowd. Pilate's words did not soften the hearts of the chief priests and their officers but hardened them. They did not quiet Jesus' accusers but infuriated them. With one voice they "cried out." Our English word is too weak to express the full content of the Greek word. They shouted out, they yelled, they roared, "Crucify Him! Crucify

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Him!" "*Ecce homo*," said Pilate. "Crucify Him!" thundered the crowd.

What strange things happen in this world of ours. Only a few hundred men looked on Jesus when Pilate spoke his two Latin words, but at the end of the century tens of thousands of men were gazing on the prisoner wearing the crown of thorns. At the end of the second century hundreds of thousands of men and women were looking at Him. At the end of three hundred years five million human beings were looking at Him. At the end of five hundred years the number had increased to fifteen millions. At the end of a thousand years the crowd had swollen to fifty millions and at the end of fifteen hundred years it had reached one hundred millions. Through the last four hundred years the number has been rapidly increasing, first one hundred and twenty-five millions, then one hundred and fifty millions, then two hundred millions, then three hundred millions, then four hundred millions, and now today there are over five hundred millions gazing on this King with the crown of thorns and the scarlet cloak. These five hundred millions gaze on Him in reverence and adoration, confessing themselves to be His disciples, and behind and around these five hundred million disciples there are another five hundred millions who look on as spectators dumbfounded and wondering. So far as we can now see the time is coming when all the seventeen hundred million human beings on our planet will have their eyes fixed on Jesus. It is more obviously certain today

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than it has been at any time since Paul wrote his immortal words, that every knee will some day bow to Him, and every tongue will confess that He is indeed the master of the world.

Ecce Homo! This is what the church keeps saying all the way around the world. This is the message of all preachers. They are ministers of Christ. They are witnesses for Christ. Their business is to point men to Christ. This is the work also of Bible teachers. The goal of all Bible study is Christ. We search the Scriptures in order to increase our knowledge of Christ. Alas for the preacher or the Bible teacher who allows his eyes to wander away from Christ. We do not say, "Behold Christendom!" Christendom is shabby and we cannot inspire the world by extolling it. We do not say "Behold the church!" The church has many shining traits, and we who love her do well to ponder often her grace and her power, but it is not the church which we hold aloft for the world's contemplation. It is not an institution but a man upon whom we desire to fix the attention of mankind. We do not hold up Bible heroes as examples, for all of them sinned and fell short of the glory of God. There is only one man whom we urge men to follow—the man who was crucified between robbers. We do not say, "Look at us! Admire us! Imitate us!" We turn away from ourselves. Of our virtues and graces we have nothing to say. Our one exhortation is, "Behold, the Man!" It is only by fixing the eyes and

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the heart upon this man that the human race can get on.

Through nineteen hundred years the church has been saying, "Behold the Man!" and the world has given heed to the invitation. The world has seen the man, and because it has seen Him, it is not slow to pass censure on His professed followers. One is puzzled sometimes to account for the merciless castigation of Christians at the hands of non-Christians, but this castigation is severe because the world insists on judging Christians by the standards of Christ. Men have heard His words and caught sight of His ideals, and it is because professing Christians fall so far short of these ideals that the vials of condemnation are poured out upon them. The church is constantly cudged by a great company of outsiders who persist in judging the church by the standards of Christ. Christians when compared with non-Christians make on the whole a highly favorable showing, but when Christians are compared with Christ the contrast is so glaring that those who sit in the seat of the scornful cannot remain silent. The church says, "Behold, the Man!" The world looks at Him, and then, gazing on the Christian, says to him, "You are not that kind of man!" From this judgment there is no escape. Paul long ago declared in the city of Athens that humanity had entered upon a new era in which God was going to judge the world by the man who He had ordained, the man who had been crucified and who had risen from the dead. That is what God is doing. He is judging

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the world by Jesus Christ. We all without exception stand before the judgment seat of Christ to give account for the things we say and do. The Orient is not yet Christian, but the Orient judges the West by the standards of the man who was crucified.

It is an interesting fact that the trend of the world's thought through the last hundred years has swept human minds into a more serious contemplation of Jesus of Nazareth.

This has been the result of movements both inside the church and outside of it. Within the church we have had for a full century the scientific study of the Scriptures. The work of historical scholarship has been prodigious. No other book known to man has ever received such piercing and discriminating study as has been bestowed upon the Bible during the last two generations. This study has given us a changed conception of the Holy Scriptures. We now see as we did not see before that the Bible is the record of the evolving religious sense of man. The Old Testament does not stand on a level with the New. The Old Testament is preparatory. It is a preliminary stage in the religious development of the race. The Bible of the Christian Church is the New Testament, and the New Testament is a small collection of writings, the purpose of each one being to place before the heart the image of Jesus of Nazareth. That is what the New Testament says, "Behold, the Man!" Matthew says it, so does Mark, so does Luke, so does John. Through all of them one catches a divine voice saying,

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"This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." When we turn to the Epistles they speak the same message. Paul in all his letters knows nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. What is true of Paul is true of all the others. After one has read the New Testament from beginning to end, he sees, on lifting up his eyes, no man but Jesus only.

We are reading the Bible in a new way. We read it through Jesus. Every part of it now stands before His judgment seat. We are under no obligations to apologize for anything written in the Old Testament or to defend any of the Old Testament heroes. We are not embarrassed by crude ethics or by conceptions of God which the world has outgrown. We drop out the Mosaic sacrificial system and the Mosaic cosmogony and the Imprecatory Psalms, and everything else which we do not need. We have learned that only one thing is essential and that is an understanding of the Man of Galilee and devotion to the principles He taught and lived. When we become weary over the doings of Hebrew kings, and confused over the words of Hebrew prophets, we hear a voice saying, "Behold the Man," and looking at Him we become strong and glad again.

Certainly the spirit of the Christian Church has changed amazingly within the last fifty years. There was a time when Christians in large numbers were wildly enthusiastic over questions of church polity. The number of such Christians is small today. A generation or two ago multitudes of church members

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placed the supreme emphasis on dogma. Doctrinal discussions and heresy trials and theological controversies troubled and embittered wide circles. Only a diminishing group any longer takes delight in such enterprises. The interest of men lies elsewhere. How can we account for this? What has wrought the change? The Christian world has been revolutionized in its attitude and temper by having its eyes fixed on Jesus. "Behold, the Man!" We behold Him, and our life is transformed by the renewing of our mind through a fresh vision of His glory.

The scientific movement is the mightiest movement of our time. It sweeps like a resistless tide through all the thinking of the world. Its slogan is "Behold! Look! Observe! Keep your eyes on phenomena!" Phenomena are the things which appear. They are the facts and events which report themselves to the eyes. Science counts all phenomena sacred. It is by the study of phenomena that we come to know what the universe is. By the long continued study of phenomena science has become convinced that the universe is one, that it is governed by law, that it is a growing universe, and that there is an indwelling spirit. Life climbs, unfolds, evolves. Each stage is higher than the one which precedes it. From the protoplasm onward the way is upward. The animal is above the vegetable, and the human is above the animal. Life reaches its climax in human personality. Personality is the highest form of life known. Upon personality we must therefore fix our eyes. It is the

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phenomenon which has most to tell us. By the study of personality we can hope for light on the meaning of the gigantic process of which human personality is the goal. It is a mistake to suppose that Science has degraded man. It has exalted him. It has given him a dignity he never had before. It has opened a vista of uncounted ages through which all the forces of nature are seen at work to produce this masterpiece known as man. Man is henceforth to be the supreme object of scientific study. Scientists will forever specialize and various groups will devote their attention to lower forms of life, but it is incredible that any man after the scientific spirit has done in him its perfect work, will be content to confine himself to beetles and bugs, insects and snakes, and pass by as insignificant the greatest of all phenomena—the personality of man. Science is leading us to ascribe a heightened value to human beings.

When once in the realm of personality we are compelled to compare persons. One person differs from another person in glory. The whole human world lies before us as that world has developed through thousands of years, and in the vast multitude of persons which pass before the mind, there is one of exceptional magnitude and richness, so many-sided and so beautiful that He becomes unique. He is the fairest of ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. He is the holiest of the mighty and the mightiest of the holy. Nature holds Him up to us saying, "Behold, the Man! Here is the man I have been aiming at. This

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is the man whom I have had in mind from the beginning. Observe His reasonableness, His sympathy, His love. Look at Him!”

And as we look, we can hear someone saying, “This is the kind of man you ought to be. This is the type of man you are intended to become.” We can all hear that voice. When we stand before Jesus of Nazareth we know at once that He is the ideal. He is the kind of man we should like to be but which alas we are not. He is the man who haunts us in our dreams, and who goes on in front of us, saying, “Follow me!”

We look at Him and He becomes to us more and more the revelation of the Power which lies behind the universe, the incarnation of the Eternal Spirit which animates and controls the worlds. Here at last we get authentic information in regard to the character and purpose of God. No lower revelation is satisfying to us. God flashes through the inorganic world. “The heavens declare the glory of God,” as a poet long ago declared. Through the thousand beauties of land and sea and sky, we get intimations of the nature of the Almighty, but after listening to all that the physical universe has to say, the heart is hungry still. We want to know more than seas and stars can tell us, more than the animal world is able to disclose. We want to know God’s character, and that can be known only through a person. It is through human personality at its highest that the only satisfactory revelation of the heart of God can come. God is not like gold or silver or marble. He is unlike birds and fishes

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and creeping things. Only a person can express Him in His innermost essence and disposition. Nature puts her hand on our shoulders and pointing to Jesus, she says, "Behold, the Man!" And when we fix our eyes on Him we hear Him saying, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." We cannot better express who and what He is than by the words coined by a keen-eyed observer long ago, "He is the image of the invisible God." Out of the cosmic forces this man has emerged. He is here. His attitude is friendly. He has a loving heart. He expresses the innermost essence of the universe. When we touch Him we come in contact with reality. To all who hunger after God and who long to find the way which leads to Him, the church strengthened by the latest discoveries of Science, says, "Behold, the Man! He is the way, the truth and the life."

"Behold the Man!" The Man, not the King, or the General, or the Statesman, or the Scholar, or the Poet, or the Philosopher, or the Artist, or the Architect, or the Orator, or the Composer! Look at the Man! We need all these others, but more than any one of them, and more than all of them together, we need the man. It is the full-statured man and not the clever specialist who will get us out of our tribulations and bring us to God.

"Behold the Man!" His name is written above every name. Go to England and ask for the name of the world's greatest man. England has produced a host of illustrious men. The shining names are

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innumerable. But strange to say, when a Briton is asked to name the world's greatest man, he does not give you the name of a Briton, he names Jesus of Nazareth. Charles Lamb expressed the feeling of all Britons when he said, "If Shakespeare should come into this room we should all rise to greet him, but if that Man should enter we should all kneel."

Go to Europe and ask those who know Europe best, to name the world's greatest man. You will not get the name of a European, but the name of an Asiatic. Europe is covered with monuments erected in honor of a man born in Palestine. His name is above the name of every man ever born in Europe.

Come to America and ask who is the greatest of all the men America has known, and you will not be given the name of Washington or Lincoln, of Webster or Calhoun, of Lowell or Longfellow, of any captain of industry or of any merchant prince. There is only one answer and that is Jesus of Nazareth. The greatest man in England is not an Englishman, the greatest man in Europe is not a European, the greatest man in America is not an American. The greatest man in every land is the man who was crucified by Pilate. In the twentieth century the nations of the West come forward pointing not to an Occidental but to an Oriental, and exclaiming "Behold, the Man!"

"Behold, the Man!" is the cry of the heart which has found in Jesus the way to life. He gives peace and power and joy to all who trust in Him. "To as many as receive Him to them He gives power to be-

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come the sons of God." He alone has the words of eternal life. In our social perplexities and political distresses, there is no one else to whom we can go. There is no solution for our industrial problems except in Him. It is this type of man who alone can bring capital and labor together. It is this man alone who can settle our racial problems. If we ask who shall put an end to international strife and bring in a thousand years of peace, the answer is, "Here's the Man!" One who travels round the world, carefully observing the currents of life in many lands, comes home with the deepened conviction that without Christ there is no hope for the world. No other religion has any personality to present comparable with the person of Jesus Christ. No other faith has a leader to offer to men who has the faintest chance of winning and holding the heart of the world. It is Christ or nobody. Without Christ we are lost. To any one who is familiar with the present world situation, the words of Peter come with thrilling and overwhelming force, "There is no other name under heaven, given among men, wherein we must be saved." The experience of nineteen hundred years has made clear to an increasing multitude that "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." No church can hope to endure except the church which exalts the Man of Galilee. No preacher preaches through the years with conquering power except the man who in all his preaching knows nothing but Jesus Christ the Man who was crucified and whom God raised from the dead. When death

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lifts the curtain between this world and the other, we shall behold this man in His glory. “Now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that if He shall be manifested, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him even as He is.”

"The Gods We Have Chosen"

By ROBERT FREEMAN, D.D., PASADENA PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, PASADENA

"Go and cry unto the gods which ye have chosen; let them deliver you in the time of your tribulation."

—JUDGES X - 14

"**B**UT One Sermon to Preach" may mean but one opportunity to preach a sermon; or it may mean but one message in one's mind to deliver an indefinite number of times, as in the case of that famous Japanese evangelist who has given the same discourse before thousands of congregations, and, naturally, now takes several hours in the delivery. If we mean but one opportunity to deliver a sermon, then the character of its content will be determined by the occasion, the audience, and the environment. One would have to know whether the congregation filled a Salvation Army Hall or University Chapel, whether it was made up of old Saints, of fighting Marines, or of Girl Reserves. However, if I may presume that I am to preach my one sermon only once; if I may also presume upon the sample cross section of humanity that we find in the average American Sunday morning congregation as my audience, assembling as it does all sorts and conditions of folk, running the gamut of age, health, social position, fortune, experience, and state of mind;

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and if I may further presume that my one sermon to be preached by me to that group is to be delivered *today*, (for, as the years have so changed my emphasis that some themes which once were all-absorbing have completely lost their interest, it is to be allowed that growth will in the future, too, mean outgrowth and change, and my one sermon at a later time would probably be a different one); then I should read for my Scripture lesson the story of the wise and foolish virgins, and should take as my text Judges 10:14: "Go and cry unto the Gods which ye have chosen, let them deliver you in the time of your tribulation."

These words of the Lord to vagrom, vacillating, chameleonic Israel are sure and inescapable. Time will bring them to every mortal soul: "Go and cry unto the gods which ye have chosen." With the gods of your choice ye shall have to do. Therefore, give thought to the picking of them.

Character is not created in the crisis—it is only exhibited. "He was makin' himsel' a' the time"; we read in Lockhart's *Sir Walter*, "but he didna ken maybe what he was aboot till years had past." Moses was not made in the Exodus, but in the backside of the desert. The years of strain in the White House did not produce Lincoln—they only discovered him. No man is a fool at fifty, or a sage, who has not been getting ready to make such revelation of himself. It is a big thing we ask of youth that it so acts and so chooses at fifteen and twenty as to leave itself with-

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out deep regrets at forty and sixty; but that is the demand.

“Here’s tae ye, ma lad, as forrit ye stert
Wi’ a licht i’ yer e’e, an’ a sang i’ yer hert,
Wi’ yer plans an yer po’ers! But tak it frae me:
Be guid tae the auld man ye’re gaein’ tae be!

“Ye’re makin’ the hoose whar the auld man’ll bide;
Ye’re hingin’ him picters that time winna hide;
Ye’re chisellin’ the wa’s o’ his lang memory:
Be kind tae the auld man ye’re gaein’ tae be!

“The airts that ye tak are no for yersel’,
Ye are willin’, nae doot, tae mak bed in hell—
That’s a’ very weel, if a gowk canna see
The richts o’ the auld man he’s gaein’ tae be.

“There ay will be short-sichted bodies, ye ken,
What live for the day, an’ ca’ themsel’s men;
But they’re cowardly callants wha ne’er stop a wee
Tae think o’ the auld man they’re gaein’ tae be.

“Sae, here’s tae ye, lad, God make ye sic chiel
As can send the hale low-ordered pack to the de’il,
An’ answer them a’ wi’ fire i’ yer e’e,
‘Ma fecht’s for the peace o’ an auld man tae be!’”

You can’t get ready after you are hit. The virgins could not buy oil at midnight—they could only burn it.

What is preaching for? It is to prepare us for emergencies. It is a laying by for a rainy day. It is an accumulating of honey against the winter. It is the stowing on board such anchors as we may cast out

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of the stern when we are driven before the Euroclydon and while we are wishing for the day. Preaching ought to supply me with four things as I need them: zest, zeal, courage, and peace. Preaching ought to make me catch my breath; ought to set me up; ought to make me take a new hold on life, find a new love of it, a new joy in it; ought to stir in me a new passion of desire as I behold the portraits of the good and the great, a new confidence making me exclaim as each appears, "That, that, by the grace of God, may be I." It ought to make life worth living, whatever the individual assignment. That is zest.

Preaching ought also to awaken in me zeal, fervor, make me believe in my own influence and, further, make me eager to exert it. Some of us know a little of the Argentine ant and of the difficulty of controlling it. A colony will grow at the rate of three hundred thousand a month. The only way effectually to get rid of the pest is to put enticing food slightly poisoned on the beaten path of the workers. These gorge themselves and hurry off to the colony where, under the direction of nurses, they regurgitate and thus supply food for the babes and the queens. The babes die at once, the others gradually. We are all in the business of carrying food for the next generation, be it pure or poisoned; and the aim of preaching is to inspire us to be purveyors of that which is good. There came to the First Division of the Army in 1917 a big Y. M. C. A. secretary named Ira D. Shaw, too big in fact, to be fitted with any stock army uniform. At the mo-

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ment, the best field of service seemed to be with the battalion then under Major Theodore Roosevelt at Marson; so I introduced the two on the main street of the little French town. The major in his jerky, nervous way made quick appraisal of Shaw, springily rising on his tip-toes as he spoke.

"You look as if you must have played football somewhere."

Shaw phlegmatically conceded that he had played a bit on the gridiron in his day.

"Where did you play football?"

"At Columbia University."

"You are not *that* Shaw! Why man, I remember how Harold Wiecks used to make his gains over your back."

"Yes, my back's all scarred up with Harold Wiecks' cleats."

All of us who for the moment are in the line, are there to bend our backs and take our scars that the backfield may come through and carry the ball a little nearer to the goal.

Third, preaching is to inspire to courage, to enable us, if not to enjoy unpleasant places, at least to carry through them without shame to ourselves or increasing misery to others. R. L. S. who, in a letter to Dr. Alexander Whyte, confesses to being partly the obliged admirer of the Shorter Catechism and partly its conscientious enemy, in the same breath acknowledges to the little book much of philosophy and more of style. Something of the religious training typified by that

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Presbyterian handbook of Calvinistic faith entered into his fiber and enabled him with courage and honor to bear his burden. “For fourteen years I have not had a day’s real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And still the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle.” Preaching ought to do that for us, ought to make us game to endure without whining, give us courage to stand unwhimpering when our share befalls of the ills of men. “We are in a desperate state,” wrote Captain Scott to Sir James M. Barrie just before his end in the Antarctic field of ice, “feet frozen, no fuel, and a long way from food; but it would do your heart good to be in our tent to hear our songs and our cheery conversation.” If preaching has any value it ought to provide us with the courage needed to endure and thus to strive.

Preaching ought to minister peace, peace in the face of great trials and irreparable losses, the art of throwing off care, of leaving the past in the lap of the

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Eternal and of fearing no evil for the future. Have you thought of the sweet ministry of that one word "peace," with its long soft vowel and its lasting sibilant whispering down the corridors of the Soul, and making our worship to be divine service if only by its final benediction, "Peace I leave with thee, my peace give I unto thee"?

These things preaching ought continually to be bringing to us: zest and zeal and courage and peace. But these must be brought before we need them. "At such an hour as ye think not," the crisis comes. Youth cannot be sure it will not require its defences till age arrives. Bramwell Booth in his "Echoes and Memories" gives a stirring glimpse of his father the general at his mother's grave emulating Abraham who "stood up from before his dead and spake." What background such address reveals! "I have never turned from her these forty years for any journeyings on my mission of mercy, but I longed to get back, and have counted the weeks, days, and hours which should take me again to her side. When she has gone away from me it has been just the same. And now she has gone away for the last time. What then is there left for me to do? Not to count the weeks, the days, and the hours which shall bring me again into her sweet company, seeing that I know not what will be on the morrow, nor what an hour may bring forth. My work plainly is to fill up the weeks, the days, the hours, and cheer my poor heart as I go along with the thought that when I have served my Christ and my generation

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according to the will of God, which I vow this afternoon I will to the last drop of my blood—then I trust that she will bid me welcome to the skies as He bade her." William Booth had fortified his soul against such an emergency, he had chosen his gods and he found them not to fail. But the catastrophe might have come when his children were but infants, when his great enterprise was still nebulous, when he himself was an outcast maligned and persecuted even by the Protestant Church upon which he had thought to count. Other men have lost their wives at the very dawn of marital felicity, other men have been smitten ere the cheers of college commencement have died down. There is no period over which we may with impunity neglect to prepare ourselves for life's searching tests.

How then shall we erect our fortifications? We shall need to have some sort of philosophy of life. "What is philosophizing?" asks Epictetus in one of his conversations. "Is it not a preparation against events which may happen?" It certainly is profitable to search out for ourselves the various theistic arguments and Christian apologetics that we may always have a reason for the faith that is in us, that we may love the Lord with all our *mind* as well as with all our soul. Hagel declares that the nation that has a false idea of God has bad laws, bad institutions, bad government. That truth begins with the individual. But our conception of God must be determined when our souls are at ease. That semi-rebuke of the dying

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highlander in the fields of Flanders was warranted when the padre lifted his head and said "Times like these make us think seriously." "Ay," murmured the Kiltie, "but I hae done ma thinkin' lang syne." You can't get ready after you are hit. You can cry in the times of your tribulation only to the gods whom you have chosen in the days of your peace. However, relatively few of us are really philosophical, few have the theological bent; and even those who have the philosophic mind are not consistently ruled by it, indeed are often found going wholly counter to it. Habits rule in a wider empire than thoughts. Professor James insisted that, with the exception of only one-thousandth part of our activity, all we did was automatic and habitual; and therefore urged that we make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. Habit is repetition become involuntary, to the point where attention and fatigue are at the minimum, as in riding a bicycle or playing the piano. That is the hope of religion in the life of the individual. I find myself puzzling to discover certain fixed phrases to use in family prayers which phrases may very well stick in the minds of my children forever with happy and devout connotation, indeed be the word of God to them in some day of trial. That was the effect of the daily prayer of Ian Maclaren's old schoolmaster "Bulldog" in the Muirtown Academy. His lads went to the ends of the earth, but wherever two or three met up with each other, in the wheat farms of the north-west, on the sheep ranges of Australia, in the diamond fields

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of South Africa, or in the service in Egypt or in India, they would soon be recalling Bulldog, recounting with pride their thrashings at his hand, and then end by piecing together the old prayer: "Lord deliver the laddies before thee from lying, from cheating, from cowardice which are as the devil. Put Thy fear in their hearts, and common sense in their heads, and help them be honest men all the days of their lives!" That prayer had been chiselled into their memories by constant repetition, and perhaps had a greater religious value for them than anything else.

That is the value of the simple exercises of religion, prayer, Bible reading, church attendance, the communion; not that they work any magic, save only that same magic by which evil communications corrupt good manners, the same magic counted upon when we plan that our children shall hear good music, see good pictures, listen to choice language, the magic consequent upon exposure. By what right shall I omit those simple exercises from my family life when I know it will probably mean the cheating of my children of those sources of help they may need any time and are sure to need some time? However their ideas of the Lord Jesus may change in changing environment, I have no fear for them if they have been steadily exposed to His face and character and work and will through the days when the sun was bright. There's a story of Ty Cobb that illustrates what I mean. The Tigers were playing in New York and were so far ahead that the game had become uninteresting to the

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observers. Near the end of the last inning Bill Donovan, coaching on first, said to Cobb, "Step off the sack, and let them tag you out, Ty." Cobb seemed to fall in with the idea; and of course like a flash, the ball was shot from the alert pitcher to first base. Right then the fans saw a piece of the prettiest baseball they had ever witnessed. Cobb hesitated perhaps a fraction of a second, and then was off. The enemy closed in about him, the short-stop and the out-field reducing his chances of escape, while he zig-zagged and feinted. Then some one threw a little wild. Cobb dived, and in a cloud of dust slid for the base; and, when the ball arrived at second, the hero of Detroit was dusting himself off. After the game Donovan enquired: "Why didn't you let them tag you? You said you were going to." "Well I really meant to," answered Ty, "but when I saw that ball coming over, I just couldn't stand still. Something rose up inside of me that said if those fellows got me they would sure have to fight for me." I know what happened, don't you? All Cobb's past experience at stealing bases, at outwitting the enemy, all his habit of winning refused to be downed by the whim of a moment. He had cut his baseball grooves, and a casual desire was not enough to get him out. The habit of the years determined his conduct in the crisis. That's what religious habits will do, determine a mode of thinking and acting in normal situations which will be our involuntary mode in abnormal situations. Or let me illustrate it another way. One evening a few months ago, the Los Angeles Philhar-

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monic Orchestra played without a leader. On the empty conductor's stand lay an open score and a slim baton. The musicians played with rare skill and feeling Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and the Andante Cantabile from Tschaikowsky. The body of their leader, Walter Henry Rothwell, lay below, his casket banked with flowers. He had trained them through the years and now that he was gone, they could not fail.

You cannot borrow much in the crisis. Character can't be shared. Faith can't be shared. Since, therefore, some day faith will be indispensable, seek it now. Since some day you shall have to cry on the gods of your choice, seek now One who will not fail, acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures."

Aware of the Eternal

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D.D., LINWOOD BOULEVARD
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, KANSAS CITY

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."
—ACTS XVII - 23

PAUL was aware of the immortals, and he knew that the Athenians were.

It is good for human beings to have a seismographic awareness of God.

Paul knew that the men of Athens lived always as in sight of the immortal gods.

If I had but one sermon to preach, it would be to trumpet the great tidings into the hearts of humanity that we are living, whether we know it or not, every year, every day, every minute,—within sight of the Immortals. That thought, once reigning in the mind and heart of humanity, would remake the world in all of its human relationships.

Two of Edwin Markham's poems will give us a running start into this thought. These two poems will give us a setting, a background, a theme through which we may talk and think about the business of acting, living, breathing, dreaming, and achieving, as if we were constantly and everlastingly looked down upon by the Immortals.

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When a man once gets this idea into his soul, he can no longer do any petty thing, and mean or dishonorable thing; he can never again indulge in petty talking or thinking or living, personally or socially.

No human can sin, nor wrong another; no human can do an ignoble thing if he honestly believes that he is living in sight of the Immortals.

The first Edwin Markham poem which I want to use as a setting for this thought is called "A Workman to the Gods," and it reads as follows:

"Once Phidias stood, with hammer in his hand,
Carving Athene from the breathing stone,
Tracing with love the winding of a hair,
A single hair upon her head, whereon
A youth of Athens cried, 'O Phidias,
Why do you dally on a hidden hair?
When she is lifted to the lofty front
Of the Parthenon, no human eye will see.'
And Phidias thundered on him: 'Silence, slave,
Men may not see, but the Immortals will!'"

Let me add to this poetic setting several lines from another Markham poem. I do this in order to link two extremes of life, a sculptor and a cobbler. I want to link Heaven and earth; star-dust and dandelions, in this setting. I hence turn to Markham's poem, "How the Great Guest Came." It is the story of Conrad the Cobbler of Ingleburg.

He had his dream that Christ was coming "his guest to be." In this sermon I am not interested in the main theme of this second poem, but in the few lines that describe the kind of a cobbler Conrad was. He too,

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like the great Phidias, worked as in sight of the Immortals all the while:

“Doubled all day on his busy bench,
Hard at his cobbling for master and hench,
He pounded away at a brisk tat-tat,
Shearing and shaping with pull and pat,
Hide well hammered and pegs sent home,
Till the shoe was fit for the Prince of Rome.
And he sang as the threads went to and fro:
‘Whether ’tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know!’ ”

Let us link these last two lines of the cobbler up with the last two of the great Greek sculptor Phidias:

“Silence, slave;
Men may not see, but the Immortals will!”

Here you have the thought of my sermon in poetry.

The Greeks lived always, as in sight of the Immortals. No wonder they produced a group of philosophers, a group of sculptors, a group of poets and dramatists which gave this period in human history the title of “The Golden Age.” Nor has any period in human history produced such culture, such intellectual integrity, such masterpieces of beauty and wonder, as this age.

Any race of people which works as in the sight of the Immortals is bound to grow great in mind and heart. An age which worships the Almighty shall grow great, but an age which worships the Almighty Dollar shall grow small in its soul. That is the danger of this day. We are living too much in this age and

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not enough in the ages. As Harold Begbie says: "It is an age of the degradation of love; an age which is talking nonsense on the edge of an abyss." And as Dr. Fitch says: "It is an age of frantic immediacy."

One would surely want to do his supreme best if he felt that the Immortals were looking down upon his workmanship, if he knew that the Eternal God was an eye-witness to his deeds. The Greeks felt that way. They lived as people who were conscious of the Eternal and of the Immortals.

Paul knew the Greeks. In his Mars Hill oration he appealed to their consciousness of the gods and of "the unknown God," a statue which he had seen on his way up from the city to Mars Hill. In fact, there were numerous statues to "The Unknown God" in Athens. A teacher in Athens told me that the reason why the Greeks erected these statues to "The Unknown God" was because they already had erected statues to all of the known gods, and to be sure that they had honored all of the gods, even the god whom they did not know, they were accustomed to carve memorials and statues of recognition to "The Unknown God."

This custom is a striking illustration of this theme, that the Greeks worked always, as within sight of the Immortals, whether they were known or unknown gods. And this consciousness strangely influenced their thought and work.

And since the Greek nation gave us during this period the Golden Age of sculpture and literature, art and statesmanship, we have a right to assume that the

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gift of this genius was due to a consciousness of the fact that they were living and working for Eternity.

Paul was appealing to this consciousness which the Greeks had, when he made that famous Mars Hill address. It was a masterpiece, as much so as his immortal speech before King Agrippa. I like to read that story over and over.

The Greeks had in their sculpture what Mr. Lorado Taft says that American sculpture will have to find again in order to command the respect of its generation. Indeed, he says that the whole world of art will have to recover this in order to get back to its old place of prestige, power, prophecy and poetry. "It will have to get the hint of Eternity back into its work."

An Athenian story tells me that when Phidias, the greatest sculptor who ever lived, was in Athens doing his work on the Parthenon, that the Athenians were slow in giving their money to complete the work of the master. They were in those days like they are now, slow to give, and plenteous in criticism.

Phidias became impatient with them, and once said to an Athenian millionaire who felt that the whole matter was of little moment: "These temples will stand long after we have been forgotten."

The great sculptor was a little more polite with the Athenian millionaire, but his words carried the same condemnation which he thundered at the Athenian fop who chided him about his care in carving the hidden hair of Athene:

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"And Phidias thundered on him: 'Silence, slave,
Men may not see, but the Immortals will!'"

I

*Great Sculptors and Painters Have Worked as in
Sight of the Immortals.*

Michael Angelo's "David" in Florence, Italy, lifts one out of time and makes one feel eternal. One cannot stand before this masterpiece, this colossal dream, vibrating with living readiness even though carved out of white marble; standing as it does straight as a tree, clean and spiritual, that one does not feel a sense of Immortality.

Nor can one stand in St. Peter's looking upon Angelo's "Moses" with its great beard and brows, its piercing eyes; those eyes though carved out of marble, shooting Jovian thunderbolts; with the tablets of stone on his knees as if recording the Ten Commandments, without feeling an awareness of everlasting things and thoughts.

Nor can a man step into the Louvre in Paris and look down that long aisle where stands the Venus de Milo, that exquisite piece of living, vibrant womanhood, pulsing and ready to leap with life and laughter and love, that he does not feel a sense of immortal beauty and maternity.

The Victory of Samothrace does the same thing to one's soul. It seems to leap with life even though carved from cold and breathless marble in the long, long ago.

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The Mona Lisa gives one the same feeling, a Corot's "Angelus," a sweeping, singing story of Creation such as Angelo has achieved on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, a Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper,"—these all lift one out of time into the Eternal.

"The Hint of Eternity" is in these great masterpieces. One feels it there. And one does not feel thus before a great work of art if the artist himself did not feel thus in creating that work. If the artist felt that he was working in sight of the Immortals, the one who looks upon that work of art will feel it, though centuries have intervened. It is the atmosphere of Eternal things which hovers about such a masterpiece of labor and love.

"Silence, slave!

Men may not see, but the Immortals will!"

II

Great Writers have had this Consciousness of the Eternal Presence as They Wrote Immortal Lines.

One test of a great poem is this, that it must take a man out of Time and make him feel that there is an Eternal. If a poem does that for me I am sure it is a great poem.

When I first read Edwin Markham's poem about Edgar Allen Poe, called "Israfel," some of its lines seemed to lift me up until I felt the pulse-beat of the Eternal:

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"He lookt on cities in their crumbling hours,
Where Death obscurely mumbles out his rune,
Hoary, remote, alone, where time-torn towers
Hang spectral in the moon.

"He walked our streets as on a lonely strand;
His country was not here—it was afar,
Not here his home, not here his motherland,
But in some statelier star.

"Life was his exile, Earth his alien shore,
And these were foreign faces that he passed;
For he had other language, other lore,
And he must home at last."

The day that Mr. Markham sent me a copy of this immortal poem I was lifted out of Time and made to feel Eternal. That poem met my test of a great poem. When I was through its reading, I knew that there was an Eternal and I felt the Cosmic Consciousness. I felt my At-one-ness; His At-one-ment. It was an experience like a conversion.

Why was this? It was because the poet who wrote it was working as in sight of the Immortals.

Thomas Carlyle called the writers of the French Revolution "wistful listeners to the Eternal Voices of Prophecy."

Dante is said with his Divine Comedy, to have "broken the silence of ten centuries."

Lincoln, I can prove, was aware of the Immortals, when he was delivering his famous Gettysburg address. Here is the proof.

Dr. Barton, in his two volumes on the life of Lin-

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coln, has investigated with painstaking care the whole background of the writing and the delivery of this famous address. He has documents on every copy of that address. He has compared every one of the extant copies, word for word, sentence for sentence. He shows us that in all of the drafts of this address written before the actual day of its delivery, the phrase "Under God" was not yet born.

But, under the stress of that great occasion, as Lincoln stood on his feet in that battlefield, this great man suddenly felt the presence of the Eternal, the consciousness of his Oneness with God, and he extemporized that phrase which is now an immortal part of his address: "That this nation, *under God*, shall have a new birth of freedom."

None of the advance copies of this speech had the phrase "Under God" in them, but all of the reporters' copies which were taken down in shorthand had the phrase "under God" in the address. Dr. Barton says:

"Not many of the changes in revision were important, but one calls for comment. It is the insertion of the words "Under God." This change occurred, I am confident, on the platform. My judgment is, that under the solemn spell of the occasion, he determined to use these words, for they are in the Hale report, and the Associated Press report, and Lincoln himself included these words in the revision of the address subsequent to its delivery."

This is a thought to stir the fountains of the soul; that Abraham Lincoln, our great Immortal, on that

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platform, on that tremendous occasion suddenly became conscious that he too was speaking in sight of the Immortal because of a sensitive seismographic awareness of the Eternal, and he inserted that great phrase: "Under God."

The great writers have known the everlasting truth that Phidias himself thundered:

"Silence, slave,

Men may not see, but the Immortals will!"

III

*The Old Prophets Lived as Within Sight of the
Immortals Always.*

Isaiah lived and talked, conscious that God was looking on. No honest man can read the Book of Isaiah and not feel the consciousness of the Eternal lingering in every line of it.

One cannot read the Bible thoughtfully and sincerely, in holy quiet, in a place of meditation, that he does not feel the Eternal. This is the greatest proof of its Divine Origin and inspiration. Its every book brings God to man.

Its single lines innumerable make one feel the presence of the Eternal. Read that great old prophecy of the coming of the Messiah, and catch its hint of the Eternal. Let this gigantic book lift you out of Life and make you feel Eternal.

Elijah knew that God was there all the time. He was taking no chances in his battles with the followers

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of Baal. He had an awareness of his God which is better than proof. He had a confidence in his God which was baffling and bewildering to his enemies because he was living in the presence of that God all his days.

A man becomes all-powerful when he lives every day as in God's presence. His work becomes great work.

John the Baptist knew that Christ was looking on and he knew that Christ was the Son of God; that He was Immortal; that Christ was a man the latchet of whose shoes, he, John, was not worthy to unloose. He had seen the Dove descending and resting over the head of Jesus when he baptized Jesus in the beautiful Jordan. He had heard that voice. He **KNEW**. He knew that he was preaching and prophesying as in the very sight of the Eternal God which gave him prophetic fire and power.

One of the great spiritual treats of life is to read after these men of the prophetic days with the idea of this sermon in heart; reading as in the presence of men who in turn were aware that they lived and moved and had their being in the presence of the Eternal God. We absorb some of that consciousness of God by reading after them. They take us out of Time and make us feel Eternal!

Jesus! You knew that you worked and taught and lived in the sight of God. That truth throbs in your every living line and pulsing precept! That consciousness beats its way out of every deed and every

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prayer and every lovely living word you spoke to lonely people. You knew! You knew! You knew that God was there all the time!

That was the reason why you were so confident that you could cure blind eyes, deaf ears, leprous bodies. That was the reason why you faced loneliness and homelessness, the Garden of Gethsemane, and Calvary, with so much confidence. It was because you knew that your Father was there all the time.

That was why you looked up, on the cruel cross of Calvary, and cried out: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" You knew all the time that God was there! You were living and dying as in the sight of that Father all the time.

I challenge any child or man or woman to read the New Testament through and not feel that he is living in God's presence. No wonder General Lew Wallace, in accepting Ingersoll's challenge, became converted to the Divinity of Christ before he was through writing that great novel about Christ which we call "Ben Hur." Lew Wallace soon realized that he was in the presence of one of the Immortals before he was through that story. No man can honestly and sincerely study Christ's life that he does not soon know that he is in the presence of the Eternal.

From Moses to Jesus these men, too, thundered into human souls the truth that Phidias knew:

"Silence slave!

Men may not see, but the Immortals will!"

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IV

*It Does Something to the Soul to Live as Within
Sight of the Immortals.*

Spiritualism ought to make men holy. Whether it does or not, I do not know. I doubt it. They all seem to be more concerned with protoplasm, protoplasmic plates and photographs; knocking on tables, and harsh guttural voices, than any spiritual matter.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," ought to be the test put to Spiritualism, and if that test is put, I fear that Spiritualism would fail today.

Any child works better if it works under the consciousness of the presence and sympathy of a parent. To me, one of the most exhilarating experiences that a public speaker has, is the High School Commencement address which he makes. I like them better than College Commencements, Chautauqua, Lyceum, or Noonday Lunch Club speeches, because there is a beautiful consciousness in the hearts of the graduates of the presence of father and mother on that night. Awkward boys dressed in black, sweet girls dressed in white, awkward addresses, tremblings, flowers in one's hands, shortness of breath; thrilled, frightened, but loved and loving. Parents in front with misty eyes, beating hearts, and lumps in their throats,—all beautiful with the presence of loved ones; all done as in the presence of those who care greatly.

What boy has not had the experience of playing ball or football, and being whispered to, as he bends

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over to receive his signals: "Your Dad's here watching you!" Lord God Almighty! Would a stone wall stop your lithe young body when you know that your Dad is there looking on? It would not, much less a few human boys and bodies. I know. I have been told that magic news: "Your Father's watching the game!"

It is so with school work, oratorical contests, debates, and human life. When a child knows that father and mother are looking on with love and confidence and sympathy, there is no greater incentive to heroic work on earth or the stars than that. That is the incentive supreme!

We are a superstitious set of human beings. About two thirds of the peoples of the earth are conscious all the time of the eyes of the dead. Ibanez has written a book called "The Dead Command." It is intended to prove that the dead influence our lives more than the living. It is an ingenious book.

One day in Paris as we started for Versailles in a great bus, we were halted. A funeral was passing by. All traffic stopped. I shall never forget the picture of a Paris *gendarme* standing at salute while that funeral procession passed by.

I stood one day in front of the Cenotaph in London, that stark, naked statue in honor of the Unknown Dead. I watched a hundred busses pass by, and ninety-nine out of every hundred people aboard those busses lifted their hats as they passed that Cenotaph. I never look upon it that the tears do not fill my eyes.

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I too have lifted my hat and dropped my tears to "The Unknown Dead." The British have carved on this Cenotaph: "IN MEMORY OF OUR GLORIOUS DEAD." I have read a hundred cards, tied to bouquets of flowers, on that Cenotaph: "To Daddy," "To My Darling Boy," "To Brother Bill," "To our Son,"—cards and faded flowers, flowers from the homes of the rich, fresh every morning; bouquets of wild flowers put there by children's hands,—God, who could keep back the tears! I always weep when I stand on that spot. I am aware that I am in the symbolic presence of the Immortals!

Our great ship, the Sphinx, was passing through the Straits of Messina. I wanted to look upon those glorious heights of Gallipoli which the British and Australians stormed and consecrated forever with their blood. I wondered just where we were, when suddenly the ship stopped. The French officers on that ship stood rigidly at attention, with the kind of a salute that only French officers can give. They gave it in honor of the dead British soldiers. It was a magnificent gesture which shall live forever in my memory. The memory of that night's blood-red sunset which glorified the battlefield of Gallipoli shall not live any longer than the memory of that silent ship and the salute of those French officers one July evening as we passed through the Straits of Messina.

No man can sin if he knows that he sins in the presence of the Immortals, those we have loved and lost

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awhile, those who are crowned of God in God's eternal days and God's eternal ways.

No man can do a little deed when he might be doing a big thing if he gets this truth into his soul, that the deed he does this day is done in sight of the Immortals. No man can be stingy in his living and in his giving if he understands the truth of this sermon that he is living and that he is giving in sight of the Immortals. No man can be petty in his social and economic relationships with his own, with his fellow-men or with his God, if he realizes that he is living in the presence of the Immortals. No man can do a sneaking thing in business, if he knows that all of his personal life, his business life, is lived in the sight of the Immortals!

To me it is a tremendous thing to think that God looked on at the birth hour of Jesus; that He sent His angelic hosts to be there. But it is even a more thrilling thing that God looked on at my re-birth in Him; that God is there in that holy hour when I am re-born and when you are re-born in Him. He is there! He was there! He will be there! That is glorious! That is truth!

To me it is glorious that God was present at the baptism of Jesus and at the consecration of the Christ to His holy task of living and loving and lifting: "And I if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

But it is even a more glorious thing to know that God is present whenever we too consecrate our lives, our talents, our powers, and our money, to Him.

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To me it is a glorious thing that God as well as Satan was present at the Hill of Temptation; that when Jesus was tempted of Satan to accept the powers of materialism, an Earthly Kingdom, a selfish Kingdom, God was there also, and Jesus triumphed.

But it is even a more beautiful thing for me to know that God is present when I too, am tempted. He is present as well as the Powers of Evil, to make me know that the angels are on my side if I call them.

To me it is a thrilling thing that God was present at Calvary when Jesus died; that God looked on; and that Jesus was aware of His being there; and that God gave Him strength and poise; and that dying was easy when God the Father was present.

But it is even more comforting to me to know that God will be present at my Calvary; at my dying; at my suffering; in my loneliness, if I wish Him there.

To me it is a thrilling thought that God was present and looking on at the Resurrection Dawning; and that Jesus knew He was there; and that Jesus felt His power pulling and tugging at him to waken, to arise, and in the words of William Allen White, "take up the journey to the stars;" and that Jesus heard His voice and answered.

But it is even a more awakening thought to me that God will be present at my resurrection, at my awakening, if I am living in the consciousness of the Eternal always and all days.

So shall we mere human beings know to say, when some lesser soul bids us stoop to smaller things than

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our dearest dreams would challenge us to; so shall we know to say, when our bodies pull and tug at our souls to stoop to mud and scum; so shall we know to say, when temptation hours come; so shall we know to thunder like Phidias, when lesser men laugh at our dreams, at our intellectual integrity, at our search for truth:

“Silence, slave,
Men may not see, but the Immortals will!”

And in our relationships with spiritual things, so shall we learn to sing in our everlasting souls the song of Conrad the Cobbler:

“Whether ’tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know!”

Let us live as in the presence, not only of the Immortals, but of the Immortal God. Let us live as Paul knew the Athenians lived, when he cried out to them on Mars Hill:

“He whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you!”

It was a crude thing that the first Leland Stanford Chapel had in the center of its great dome was that material representation of the eye of God. But it was there, in the old chapel which was destroyed by the earthquake. This eye was never replaced in the new chapel, and we are glad that it was not, for it was an architectural monstrosity.

But as a symbol, it is an everlasting truth which bids us mere human beings to rise and take up our

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journey to the stars; that God does look down upon us; that God does live among us and with us; that God does walk by our sides just as He walked by the disciples on the Emmaeus. Road; that we do feel strange stirrings within our hearts and strange burnings; for are we not conscious that we live and move and have our very being, we Greeks of God, within sight of the Immortals and the Immortal?

“Silence, slave,

Men may not see, but the Immortals will!”

“The Fool in Christ”—Immanuel Quint, of Hauptmann’s great book, lived so constantly and so consciously in the “Presence” that he finally came to think that he was Christ. It is a strange tale, but the very thought that Christ was looking on, made him so aware of Christ that he wanted to live every minute as in Christ’s Path of Bleeding Feet.

It is a modern Imitation of Christ which it thrills the devout soul to read. Immanuel Quint so loved Christ and so lived in His presence, that the author says: “He fell asleep, when he slept, over the footsteps of Jesus.” The presence of Christ so completely absorbed him that “a love for humanity gnawed at him;” the presence of Christ so permeated his very being that he himself had followers in every walk of life,—scholars, students, youth, children, sinners,—because, as the author says:

“Skepticism cannot hold out permanently, even in

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persons of culture and education, against absolute conviction."

The presence of Christ was so real to Immanuel Quint that "when he thought of Christ his heart ached." The presence of Christ was so much with him that when they spat upon this poor "Fool in Christ," stoned him, and finally arrested him and were taking him to jail, he laughed to himself, like a mother with her babe at her breast, and said: "Are these guards not the fools, even though they think I am the fool? Do they not know, can they not see, that Christ is here walking by my side? Can they not see that Christ is manacled to my wrists?"

And the guards wondered why a man should laugh on the way to prison. The presence of Christ was so real to the "Fool in Christ" that when he once decided that he would answer hate with hate, cruelty with cruelty, anger with anger, spite with spite, war with war, bitterness with bitterness, force with force, the author says: "Even the poor fool knew that he must renounce Christ."

The presence of Christ was so real to him that when they put him in jail he knew that Christ was there with him. He heard Christ say: "Immanuel Quint, lovest thou me?" And he answered: "Yea, Lord, more than life!"

Then he heard Christ say again: "Immanuel Quint, lovest thou me?" And he answered again: "Yea, Lord, more than life!"

A third time he heard that tender voice speak to

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him: "Immanuel Quint, lovest thou me?" And he answered a third time: "Yea, Lord, more than life itself!"

Came the voice of Christ again to him: "Then Immanuel Quint, I shall come and abide with thee forever!"

The "Fool in Christ" lived as in the presence of Christ, as in the sight of the Immortals, and Christ came and did abide with him forever, even unto death.

He was just a "Fool in Christ" and he could not have explained why he was so sure of Christ; why he was so certain that Christ was there with him "even unto the end of the world." But he was certain with a great confidence. He was like the character in Hay's "Pyke County Ballads:"

"I don't pan out on the prophets,
Free will and that sort of thing,
But I've believed in God and the angels
Ever since one night last spring!"

He could not explain, he could not prove, he could not blue-print, he could not diagram, but he knew that he was living in the presence of "God and the angels," like "The Fool in Christ," and that knowledge colored his entire life; his personal acts, his social relationships, his thoughts, his deeds, his dreams, his visions, his very stride down the street, his commercial dealings, his blood stream, his God-dream.

This awareness of God is something which we cannot prove, but it is just as real as the thought of Row-

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land Sill's poem, "The Venus of Milo," wherein he contrasts the idealism of pure womanhood with sensual womanhood, and closes his convincing and poetic picture with the living lines:

"But as heaven deepens, and the Cross and Lyre
Lift up their stars beneath the Northern Crown,
Unto the yearning of the world's desire
I shall be 'ware of answer coming down;
And something, when my heart the darkness stills,
Shall tell me, without sound or any sight,
That other footsteps are upon the hills;
Till the dim earth is luminous with the light
Of the white dawn, from some far-hidden shore,
That shines upon my forehead evermore."

Praise God, we mystics know that "Other footsteps are upon the hills."

Thank God that we can sing to the dawn:

"I am aware of a glory that runs
From the heart of myself to the heart of the suns!"

Praise Him from whom all blessings flow that we know the truth of these two lines:

"Then something sacred whispers from the skies;
Then something deathless looks from dying eyes!"

If I had but one sermon to preach, but one truth to proclaim to humanity in a life-time, it would contain the core of this thought,—that we human beings are living while we live; and that we shall die when we do die; in the presence of the Immortals; from Moses to Jesus; from Isaiah to Paul, from birth to

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death; from Genesis to Revelation; from germ to God.
We are the Greeks of God.

Paul was using this psychology when he presented his text to the Athenians under the figure of "The Unknown God" in his Mars Hill address:

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you!"

And that thought is echoed in my Symphonic Theme:

"And Phidias thundered on him: 'Silence, slave,
Men may not see, but the Immortals will!'"

And in more humble walks of life, Conrad the Cobbler spake it for the common run of humanity:

"Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know!"

The Call to Unity

Preached by CHARLES H. BRENT, BISHOP OF WESTERN NEW YORK, at the Cathedral, Lausanne, Switzerland

August, 1927

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one; that the world may believe that thou has sent me. And the glory, which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me."

—JOHN XVII — 20-23

WE ARE here at the urgent behest of Jesus Christ. We have come with willing feet. All the prayers and desires and labors of seventeen years meet in this hour.

The call to unity is primarily from God to man. It is for our good that the appeal is made. Through unity alone can the Kingdom of God be set among men. Through unity alone can the world believe and know that the Father has sent Jesus Christ to reveal Him to the whole human race. It stands as the unal-

Note—Bishop Brent presided at the World Conference on Faith and Order held in Lausanne during August, 1927. On the first Sunday of the Conference he preached this sermon in the Cathedral at Lausanne. In forwarding his manuscript to the publishers, Bishop Brent wrote: "For the times, I feel that the sermon which I am sending you is of more vital importance than any other one thing."

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terable condition on which He can fulfil His mission to mankind. This no one doubts who accepts Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour.

Like all God's calls it is an invitation to coöperate with Him. His will is part of His nature and is set once for all time. He lays no compulsion on us. He awaits our coöperative response which will lay hold of His will and make it our own. If unity has slipped away from our grasp it is the common fault of the Christian world. If it is to be regained it must be by the concerted action of all Christians. Every section has shared in shattering unity. Every section must share in the effort to restore it.

The call to unity is like the flow of a river. It never ceases. It has been sounding with varying accent through the successive generations since the beginning. To us it has of late come with new force through the voice of God's Spirit speaking to the many divided communions of our day, as the call of a shepherd to his scattered flock. We have responded to His call. We are gathered here at His bidding. He presides over us. In proportion to our obedience to His guidance we shall be able to promote His will and embrace it as our own. He appeals to us to hush our prejudices, to sit lightly to our opinions, to look on the things of others as though they were our very own—all this without slighting the convictions of our hearts or our loyalty to God. It can be done. It must be done.

It is for conference, not controversy, that we are

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called. As God appeals to us sinners to reason together with Him, so we Christians mutually appeal to one another for a like fellowship. Conference is a measure of peace; controversy, a weapon of war. Conference is self-abasing; controversy exalts self. Conference in all lowliness strives to understand the viewpoint of others; controversy, to impose its views on all comers. Conference looks for unities; controversy exaggerates differences. Conference is a coöperative method for conflict; controversy, a divisive method. I do not say there may not be occasions where controversy may be necessary. This is not one of them. This is a Conference on Faith and Order. We are pledged to it by our presence. Let us play true to our trust.

It is the call of Christ which arrests us. What He said then with human voice He repeats now through His indwelling Spirit. The general need of unity is set down by Him in a proverbial saying—"Every Kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." This is as true today as when it was first uttered. It has been accepted by the world of men as applying to every department of life in its separate groupings, political, intellectual, scientific, social. In increasingly wide circles men are striving for unity. Lying at the centre of all and providing the only enduring cement is religious unity.

The Gospel provides for intimate relationship with Christ. Our Lord speaks as He thinks. He thinks in

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terms of reality. All life is a symbol. He declares that of which it is symbolic. So He says not "I am like the vine, ye are like the branches" but "Abide in me and I in you . . . I *am* the vine, ye *are* the branches." Nature in its simplest manifestations preaches its eternal sermon, points to Him for whom it exists.

Again, have you not noted how to the very end of His ministry Jesus Christ presents Himself and those whom He commissions in pastoral terms? It is not "I am like the good shepherd." He is the reality of which the men who watched their flocks were the shadow. It is "I *am* the good shepherd." "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one flock, one shepherd." The Shepherd can fold His flock only if He lays down His life in bringing them together. "Therefore," He says, "doth the Father love me." He lays His life on His aim and is unafraid.

All this was counted as axiomatic even before the Gospels were written. St. Paul, writing when the Gospel was oral, strikes sectarianism of all ages between the eyes by calling divisions "carnal"—"for whereas there is among you envying and strife and divisions, are ye not carnal and walk as men? For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another I am of Appollos; are ye not carnal? . . . For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus

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Christ." Division in the eyes of this intense man is fatal to the life of the Church.

What I am about to quote is as familiar to you as anything in Scripture, but I repeat it as signifying at the earliest beginning of Christianity the mind of Christ on the indispensability of unity as read by His great apostle. Now it is the human body that is the symbol of which Christ and His Church represent the reality. "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are our body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member but many. . . . Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." In relation to the Holy Communion "we, who are many, are one bread, one body." Again it is as of a household that the Church is spoken, "Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner stone," or as a temple, or as the holy city, the heavenly Jerusalem. In every instance the symbol has unity as essential to its existence as light and heat are to the sun. So inherent is unity that it can admit of no racial, sex or social distinctions but all are "one man in Christ Jesus."

But there are still greater heights toward which we must rise. Either in the words of our Lord Himself, or of the Spirit of Our Lord speaking through a disciple in the early second century—it is all one—the

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kind of unity which the Church must exhibit is that which unites the Father to the Son. Earthly imagery is inadequate and heaven is called to bear its witness. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." If our Lord counts unity a necessity, how absolute must that necessity be! Upon it depends our ability to know Jesus Christ in His full splendor, to do His works, to evangelize the nations. It is a tribute to the greatness of man that it needs the full weight of the whole Gospel for the miracle of a single conversion. The missionary quality of Christ's prayer is passionate—"that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. . . . that the world may know that thou hast sent me." What a challenge to Christendom to set its own house in order before it further infect the Eastern world with sectarianism that robs the Gospel of its corporate power and gives people a stone instead of bread! The hundred missionary societies in China today are as suicidal for Christianity as the civil divisions are to her national peace and prosperity. The Christian Orient today is in just revolt not against

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Christianity but against divided Christianity, not against foreigners either in politics or religion, but against the domination of foreigners.

Jesus Christ revealed by His life on earth exactly what the unity was between Himself and His Father. It is not so mystical as to be unintelligible to the simple-hearted. We are not left as workmen without a pattern for their task. The kind of oneness exhibited by Christ with His Father on earth is clear beyond dispute—a paternal and filial relationship, and a liberty reached through absolute dependence consummated by supreme sacrifice. If individuals and groups were to practice these two principles, disunion would fade away like snow before a summer sun. When all Christians recognize God as Father and look on the things of others as of brothers in Christ, the family of God will be complete, a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle.

God calls man to unity—His ideal. Man calls to God for unity—his need. Unity is not only a thing of beauty but a matter of practical necessity. There are patches of unity already, it is true, in an underlying loyalty to Christ. But not enough to make Christianity effective as a peace maker, a liberator, a universal power, or to satisfy the mind of God.

Some countries have a minimum of division at home, especially where there is a state church. But purely national churches of whatever sort add to the rival denominations which split Christ in the mission field, and make Christianity contradict itself as a

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world religion. In other countries, as in America, churches of every sort and every name obtain. The evil effect is most evident in rural districts where the churchgoing population is divided into impoverished rival groups without moral and spiritual potency. The Christian religion is often degraded into a weak philosophy, incompetent and futile. Some churches claim exclusive possession of the truth as found in Christ and damn those who find other interpretations of His life and teaching. The result is that not fifty percent of the population even profess to be followers of Jesus Christ, many of them because they are sadly perplexed and mystified by jangling claims and voices. Churches which have no real reason for holding apart still adhere to their shibboleths. Federative effort continues where organic unity is the only logical step. There is no one voice coming with force from every pulpit in every country, as there should be, on such great fundamental questions as peace and war, what constitutes Christian marriage, the social claims of Christ, the supra-national character of the Church. The Catholic mind is rare. In our hearts most of us are devotees of the cult of the incomplete—sectarianism. The Christ in one church often categorically denies the Christ in a neighboring church. It would be ludicrous were it not tragic. The situation is suicidal and we are here as a solemn protest against it. We try to get together in matters of practical import but as often as not we find ourselves thrown back on our conception of Christ, the nature of the Church, God's

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mode of governing His Church, the substance of the Gospel message. Christology may not be slighted. The value of theology must be admitted. The history of Christianity must be studied, if we are to get anywhere.

Were there no call to man from God to unity, our need would none the less make its high protest to God in heaven for unity. But we would be hopeless and helpless in the organized confusion to which we are party. It is God who takes the lead. His will that they may all be one must eventually be man's will if to do God's will becomes the passion of the human heart. When Christians accept Christ as supreme, they cannot but walk as companions and friends. His life as portrayed in the Gospels is His reliable teaching. His words as interpreted by His life are final and our duty to obey becomes our privilege, our joy. It is to encourage such faith in God made manifest in the flesh that we are in conference. That is the meaning of faith rather than a form of sound words, however important they may be. To quote the words of Zinzendorf—"I have but one passion. It is He! even He!" Men like Sadhu Sundar Singh, Mahatma Gandhi, and Stanley Jones are helping us to realize this more and more. In proportion as we rally around the living Christ during these days shall we banish our prejudices, enlighten our understanding, and correct our mistakes.

Again as to the means of establishing intimate relationship with Jesus Christ, for that is our chief quest

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and goal, is it not? We dare not be exclusive in sacramental, in mystical, or in intellectual modes of approach. Christ's agile feet journey to the human heart along many and diverse paths. That He comes by these and innumerable other routes who will deny?

After all it is not these central principles that should give us great difficulty. Rather is it that which lies at the circumference—the government of the Church, or order. Personally I should be well content were we to let this last vexed subject lie for the present rather than give it hasty consideration. We cannot pretend that it is unimportant. By means of it the Church is held together in the fullness of organic life, world-wide and all embracing. But we cannot in our brief conference cover the whole vast field. Moreover if that conciliar action did not break unity, conciliar action cannot mend it. May it not be that, all other things being settled, we will grow into it as did the early Church?

But I must close. We are living in a world that has lost its way. Religion as summed up in Jesus Christ and His Kingdom can alone hope to rescue it. It must be, as God's voice has warned us from the beginning, and our own experience has tragically confirmed, unified religion. God has used, beyond anything we had a right to expect, our divided Christendom. But now that we know the sin and disaster of sectarianism we cannot hope that He will use it much longer. Though all time lies before us, we may not rest on our oars. We must move without haste

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and without rest. Let us keep the purpose of unity firm in our hearts and look on all Christians of whatever name, as brothers beloved. It is thus that, by practising unity, we shall gain unity.

God's Spirit is presiding over us to make us will and do His good pleasure. It is He that will change for us, in His own way and in His own time, the impossible into the possible, and bring about that consummation of Christian hope in a Church that will be one flock under one Shepherd. To that end I make my own the impassioned appeal of St. Paul which is as applicable to this gathering of men of many nations as to the Ephesians to whom it was originally addressed: "I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith you were called,"—note the moral qualities essential for unity—"with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love; giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one Faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all."

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THE POWER OF THE WORD

by John Drinkwater

The Power of the Word

By John Drinkwater

"Who is he that darkeneth counsel by
words without knowledge?"

—JOB XXXVIII:2.

THERE is a strange illusion in the mind of many people who pride themselves on being strictly practical that words do not amount to very much. They are a necessary part of the machinery of business and affairs and they can be amusing counters in times of recreation. But when they claim a leading status in the more serious conduct of the world, this, it is felt, is going too far. That the pen is mightier than the sword is by our critics regarded as the extravagance of some heady person, himself a word-monger. No reproach has a more scathing intent than to say of a man that he has the gift of the gab, and the contempt in which the sanguine advocates of a business government hold the pundits whom

they would replace, fittingly designates Westminster or Washington as the gasworks.

This may be all very well as preserving the self-esteem of people who find it difficult to say anything about anything, since they have nothing much to say. But it is all very silly. It would not be worth noting if it were not so prevalent and so dangerous. Great numbers of people unhappily do believe that as long as things get done, what is said does not very much matter. They do not realize that it is neither more nor less than as a consequence of what is said that almost everything is done. How profound, and at the same time how obscure, are the operations of this law Shelley knew when he declared that poets were the unacknowledged legislators of the world. The circumstances that govern our life and the happiness or failure that it contains are chiefly the consequence of opinion, and opinion becomes operative only when it is delivered in the word.

Clearly in the economy of our society there is a place for jesting, and a joke is commonly edged by the fact that we do not say precisely what we mean. We may all here allow ourselves what license we will in this respect, so long as we do not too craftily

conceal the fact that we are allowing ourselves any license at all. It is not the wit's fault if some dull fellow takes him seriously, but the wit whose notes are, like the bat's, inaudible even to sensitive ears, grows tiresome. But it is not of these more slippered occasions for words that we are speaking. It is rather of the fateful uses to which they are daily put in giving intelligible form to the nebulous thought that inspires and governs all conduct. And the irresponsible view that words do not matter, in placing as it were a sort of outlawry upon them, tends more than anything else to give them the dangerous character of outlaws. Once it is assumed in any society that what is said does not matter it is certain that much will be said that matters disastrously. And so potent do we believe the word to be, that it may be asserted that from its abuse have chiefly sprung the disasters that have befallen civilization.

Most people, I suppose, would say that the first practical problem of this, as indeed of any, age is the preservation of peace. And yet almost every day somebody or another stands up and says that, human nature being what it is, peace cannot be preserved. The speaker always does, or would, add that he himself is all for peace, but that he is a realist and has

to face the lamentable imperfections of humanity. The truth is that peace could quite well be preserved, but that it will never be so long as these people go about saying that it cannot. I was talking recently to a friend who takes a responsible part in the work of the League of Nations. I asked him whether after nearly ten years of experience he could candidly say that the League had done much in the accomplishment of its objects. His reply was a very shrewd one. We both agreed with the general view that ten years was in any case an inadequate time for notable results, but, considering that term for what it was worth, he said that he could not claim that the League had been notably successful in any specific enterprise of the first importance, but he added that he was convinced that the continual talk at Geneva about peace had created a general atmosphere in Europe in which it was extremely difficult for any nation to break the peace. That seems to me to be a judgment of the finest discrimination. If today two first-rate powers came to a serious breach, it may be questionable whether the League would be powerful enough in the last resort to restrain them from hostilities. But it is certain if the peace talk at Geneva continues, and if the leaders in all coun-

tries who have that crusade most nearly at heart continue to face all skepticism and ridicule as bravely as they have done, that even the great powers will find it increasingly difficult to take up arms in face of the opinion that the words of Geneva are inevitably creating. The machinery of the League may not yet be able to cope with the most serious kind of emergency, but the words of Geneva often enough repeated will make such emergencies less and less likely.

Foremost in our reflections on this topic must be the question of disarmament. If this matter is being discussed by half a dozen people, some one is sure to bring up the stale argument that it would be suicidal for us, or any other nation, to disarm without a common compact. This view always flies at once to the head of any firebrand present, and he will not only insist upon the necessity of full equipment, but tell you how and where the next war will break out. The talk of independent disarmament is nonsense because everybody knows that there is not the smallest possibility of any power, great or small, venturing upon such a policy. The only hope for any serious disarmament program is that it shall be undertaken by that same mutual compact, but it is

precisely the menace of the firebrand's irresponsible words that makes the compact so difficult to realize. To these dangerous abuses of words I would throw out a direct challenge. When such a one stands up and proclaims war as being inevitable, I would say to him that in his heart he wants war. It is no use for him to tell me that he does not want it, but that other people do. Who, may I ask, are the other people who do, if they are not those who, like himself, are speaking dangerously to the world? If you preach war, you will have war. If you preach peace, you will have peace. Since it is not to be supposed that all men will preach the same thing at the same time, it follows that you will have war or peace as the greater number preach the one or the other. And every man who preaches war is preparing war. To do this in the name of patriotism seems to me to be the most inexcusable kind of cowardice. There are, in fact, in the world a few people who are born fighters and who are never really happy unless there is a fight on. When they preach war I can respect them. But I can respect no others who preach it, for it is they and they alone who are making probable a calamity which they profess to deplore.

Here, clearly, is a matter of supreme importance

in which what is said is of the greatest consequence. Any word irresponsibly spoken is a betrayal of humanity. Let us suppose, for example, that every effective state in the world were represented by one of its most authoritative leaders at Geneva. And suppose that in a time of international difficulties, which in these days almost inevitably affect the civilized organism as a whole, these accredited leaders said with one voice that they thought war to be an unthinkable solution, that there should be no war. Would any one of them lack the overwhelming support of the people behind them at home? In such a situation there could be no rhetorical question of national honor. Not having the stoical fortitude of a Quaker, if I quarrel with somebody and he hits me, I shall probably hit him back if I can. I should even see some point in a charge of pusillanimity if I failed to do so. But if in our quarrel we both from the outset are determined that whatever happens we will not hit each other, I know of no sophism which could convince me that we either of us suffer loss of honor. And if our representative statesmen firmly took up the position that I have indicated when occasion arose, there could then be no such question, either. It is fair to

say that the great majority of responsible leaders in the world at this moment believe that such an attitude would be a right and courageous one, but the danger is that each one of them might be kept from saying so in council by a fear that the others would say nothing of the sort. The fear, in the light of any psychological understanding, is misconceived. A clear lead given by a very small minority in such a contingency, speaking with the prestige of national authority, would almost certainly be followed by the majority. And the surest way of encouraging responsible leaders to such witness is for all of us, the people whom they represent, to preach peace always and war never. Every time that the supposed inevitability of war is asserted, even in a private conversation, something is done to weaken the spirit by which alone war can be made possible. I do not propose to mention any names on this occasion, but it has always seemed to me that the bravest soldier of our time is a man who is not only distinguished by a long career of the greatest gallantry in the field, but who has without fear of consequences to himself not only said consistently in public that war is a horrible thing that ought to be outlawed, but has as consistently encouraged a belief that it can be outlawed.

Another matter in which the use of the word is today of high importance is the relations between Great Britain and the United States. These relations are obviously full of delicacies that need always careful adjustment. They are complicated by the fact that, having a common language, the people of the two countries are apt to think that they know each other a good deal better than they do. If you are with a man who knows nothing of your language, as you know nothing of his, while you will not understand him, you also will not misunderstand him; but if you are talking to a man whose language seems to be your own and yet to a man whose national habits and institutions and ideals and manners are in many respects not your own at all, there is manifestly a danger of frequent confusion. And from this confusion spring many hasty and ill-founded judgments which, irresponsibly spoken, are full of danger. Nevertheless, a sympathetic understanding between Great Britain and America is as possible as it plainly is desirable for the welfare of humanity. And here again what is said, even in private conversation, does very much matter. A little superficial knowledge which can be more readily picked up between the peoples of these countries than between

those of any others, is a great provoker of the slightly pondered word. The easy exchange of speech leads us to as easy an assumption of exhaustive information. The Londoner who spends a fortnight in New York with a couple of days in Boston and perhaps a couple in Chicago, or the New Yorker who has been a week in London and an hour or two in Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon, has, with his facilities of language, learned so much that he is apt to flatter himself that he has learned all. And since some of the things that he has learned vex and puzzle him, he may become a very dangerous false prophet. "Who is he that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" I happen myself to have spent rather a considerable time in America, and I have found many things to bewilder me there. But I never speak about them unless I am chaffing some of my own best American friends, where I know no offense can be given or taken. On the other hand, I have found there much of enlightenment and sympathy, and these seem to me to be things immensely more significant and worthy of report. For here again, if you preach friction, you will have friction, and if you preach friendship, you will have friendship. There is no question of evad-

ing specific difficulties or of affecting to admire things that you dislike. These upon their occasions have to be debated openly. But their occasions need be no more than the differences that at times have to be composed between friends anywhere. In general terms, those of us who care for Anglo-American good will, and see in it an instrument of incalculable power, should let that good will guide the word. Witty impatience and angry impatience alike are in this matter dangerous to the commonweal. It is now a century and a half since it was determined that America and Britain should be two nations, and the sentimental pretense that in some sort of way they are still one does nothing to engender the respect upon which alone international understanding can be founded. But because of certain common traditions of ancestry and speech and government there is an opportunity, if it could be taken, of an understanding existing here such as has hardly been known before between two great countries in history. The example might do more than anything else to make straight many of the crooked ways of our civilization. And again, it is an example that must be realized by a steadily responsible use of the word. It is time that we all of us dropped the superstition

that what is said does not matter. For, once a thing was said that does profoundly matter to us all—"But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

THE PAGAN IN THE HEART

by Ludwig Lewisohn

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I

IT IS many years since I heard a sermon. But since all that I ever heard began with a text, I am glad to avail myself, too, of that agreeable method which gives one so natural a starting point. I choose my text, then, from a very ancient book, from that famous Talmudic tractate known as the Sayings or Sentences of the Fathers which has quite generally been embodied in the liturgy of the synagogue. And in this book I select the whole of the brief eighteenth section of the first chapter. It reads as follows: "Rabban Shimon ben Gamaliel was wont to say, It is upon three things that the world stands firm—upon justice, upon truth and upon peace." This saying of our teacher Simeon, the son of that patriarch Gamaliel who was the instructor of the young Saul of Tarsus, may not, at first sight, seem either

very astonishing or very original. But to translate is notoriously to traduce; there are no synonyms; the names of concepts in one language do not coincide with the apparently same names in another. For concepts are freighted with the peculiar character and experience of the particular people who sum up in them their unique vision of the multiform world. Hence, like a preacher in those far days when people were not ashamed of knowledge, I may be permitted to say that the original words for "upon justice and truth and upon peace are, *Al-hadin v'al-haemeth v'al-hashalom*." In brief, the Hebrew words translated as justice, truth, and peace are *din*, *emeth* and *shalom*, and it is these words that may be fruitfully examined for a moment.

Din is no "Justice with her scales in bronze," no blindfold Roman effigy, no symbol of a power that stands unmoved above humanity and measures it by some cold and abstract norm. The verbal stem from which the noun derives means to create right, balance, equity among men, to use mercy and to abstain from the judging that destroys justice. It is the word used by Isaiah when he declares that Javeh will enter into judgment with the elders and princes of the folk because the spoil of the poor is in their

houses; it is the word used by Jeremiah concerning the king Josiah: "He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well. Was not this to know me, saith Javeh?" . . . This justice on which the world is founded leans always to the side of the defeated, the disinherited; it is exercised in creating a moral balance of which the natural world does not know. . . .

Precisely as *din* is no pagan justice that wreaks itself upon life in the name of some arrogant law, so *emeth* (truth) is not the name of a metaphysical concept. This truth is that which shall endure, all that has steadfastness and faithfulness—the ultimate values upon which all men can rely in their souls' last need. It is, according to the prophets, inseparable from peace; it is, according to the Psalmist, inseparable from love: *Chesed v'emeth*, loving-kindness and truth. It is the name of God—*El emeth*, his stamp and seal. It is the cognizance whereby love can actively create peace. And this peace —*shalom*—of which justice and truth, equity and steadfastness, are the conditions, is also spiritual health, the welfare of the total man, salvation. Peace is salvation in the view of my text, not redemption—*p'duth*—ransoming, buying off. For according to the

author of my text there exists neither original taint nor unforgivable sin. Mercy and truth will bring about the salvation whose name is peace.

II

It will be said that, despite the special interpretation, these are commonplaces and that I have quite correctly compared myself to an old-fashioned preacher. But there are, in fact, no new ethics under the sun; there is no new road to human salvation, and I observe that the most extreme of modern moral nihilists, like Mr. Aldous Huxley, for example, pay their implicit and half shamefaced tribute to that Jewish wisdom which failed as Christianity through its contamination with pagan mysticism and emotion and through its gradual implication with the power of Rome.

There is no new wisdom of the humanistic sort, of the sort that teaches men how to live. There was a moment in the nineteenth century when it was hoped that science would provide a new ethic. That hope is dead. Science is doing untold good in sanitating the lives of the already intelligent and merciful. One thinks, for instance, of the safer practice of

contraception, of the early but already amazing triumphs of endocrinology. But science cannot make men merciful. On the contrary, it puts into the hands of the pagan—the ruthless industrialist, the mad nationalist, the professional militarist—engines of power that would have made Rome shudder. New poison gases can subdue striking workers and wipe out civilian populations. The military despotisms of the world are more secure than ever; the dictator buys the man in the laboratory; those two enter into a desperate league. Science triumphs; death and not life is king; the heart has not been touched; salvation is farther off than ever.

The heart has not been touched. Or to speak with an at least apparently greater precision: there has not been, so far as one can see, the slightest emotional adjustment to the ethic which Christendom feigns to accept. Whenever European pagans have seemed to make such an adjustment they have robbed their example of all saving power by their monkish perversity, their repudiation of man and nature and human life, their repulsive morbidness. Neither Saint Francis kissing the sores of lepers nor the aged and satiated Tolstoi thundering against art and love can help us. Our duty toward lepers is to eliminate

their disease; by art and love we live. The pagan, in other words, alternates between truculence and groveling, between excess and emasculation, drunkenness and the Volstead Act, exposing sickly babies on mountain ledges or letting them be born indiscriminately. He never touches the center. He never touches justice, truth, and peace.

It is for this reason that, through my text, I appealed to Jewish ethics, that is to say, to Christian ethics untainted by pagan psychology, by its excesses, by its lust for superiority and power. The author of my text, Simeon, the son of the patriarch Gamaliel, and his predecessors to Amos, the earliest of the prophets, and his successors to any intelligent, unfashionable rabbi in Lemberg or Kansas City, represent an entirely different, a strictly non-pagan attitude to human life. Profoundly, sincerely, instinctively, not only as a matter of so-called religious conviction but of rock-founded common sense and unalterable experience these men have believed and believe that the senses are legitimate, that human life is manageable, that force is absolutely and undeviatingly evil, and that salvation arises naturally, without the interposition of mythical inter-

mediary or metaphysical balderdash, by that tireless and loving coöperation among the children of Adam whose end and aim and fruit are peace. When huge Oriental monarchies threatened the national existence of their people, these men counseled defeat and exile rather than resistance; when Hadrian forbade by ruthless edicts all the immemorial practices of the Jewish cult, there was found but one man in the assembly of sages to countenance the armed resistance under Bar Kochba. The others practiced a non-resistant disobedience. They were aware then, in the first quarter of the second century of our era, that to meet force with force and paganism with paganism was only to put off all hope of the reign of justice, truth, and peace.

What, in brief, I am trying to point out is that there exists and has long existed in our Western World and not only among quietistic Hindus on the path to Nirvana, the psychology, the emotional attitude that alone—alone—can save the civilization we have built up. I shall not say with Spengler that according to a law inherent in the morphology of all civilizations we are doomed to a Babylonian fate whatever we attempt or do. But that intolerable and

bloody Cæsarian age which he predicts may in truth come upon us unless we can eliminate not only arms and guns and navies and the recurrent call to military servitude, but the primitive pagan emotions that render all these inevitable. Disarmament conferences, multilateral peace-treaties—all these will be vain and empty unless the emotional attitude of John Smith can be so changed that he will say, when war looms, what Moses Levy finds burning on his lips but does not dare to say: Fighting is dirty, sinful, and unworthy of man. Above all it is immeasurably stupid; it settles nothing; it is suicidal for all concerned. It is absolute evil as well as absolute stupidity. That is why Moses Levy, even when he follows the drum in fear of being lynched, has an essential contempt both for those who beat the drum and for those who follow it gladly.

What shall we do to change the inner man of John Smith? How shall we make him want justice, truth, peace? How shall we persuade him not to follow the call to murder and destroy whether that call is issued by a capitalist or a proletarian dictatorship? How? By lifting from him the burden of his littleness, of his fear. For he is cruel because he is afraid

of being hurt and he plunges into mass emotion and mass obedience and mass murder because that plunge gives him a sense of power, the power of the mass to which he belongs and which he briefly feels to be his own. Especially in our modern urban and industrialist civilization when he has been so hopelessly reduced to a cipher. Feebly he brags and boasts out of his insignificance and his fears. Put a uniform on him and make him part of the wheeling evolutions of a military mass. He feels upheld, sustained, proud in obedience and uniformity, powerful with the power of at last being and not only tending a part of a machine. . . .

Doubtless in sodden trenches under gunfire this false sense of power abandons him and he would like to whimper and to flee. But now the solidarity of common danger keeps him somewhat erect; he does not know how uselessly and stupidly it was incurred, and also the old pagan superstition—useful perhaps in primitive ages but now no more—that it is shameful for a man to fear physical hurt. And Christianity with its silly contempt for the body has left him utterly pagan in this respect. The regimentation of the industrialized master-state, aided

by church and school and the excesses of moralistic feminism, reduces poor Smith's virile expressiveness in work, in play, in love below a tolerable minimum. He roars for the flag and feels elated; he sees battleships maneuver and feels their gray strength added to his pitiful weakness. The oligarchs know how to take him and how to turn him into cannon-fodder. Then when pain and danger come the poor fellow is helpless. In his childhood he was fed on stories of Indians bearing torture without a complaint and was taught that this poor quality of the Stone Age savage was worthy of imitation, was in fact the very mark and sign of manhood. And in his instruction in school and Sunday school the Jew Jesus is transformed for him as far as possible into a Nordic knight, not a gentle man but a gentleman or, in America—*vide* Bruce Barton—into a go-getting man of business like the boss of his concern. Belligerency is bred into the very bone and marrow of poor John Smith, but never a belligerency for his minimum rights to freedom, love, play, sunlight, but belligerency for a flag, a figment, a vision of fancied danger and unnecessary solidarity behind which crouch his masters, who send him to prison if he criticizes the mad system by which he is enslaved

and ordered into trenches to protect the sources of their power.

III

Perhaps it will be possible some day to drive from John Smith's heart the servile pagan ideal with which it has been corrupted for so many ages. Perhaps from a henchman he can be turned into a man. The cults of the Far East are useless to us, for we need more insistence on the dignity and preciousness of personality, not less; more respect for healthy and beautiful bodies, and not less. Historical Christianity will not help us in any of its forms, for all these forms are inextricably entangled with the world's pomp and power, with patriotism and force. And even a quite pure faith like that of the Quakers is contaminated by the morbid asceticism of Paul. This is a central point and this the central tragedy of Christianity, that it has never been able to strive for the salvation of peace without demanding at the same time a disgusting monkishness of conduct. Its peace has always been peace for the sake of death, never peace for the sake of a more abundant life. Cannot we persuade John Smith that not to judge,

that to prefer truth to propaganda and to seek peace may be a manly and an honorable way of life?

He will not take kindly to regarding for his own benefit the operations of the mind and heart of Moses Levy. Ages of prejudice and slander forbid that. But those who know that on John Smith's putting on a new man depends the salvation of the world—it is they who may be brought to regard Moses Levy with an at least objective and scientific interest. Now Moses Levy has had an historic experience so recurrent and profound that it has turned into an instinct of his blood the truth that an appeal to force settles nothing at all. He despises all values except moral and intellectual values. If he sees two men fighting his contempt for the victor and the defeated is precisely the same. His contempt is softened by a single consideration: the defeated was probably, or at least possibly, in the right. So that injustice, which he finds of all things hardest to bear, has been added to dirt and brutality. He has himself become a pretty poor creature as far as action is concerned. John Smith has bawled "coward" at him so long that instead of saying, "In your precise sense I am, thank God, a coward," he has mimicked the courage of John Smith as a self-protective

gesture and has furnished examples of gallantry in every modern war. But it has always been against the grain of his nature; it has always been a horrible and costly gesture. Levy believes in peace and does not think it a fine thing to be hurt or maimed or to incur the danger of it, and always has the shrewdest of suspicions that the quarrels he is asked to enter are not his quarrels or those of any of his ordinary fellow men at all. Furthermore, in Levy's consciousness—here is his great advantage—peace has never been entangled with a repudiation of nature; it has, on the contrary, been implicated with a resistless love of life. He is no monkish or Tolstoian lover of peace and barrenness. He is passionate son and husband and father. If his wife's or his child's or his own finger aches he runs to his physician. He loathes the thought of hurt, of death, of war, of confusion. He loves life and peace, food and drink, music and sunshine, study and reflection. The dead or the embattled have none of these. In a thousand pogroms he has shown that he can bear the inevitable with dignity. But he gets no "kick" out of contention and danger. That pagan possibility has completely died out of his nature. He wants literally and passionately to be left in peace in order to pursue

the goods which seem to him the true goods of human life: love, children, knowledge, charity, good health, old age.

He often seems contemptible to John Smith. The mimic battles of Smith's games, Smith's pseudo-knightly ideals and gestures, are not for him. He is serious; he reckons with reality. He has been up against reality a long, long time. He sometimes, in the light of Smith's apparently gay, brave world, feels a trifle contemptuous of himself. Smith runs amok or kills himself; Levy sighs and goes to a psychoanalyst. Smith has all the fine gestures; Levy manages to conquer life. For Levy never experienced the knightly tradition or the Christian Middle Ages. Abstract sociological loyalties play no part in his life. He is not thrilled by the flutter of any flag nor taken in by any symbol. Life is too serious and too dangerous for that. He does not want his sons to be killed, however handsome the name of the cause. He wants them to live and be healthy and learned and to beget sons in their turn even more healthy and learned, and in this thought is his final affirmation of humanity as well as his share of immortality. He is eager to practice charity, for pain and want hurt and he does not think that being hurt is either

a fine thing or a discipline; he has an infinite respect for the best truth he can find, being rarely taken in by quackery of any sort, but relying on science; he wants peace above all things, peace without which none of the ends of the good life can be served.

IV

Paganism must be curbed, the knightly and the loyal must be put to useful work, the serious and the cowards must prevail in the councils of mankind. The danger is great and imminent. Civilization is on a knife's edge. Does no one want to save it? A little humble anti-Fascist fled from Italy, an unpolitical person, a man who quietly wanted to withdraw from the degradations of a tyrant. He came to France, home of exiles and last refuge of the oppressed, and month in and month out begged and besought the Italian consul in Paris to permit his wife and child to join him. In vain. In vain. The little man lost his head and fired on the consul. A French jury, deeply cognizant of the man's wrongs and sufferings, let him off with a sentence of two years. Now armed guards are needed by the French consulates in Italy and Mussolini talks of national

insult and provocation to war. Here are all the makings of a second Sarajevo. For Italy is allied with the bloody despotisms of Poland, Hungary, and Rumania. And it will do us no good, if war comes, to feel a passionate sympathy for France. For war destroys and brutalizes all. There are not in the moral and hardly in the physical sense either conquerors or conquered. All go down to disaster, disgrace, destruction, despair. All. Force, honor, prestige, even fatherland—these are murderous concepts and murderous things, pagan, horrible, tragic. If John Smith does not learn from the despised Moses Levy civilization is doomed.

For we must never forget that in John Smith is our only hope. I must not say that none among his rulers in any country has the will to good and to peace. But that will can never or hardly ever be liberated from its entanglement with power, gear, friendship, ultimate class solidarity. It is hard for a Senator's son to become a conscientious objector to military slavery and official murder. He who has least to lose is the free man. But he must be made to realize his freedom; he must refuse to be dazzled by symbols, scared by false cries of danger, confused by the figment of a concept of honor that lost all

meaning centuries ago. His conversion is not an easy task. For John Smith has through the ages been tribesman, feudal vassal, loyal subject, one-hundred-per-cent citizen—everything, in fact, except a human being. He has always been the object of the processes of history. Is there any hope of converting him at this late date into a man?

I think there is; I hope there is. For I do not believe that in his innermost soul he is so very different from Moses Levy. Only his historic experience has been an unhappier one. He has been fooled into thinking himself a conqueror. He has warped memories. If he is a Frenchman he thinks, let us say, in terms of the splendor of Napoleon, not in terms of his great-great grandfather, who probably drowned miserably in the icy waters of the Beresina or froze to death on the wintry Russian plains. Moses Levy has the felicity of realistically thinking in terms of his grandfather, of his great-grandfather; he is not fooled by a splendid memory and a name still graven above a palace door. He knows what the world is really like. Now at bottom John Smith, quite like Moses Levy, probably wants love, children, knowledge, peace. Being an Aryan and a natural pagan and young in the discipline of history, he

probably, unlike Moses Levy in this respect, still has a hankering for what he calls victory—some primitive desire, stripped of any moral motive or aim, to prevail, to create a superiority he does not feel by, at least symbolically, getting his knee upon some rival tribesman's chest. Can we not teach him that no victory is his or ever has been and that, closely regarded, such a thing as victory is no longer possible in a crowded and complicated world? Even the shadow of victory works by contraries. It is the Italian master who is becoming corrupted, brutalized, degraded in the South Tyrol; it is the Tyrolese who will some day arise from their sufferings erect, spiritually purged, lovers of justice and of peace.

Nothing will save us except peace. Economic and social justice, humanitarian endeavor, scientific discoveries—all are vain if destruction and utter degradation are always just around the corner. We must go out into the world; we must go to John Smith and drive the pagan from his heart—the foolish, short-sighted, self-destructive pagan. We must be tireless in this aim until a day comes when, if the masters call to war, no one answers the call, but men, quietly disregarding flag and drum and the paid lies of the press, go about their business of peace. And

we can still go to John Smith, not only in the name of his essential manhood and his posterity, but in the name of Jesus. Not of Christ. Christ is a knight and a gentleman and a pagan myth. But in the name of Jesus and the teachers of Jesus and the descendants of those teachers who are still many among the kinsmen of the Nazarene. For nearly two-thousand years these men have known that peace alone is salvation. Upon justice and truth and peace our world rests. The pagan has raged against these pillars of the world for ages. They are near to toppling. We must save them and so ourselves and our world from crumbling back into chaos.

THE UNKNOWN FUTURE

by Sir Philip Gibbs

The Unknown Future

By Sir Philip Gibbs

STRANGE things are happening in the world today, though we are almost unaware of their significance because they are happening in the hidden, or unconscious, mind of humanity. Radical changes in the conditions and problems of life are coming close to us as every day passes towards an unknown future. But we are not as yet prepared for them with any philosophy or faith which might enable us to direct our own destiny.

The traditions by which our fathers shaped their lives have been challenged and shaken. Their ideals are now for the most part rejected and despised. The faith which reconciled them in some measure with life itself, and gave them courage to face death with hope in spiritual survival, has lost its authority in many minds. They are not reconciled with this life or that death, but desperately unsatisfied, bewildered, and uncertain.

The old moralities seem mere foolishness now to many of our younger people who are testing every ancient law by new experience with a rash but rather splendid courage, as though they were new Adams and Eves without any past or any guidance. The present phase of civilization is ending, as a new page is turned over in the book of life. It is passing from us before our eyes, though many do not see. In a little while it will have been replaced by something else—better or worse. Who knows?

The world war had something to do with this, though not everything. That conflict of nations destroyed more than empires and cities and cathedrals and irreplaceable life. It destroyed something in the mind of the world—belief in the old leadership and ideals. It shocked for a time all faith in any kind of authority. Millions of men who had gone into the zone of fire with exalted heroism and self-sacrifice, under the spell of passionate emotion, believing that by their service humanity would reach greater heights of justice—with more generous rewards and more certain security for the common man who had revealed his nobility in all this agony—returned in disillusion and despair and felt themselves betrayed. So many ideals went down in mud

and blood. So many promises were unfulfilled. So many men thought out things anew, and denied everything they had once believed. So many were shell-shocked. Was not the whole world shell-shocked in those dreadful years, and afterward?

A younger crowd, born in the shadow of the war, have escaped altogether from that darkness, but many of them reject the past which led up to that conflict with a kind of laughing contempt for the folly of their fathers—even for their heroism in such a cause—and for most of the enthusiasms, emotions, and traditions which belonged to the heritage of the human mind before the war. Can one blame them, looking back at recent history?

Youth will have nothing of the past. It is not much interested in the past, except for a smiling wonderment that such things should have been and that men and women should have thought that way. It has rejected much of its heritage as only fit for lumber rooms of rubbish, careless of many treasures there. It is conscious only of its own vitality and needs. It is not afraid of new adventure. But many of these younger minds are restless and discontented with their present state, curious, but uncertain and

cynical, of life's meaning and purpose, if there is any meaning.

This break with the past was only partly caused by the war. The rapid advance of scientific discovery has broken down the old framework of human thought. Hardly a day passes and never a year without some new revelation or achievement by the scientists, giving us more understanding and control of certain forces. Less than a hundred years ago the social habits of many nations were completely changed by the application of steam to mechanical energy. Now greater changes will happen—are happening—with increased velocity. They will alter, surely, the whole system and structure of human society. The old rhythm of life, so quiet and leisurely for thousands of years, has altered its beat. It is moving to a faster measure and its pace is accelerating. Physically we may move about the world with increasing rapidity. Every month, almost, records are broken in the speed of travel. The victory of flight has not yet achieved its full and universal triumph.

In a little while, beyond all doubt, flying will become a safe and normal way of transport. The sky will be crowded with traffic, crossing and recrossing

the frontiers of nations, making the world smaller when measured by time, bringing people closer together as friends, or—if their minds do not move so quickly as machines—as enemies.

When that happens our cities and streets will be built upon a different kind of plan and the very outward aspect of life will be changed from what is now familiar to us.

Science is also speeding up the transmission of thought and breaking down the barriers between one mind and another. All those vibrations of light and sound which have been harnessed lately to new instruments are only beginning to touch the massed intelligence of human beings. That delicate mechanism which enables us to speak to the far ends of the earth, and soon will let us see across the world, may seem to us now only the exhibition of wonder-working toys, a little boring when their novelty has passed. But such new powers must alter somehow the minds of men and women. Humanity with those means of communication, as quick as thought itself, far reaching, cannot remain the same as when small communities had but a narrow range of interest and ideas, extending farther, or not easily, beyond their own frontiers. Presently all the peoples of the world

will be talking to one another, looking at one another, calling to one another, by that invisible energy which brings all space into a back parlor.

This modern science holds out high promises to humanity if the knowledge that is coming to us is rightly used. We are in command already of vast powers which may be directed to the relief of human labor and to the ease and beauty of life. More power, exceeding perhaps anything we have yet known, by enabling us to get hold of the very sources of energy as it is stored up in the universe or in the atom, may one day be ours. In any case our present knowledge is sufficient to produce a material prosperity and a mechanical activity—not yet evenly distributed or fully developed—which would have seemed miraculous half a century ago, but has no imaginable limit.

Biologists and chemists offer mankind new hopes of eliminating disease, increasing the span of life and extending the period of youth. Psychologists, probing into the secrets of the mind and discovering its influence over the body, hint at the possibility of developing mental faculties which would give man more mastery over life and death.

Splendid promises! In the light of them the fu-

ture looks bright. And yet, alas! they suggest new dangers as well as new hopes. It is not yet certain that the next phase of history which is advancing so rapidly will see any progress in human happiness. It is indeed not yet certain that this civilization of ours—by no means perfect, but with certain values of beauty and knowledge and nobility—will not go down in some great catastrophe.

The truth is—and we must face it—that we are in possession of powers which may lead to our own destruction, and that all this speeding up of the rhythm of life may be a rush forward to ruin. We are building up a mechanical activity which may overmaster humanity itself by making machines more important than men. We are inventing engines which may be turned against ourselves. The minds of men are not keeping pace with the power which is now in their hands.

The last war, in spite of all its heroism among common men, was a frightful revelation of our low standard of intelligence and morality, especially among those who were the leaders and rulers of the world. The victory of flight had only just been won as the fulfillment of an age-long dream which might give a new touch of divinity—the liberty of

the skies—to earth-bound men, but it was used as an instrument of death, not sparing even women and children in crowded cities. In that war all the knowledge given to us by science, the genius of physicists and chemists, the research of the world's greatest brains probing into the mysteries of nature, were devoted to the purpose of destroying human life, by high explosives, by poison gas, by long-range guns, by delicate and deadly machines, made with a skill which God might praise as handicraft if used for any other purpose. Since then our knowledge has advanced. Since then—only ten years ago—we know how to kill each other far more efficiently. Bigger bombs may be dropped from faster airplanes. Guns have increased their range. Transport has been mechanized. Chemists have invented poison gases far more noxious. Those vibrations which enable thought to travel swiftly by light and sound may be converted to the use of the destroyer. They may control and set in motion ingenious instruments for the destruction of human life and the cities in which it dwells most densely. They may send out the signals of another world war from which Western civilization at least will not escape next time. For it seems likely that if the white races who defend

the last heritage of Christendom tear themselves to pieces once again, and use the powers which science has given them with an efficiency which would make the last war seem old-fashioned and humane, then other races will be ready to advance across the ruins.

There are other dangers ahead, not so obvious, but leading to weakness and defeat. No civilization has yet survived after the downfall of its gods. Its doom is declared when the faith and idealism which formed the basis of its laws, the inspiration of its art, and the meaning of its life are challenged by skepticism, and then abandoned in disbelief. Some other and better civilization may take its place, or it may lie buried and forgotten in jungles where its ancient monuments are hidden in the undergrowth.

Such skepticism and unbelief are now undermining the foundation of European civilization as it was built up on Christian ideals—often violated, never fulfilled, a thousand times betrayed—but permeating its laws, its art, its emotions, and its discipline.

Not science, but the misunderstanding and false interpretation of science, has caused this spreading skepticism, and in many minds a complete denial of the faith out of which our civilization grew. As

the physical laws and mechanism of life in all its forms and activities are revealed more clearly, the modern mind, rushing to wrong conclusions, is losing its belief in spiritual values and ideas. The greatest scientists are not to blame for this. On the contrary, they warn us that all their knowledge leads only to other mysteries and that their discoveries do not reach out to the infinite truth beyond, which is undiscovered and undiscoverable by scientific methods. But that warning is hardly heard in the market place where the cheapjacks of knowledge sell their falsities and where the mass mind is dazzled and excited by mechanical toys. It seems to many students of sensationalized science that chemistry disproves morality by asserting that instincts and passions may be affected or changed by a little doctoring with the ductless glands. They are tempted to believe that science denies God, that personality does not survive after death, that self-discipline is merely foolishness because the mind of man is but an expression of animal behaviorism and all ideas no more than chemical reactions to physical stimuli. So arguing from half knowledge spread about the world in little text-books, their logic is unanswerable and one understands the cause of so much fretfulness and so

much materialism in revolt against the ideals of past ages and the old moralities. "If," they say, "there is no future life, let us get all we can here and now, by any kind of means. If morality is only a physiological affair, then let us go to the chemists and get rid of conscience. If there is no God or any future judgment of present acts, let us desert our wives if we tire of them, let us prevent childbirth to save worry and expense, let us grab what we can and have a good time somehow, because tomorrow we die and all is done."

Such ideas are at work in the world today. They are being put to the test, not with much success or happiness. They are more dangerous to our civilization than war itself, because they will lead to an anarchy which is worse than war, and will disintegrate society as effectively as high explosives and with the aid of them. For nations holding that view of life will not be careful of morality, nor of charity, nor of any ideal beyond self-interest. They will try to grab what they want while the grabbing is good.

Those are the dangers we have to face. They are not imaginary, nor the morbid prophecies of pessimistic minds, nor the sensationalism of Sunday journalists. The conflict is already in progress be-

tween those who believe in spiritual values and those who deny them. It began, indeed, in the minds of the first men and women because it is the old struggle between good and evil and between selfishness and idealism. But now another crisis is coming in that long-drawn battle, because of this rapid advance of mechanical progress, and the discovery of those new powers which men may use to destroy those who disagree with them.

At all costs we must reestablish faith in spiritual values. Somehow we must believe in God or go to the devil. We must worship something beyond ourselves lest we destroy ourselves.

We cannot go back in history, dragging out old fetishes which once put a spell upon the human mind. We cannot even return by will power to that simplicity of mind which existed before the age of science. We cannot isolate ourselves from the spirit of the time. It would be folly to do so. We must go forward, not denying science—there is no need to deny it—but using it as a new proof of faith, to build a bridge across the great chasm between knowledge and mystery, and time and eternity. We need, not less science, but more science to understand values beyond analysis, and to be more wor-

shipful of truth and power beyond our intellectual limitations. We must readapt our minds to new conditions, not afraid of change yet never abandoning those spiritual realities which belong to history and tradition. They are not old and outworn, because truth has no age, and the spirit that moves through the endless adventure of life is forever young.

In our own country and our own race we have a heritage of tradition, a spiritual continuity of law and order, and a love of good and noble things, revealed in the lives and work of countless men and women, which we cannot abandon without enormous loss. It is indeed in our blood and hearts, and we could not cut it out and stay alive as a nation or a race. We must reach back to our past for those values while moving forward to the future, for we shall need those qualities, and not any different ones, to meet the next adventure as we have met life always with a certain cheerful confidence and a sturdy sense of humor, and courage that did not fail at a crisis. Youth has no use for the past, it says, but the past directs them to their destiny. This race of ours, so spread about the world, has in many ways the decision of the future. What we make of life

will be largely what the world will make of life. Our faith today will make the history of tomorrow.

We need no new faith, but a reassertion of ideals which for a time have weakened, in the modern mind, and a closer fellowship with all peoples who share them with us. Those dangers ahead—that world war—need not happen—nor will ever happen—if we use the powers that have been given us not for death but for life.

With faith again in a divine love beyond the rivalries of men we may disarm the powers of evil. The destroyer will not get his chance if we have a sense of comradeship with other peoples, widening our sympathies beyond national selfishness. We need not use poison gas, nor see great cities smashed by high explosives, if we give a lead to the world in the quest of beauty and truth. Let us love laughter and tolerance and good-fellowship. Let us hate cruelty. Let us have courage to face up to life, whatever it brings, and scorn the grossness that suffocates the soul.

Throughout all the struggles and strivings of our race, all its blunderings and conflicts, all its stupidities and failures, those ideals lived in many simple and noble minds, and that faith helped us through.

Only by such faith again, reawakened, strengthened by science, reaching out across the world, controlling the machines and instruments of power, working for peace and raising the standard of charity, in the spirit of Christ, may we go forward to meet the unknown future, unafraid.

LUCIFER, OR THE ROOT OF EVIL

by G. K. Chesterton

Lucifer, or the Root of Evil

By G. K. Chesterton

IF I had only one sermon to preach, it would be a sermon against pride. The more I see of existence, and especially of modern practical and experimental existence, the more I am convinced of the reality of the old religious thesis: that all evil began with some attempt at superiority; some moment when, as we might say, the very skies were cracked across like a mirror, because there was a sneer in heaven.

Now the first fact to note about this notion is a rather curious one. Of all such notions, it is the one most generally dismissed in theory and most universally accepted in practice. Modern men imagine that such a theological idea is quite remote from them; and stated as a theological idea, it probably is remote from them. But as a matter of fact, it is too close to them to be recognized. It is so completely a part of their minds and morals and instincts, I might almost say of their bodies, that they take

it for granted and act on it even before they think of it. It is actually the most popular of all moral ideas; and yet it is almost entirely unknown as a moral idea. No truth is now so unfamiliar as a truth, or so familiar as a fact.

Let us put the fact to a trifling but not unpleasing test. Let us suppose that the reader, or (preferably) the writer, is going into a public house or some public place of social intercourse; a public tube or tram might do as well, except that it seldom allows of such long and philosophical intercourse as did the old public house. Anyhow, let us suppose any place where men of motley but ordinary types assemble; mostly poor because the majority are poor, some moderately comfortable but what is rather snobbishly called common; an average handful of human beings. Let us suppose that the inquirer, politely approaching this group, opens the conversation in a chatty way by saying, "Theologians are of opinion that it was one of the superior angelic intelligences seeking to become the supreme object of worship, instead of finding his natural joy in worshiping, which dislocated the providential design and frustrated the full joy and completion of the cosmos." After making these remarks the inquirer will gaze

round brightly and expectantly at the company for corroboration, at the same time ordering such refreshments as may be ritually fitted to the place or time, or perhaps merely offering cigarettes or cigars to the whole company, to fortify them against the strain. In any case, we may well admit that such a company will find it something of a strain to accept the formula in the above form. Their comments will probably be disjointed and detached; whether they take the form of "Lorlumme" (a beautiful thought slurred somewhat in pronunciation) or even "Gorblime" (an image more somber but fortunately more obscure) or merely the unaffected form of "Garn"; a statement quite free from doctrinal and denominational teaching, like our state compulsory education. In short, he who shall attempt to state this theory, as a theory, to the average crowd of the populace, will doubtless find that he is talking in an unfamiliar language. Even if he states the matter in the simplified form, that pride is the worst of the seven deadly sins, he will only produce a vague and rather unfavorable impression that he is preaching. But he is only preaching what everybody else is practicing; or at least is wanting everybody else to practice.

Let the scientific inquirer continue to cultivate the patience of science. Let him linger—at any rate, let *me* linger—in the place of popular entertainment, whatever it may be; and take very careful note (if necessary in a notebook) of the way in which ordinary human beings do really talk about each other. As he is a scientific inquirer with a notebook, it is very likely that he never saw any ordinary human beings before. But if he will listen carefully, he will observe a certain tone taken toward friends, foes, and acquaintances; a tone which is, on the whole, creditably genial and considerate, though not without strong likes and dislikes. He will hear abundant, if sometimes bewildering, allusion to the well-known weaknesses of Old George; but many excuses also, and a certain generous pride in conceding that Old George is quite the gentleman when drunk; or that he told the policeman off proper. Some celebrated idiot, who is always spotting winners that never win, will be treated with almost tender derision; and, especially among the poorest, there will be a true Christian pathos in the reference to those who have been “in trouble” for habits like burglary and petty larceny. And as all these queer types are called up like ghosts by the incantation of

gossip, the inquirer will gradually form the impression that there is one kind of man, probably only one kind of man, perhaps only one man, who is really disliked. The voices take on quite a different tone in speaking of him; there is a hardening and solidification of disapproval and a new coldness in the air. And this will be all the more curious because, by the current modern theories of social or anti-social action, it will not be at all easy to say why he should be such a monster or what exactly is the matter with him. It will be hinted at only in singular figures of speech, about a gentleman who is mistakenly convinced that he owns the street; or sometimes that he owns the earth. Then one of the social critics will say, " 'E comes in 'ere and 'e thinks 'e's Gawd Almighty." Then the scientific inquirer will shut his notebook with a snap and retire from the scene, possibly after paying for any drinks he may have consumed in the cause of social science. He has got what he wanted. He has been intellectually justified. The man in the pub has precisely repeated, word for word, the theological formula about Satan.

Pride is a poison so very poisonous that it not only poisons the virtues; it even poisons the other vices.

This is what is felt by the poor men in the public tavern when they tolerate the tippler or the tipster or even the thief, but feel something fiendishly wrong with the man who bears so close a resemblance to God Almighty. And we all do in fact know that the primary sin of pride has this curiously freezing and hardening effect upon the other sins. A man may be very susceptible and in sex matters rather loose; he may waste himself on passing and unworthy passions, to the hurt of his soul, and yet always retain something which makes friendship with his own sex at least possible and even faithful and satisfying. But once let that sort of man regard his own weakness as a strength, and you have somebody entirely different. You have the lady-killer, the most beastly of all possible bounders, the man whom his own sex almost always has the healthy instinct to hate and despise. A man may be naturally slothful and rather irresponsible, he may neglect many duties through carelessness, and his friends may still understand him so long as it is really a careless carelessness. But it is the devil and all when it becomes a careful carelessness. It is the devil and all when he becomes a deliberate and self-conscious Bohemian, sponging on principle, preying

on society in the name of his own genius (or rather of his own belief in his own genius), taxing the world like a king on the plea that he is a poet, and despising better men than himself who work that he may waste. It is no metaphor to say that it is the devil and all. By the same fine old original religious formula, it is all of the devil. We could go through any number of social types illustrating the same spiritual truth. It would be easy to point out that even the miser, who is half ashamed of his madness, is a more human and sympathetic type than the millionaire who brags and boasts of his avarice, and calls it sanity and simplicity and the strenuous life. It would be easy to point out that even cowardice, as a mere collapse of the nerves, is better than cowardice as an ideal and theory of the intellect; and that a really imaginative person will have more sympathy with men who, like cattle, yield to what they know is panic, than with a certain particular type of prig who preaches something that he calls peace. Men hate priggishness because it is the dryest form of pride.

Thus there is a paradox in the whole position. The spiritual idea of the evil of pride, especially spiritual pride, was dismissed as a piece of mysticism not

needed by modern morality, which is to be purely social and practical. And, as a fact, it is very specially needed because the morality is social and practical. On the assumption that we need care for nothing except making other human beings happy, this is quite certainly the thing that will make them unhappy. The practical case against pride, as a mere source of social discomfort and discord, is, if possible, even more self-evident than the more mystical case against it, as a setting up of the self against the soul of the world. And yet though we see this thing on every side in modern life, we really hear very little about it in modern literature and ethical theory. Indeed, a great deal of modern literature and ethics might be meant specially for the encouragement of spiritual pride. Scores of scribes and sages are busy writing about the importance of self-culture and self-realization; about how every child is to be taught to develop his personality (whatever that may be); about how every business man must devote himself to success, and every successful man must devote himself to developing a magnetic and compelling personality; about how every man may become a 'superman' (by taking Our Correspondence Course) or, in the more sophisticated and artistic type of

fiction, how one specially superior superman can learn to look down on the mere mob of ordinary supermen who form the population of that peculiar world. Modern theory, as a whole, is rather encouraging egoism. But we need not be alarmed about that. Modern practice, being exactly like ancient practice, is still heartily discouraging it. The man with the strong magnetic personality is still the man whom those who know him best desire most warmly to kick out of the club. The man in a really acute stage of self-realization is a no more pleasing object in the club than in the pub. Even the most enlightened and scientific sort of club can see through the superman, and see that he has become a bore. It is in practice that the philosophy of pride breaks down; by the test of the moral instincts of men wherever two or three are gathered together; and it is the mere experience of modern humanity that answers the modern heresy.

There is indeed another practical experience, known to us all, even more pungent and vivid than the actual unpopularity of the bully or the bumptious fool. We all know that there is a thing called egoism that is much deeper than egotism. Of all spiritual diseases it is the most intangible and the

most intolerable. It is said to be allied to hystéria; it sometimes looks as if it were allied to diabolic possession. It is that condition in which the victim does a thousand varying things from one unvarying motive of a devouring vanity; and sulks or smiles, slanders or praises, conspires and intrigues, or sits still and does nothing, all in one unsleeping vigilance over the social effect of one single person. It is amazing to me that in the modern world, that chatters perpetually about psychology and sociology, about the tyranny with which we are threatened by a few feeble-minded infants, about alcoholic poisoning and the treatment of neurotics, about half a hundred things that are near the subject and never on the spot—it is amazing that these moderns really have so very little to say about the cause and cure of a moral condition that poisons nearly every family and every circle of friends. There is hardly a practical psychologist who has anything to say about it that is half so illuminating as the literal exactitude of the old maxim of the priest: that pride is from hell. For there is something awfully vivid and appallingly fixed about this madness at its worst, that makes that short and antiquated word seem much more apt than any other. And then, as I say,

the learned go wandering away into discourses about drink or tobacco, about the wickedness of wine-glasses or the incredible character of public houses. The wickedest work in this world is symbolized not by a wine-glass, but by a looking-glass; and it is not done in public houses, but in the most private of all private houses which is a house of mirrors.

The phrase would probably be misunderstood; but I should begin my sermon by telling people not to enjoy themselves. I should tell them to enjoy dances and theaters and joy rides and champagne and oysters; to enjoy jazz and cocktails and night clubs if they can enjoy nothing better; to enjoy bigamy and burglary and any crime in the calendar, in preference to this other alternative; but never to learn to enjoy themselves. Human beings are happy so long as they retain the receptive power and the power of reaction in surprise and gratitude to something outside. So long as they have this they have, as the greatest minds have always declared, a something that is present in childhood and which can still preserve and invigorate manhood. The moment the self within is consciously felt as something superior to any of the gifts that can be brought to it, or any of the adventures that it may enjoy, there

has appeared a sort of self-devouring fastidiousness and a disenchantment in advance, which fulfills all the Tartarean emblems of thirst and of despair.

Difficulties can easily be raised, of course, in any such debate by the accident of words being used in different senses; and sometimes in quite contrary senses. For instance, when we speak of somebody being "proud of" something, as of a man being proud of his wife, or a people proud of its heroes, we really mean something that is the very opposite of pride. For it implies that the man thinks that something outside himself is needed to give him great glory; and such a glory is really acknowledged as a gift. In the same way, the word will certainly be found misleading, if I say that the worst and most depressing element in the mixed elements of the present, and the immediate future, seems to me to be an element of impudence. For there is a kind of impudence that we all find either amusing or bracing, as in the impudence of the gutter-snipe. But there again the circumstances disarm the thing of its real evil. The quality commonly called "cheek" is not an assertion of superiority; but rather a bold attempt to balance inferiority. When you walk up to a very wealthy and powerful nobleman and play-

fully tip his hat over his eyes (as is your custom), you are not suggesting that you yourself are above all human follies, but rather that you are capable of them, and that he also ought to have a wider and richer experience of them. When you dig a royal duke in the waistcoat, in your playful manner, you are not taking yourself too seriously, but only, perhaps, not taking him so seriously as is usually thought correct. This sort of impudence may be open to criticism, as it is certainly subject to dangers. But there is a sort of hard intellectual impudence which really treats itself as intangible to retort or judgment, and there are a certain number among the new generations and social movements who fall into this fundamental weakness. It is a weakness, for it is simply settling down permanently to believe what even the vain and foolish can only believe by fits and starts, but what all men wish to believe and are often found weak enough to believe—that they themselves constitute the supreme standard of things. Pride consists in a man making his personality the only test, instead of making the truth the test. It is not pride to wish to do well, or even to look well, according to a real test. It is pride to think that a thing looks ill because it does not look

like something characteristic of oneself. Now in the general clouding of clear and abstract standards, there is a real tendency today for a young man (and even possibly a young woman) to fall back on that personal test simply for lack of any trustworthy impersonal test. No standard being sufficiently secure for the self to be moulded to suit it, all standards may be moulded to suit the self. But the self as a self is a very small thing and something very like an accident. Hence arises a new kind of narrowness, which exists especially in those who boast of breadth. The skeptic feels himself too large to measure life by the largest things, and ends by measuring it by the smallest thing of all. There is produced also a sort of subconscious ossification which hardens the mind not only against the traditions of the past, but even against the surprises of the future. *Nil admirari* becomes the motto of all nihilists; and it ends, in the most complete and exact sense, in nothing.

If I had only one sermon to preach, I certainly could not end it in honor without testifying to what is in my knowledge the salt and preservative of all these things. This is but one of a thousand things in which I have found the Catholic Church to be right when the whole world is perpetually tending

to be wrong; and without its witness, I believe that this secret, at once a sanity and a subtlety, would be almost entirely forgotten among men. I know that I for one had hardly heard of positive humility until I came within the range of Catholic influence; and even the things that I love most, such as liberty, and the island poetry of England, had in this matter lost the way, and were in a fog of self-deception. Indeed, there is no better example of the definition of pride than the definition of patriotism. It is the noblest of all natural affections exactly so long as it consists of saying, "May I be worthy of England!" It is the beginning of one of the blindest forms of Pharisaism when the patriot is content to say, "I am an Englishman!" And I cannot count it an accident that the patriot has generally seen the flag as a flame of vision, beyond and better than himself, in countries of the Catholic tradition, like France and Poland and Ireland, and has hardened into this heresy of admiring merely his own breed and bone and inherited type, and himself as a part of it, in the places most remote from that religion, whether in Berlin or in Belfast. In short, if I had only one sermon to preach, it would be one that would pro-

foundly annoy the congregation by bringing to their attention the permanent challenge of the Church. If I had only one sermon to preach, I should feel specially confident that I should not be asked to preach another.

THERE CAME ONE RUNNING

by Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken

There Came One Running

By Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken

IN THE ruins of the city of Philadelphia, a Greek settlement east of the Jordan River that was once included in Decapolis, the "Ten Towns," a manuscript may have been found in the ruins of a Hellenistic mansion of some pretensions. Or it may not. The (as yet tentative) translation is appended. The beginning is apparently lost, the leaves being torn. It begins thus:

Often as I leave Philadelphia the delightful—with its shocking name, scarcely justified by its imperial association—and take my way along the banks of the river Yabbok, I feel myself akin to the first Greek colonists of old. They went west, to Masilia, Gades, and the new Miletus; and I came east, to this barbarous land of Syrian and Arab. A land of extremes it is, assuredly, Philadelphia, City of the Girl who Loved—and Wed—her Brother, with

its Greek citizens, its Egyptian manners, or lack of manners, and its Roman laws; and through it plunging the wild torrent Yabbok, fierce and untamed stream of the mountains. A new country, and a prosperous one, also, considering how recently it was settled and the savage barbarians expelled for our politer comfort. A beautiful country, I confess, too, and not inferior to my native Corinth, with plenteous rains, good soil, and much husbandry and cattle, and pleasant groves of palm and olive.

Of the people I cannot say so much, although at times their strange ways and customs provoke me to much thought. Thus yesterday, as I was passing by the way, I was made aware of a teacher of Galilee with some companion, who walked, and talked as they walked, with evident pleasure. I was reminded of the Grecian custom, for we also, in groves or on the porches of temples or market-places, are wont to discuss new things of every sort. There is something in the very act of walking conducive to good conversation, whether it be the slow rhythm of the marching feet that gives good cadence to well-chosen words, and a fitting congruity of mind and thought, or whether, the blood being better disposed by motion in the whole body, and every part active, the

organism is in a more perfect disposition to serve its master, the mind, I know not; but I have ever favored the peripatetics.

So I came near, and greeted the Galileans, and was courteously entreated to join them. As we fell into talk of things new and old, there came one running. . . . He was a Greek, I think, for he was tall, and fair of skin, unmixed with the brown of the Arab or the swart blood of the Jordan dwellers of the valley. Assuredly he was not a Jew, although his garments were of the Jewish mode. He was young. That was my first impression. I am now past youth, myself, and therefore when I see such a one I see my own youth lost, and I think in a strange and yearning way. Moreover, I am Greek, and to me youth is the most beautiful thing in the world, and a manly youth such as this most of all, in the full flush of vigor and strength, in pride and willfulness of health and activity. This is the God in man, valiancy and intelligence such as Socrates loved in Alcibiades. For what men love in youth is promise and expectation of what is to be fulfilled. Everyone who grows old ceases to change, and only receives an intensifying of his youthful genius. An

old man, says Plato, can no more learn than he can run.

And something more in the youth also there was—eager desire, a zest of motion, and thrust of limb—that bespoke impetuosity and headlong energy. He had run, I think, far, for he was heated and bedewed, and his tunic was overlaid with dust. He panted somewhat, too, and seemed under physical strain as though he were not perfectly in training for such a race. But though his body were in toil, his mind was more so. For his eyes glowed, and an eager light came forth from them, such as gleams from the young soldiers marching to their first battle, or the lover on his way to the tryst, or the merchant to his gains. There was will, strong and determined, relentless and confident, as of one accustomed to having his own way in the world. And I knew that he desired something mightily, and for this had run so swiftly to overtake this teacher.

And suddenly, ere I was aware of his intention (for I was not of the nearest in the group to see, being mindful not to mix too closely with the peasant Galileans in the teacher's party), suddenly I perceived that he had kneeled at the wanderer's feet and, all in a gasp of quick-drawn breath, had poured

forth his petition. Not then did I learn what it was, but I was intrigued none the less. What a picture it made, fit to be painted on a vase of red and black by Callimachus or Charmides. The calm scene of the evening sunset time, the quiet wayside, broken only by the water falling over rocks; the little group of wanderers, staffs in hand, following this grave and quiet man as he talked; and then the sudden irruption of youth, tempestuous and hardy, questioning and exorbitant of attention, usurping the thought of all in his swift demand. Such a scene, I thought, might once have inspired one of the best of the immortal dialogues, were there any Platos to be found nowadays.

The young suppliant had asked a question, vital to him, no doubt, since he came to ask it of such a one. He was rich, anyone might see—there is money to be made in these parts—and he could buy easily all the learning of the philosophers. Moreover, there were educated men in the town, men filled, like myself, with ancient learning, who could have resolved any knotty question of speech, any tangled skein of the Law, any rule of the Roman governor, and almost for the asking. None of these would satisfy him. Only one could give him the relief he sought.

That was clear, I saw, and I refrained from interruption, for when a disciple has chosen a master, one were as good to try to catch a jackal in the way as to divert him from his devotion. Man does not so much wish to know, to learn, as to be like some one. Therefore companionship of the worthy is your only schooling worth having. Youth is full of strange paradoxes, but none more strange than this, that although in youth the mind is free and dainty, resisting compulsion (and most justly, for knowledge imposed by compulsion has no hold upon the mind), yet youth of all ages cares most for the good opinion of others, especially of him whose mind it reverences.

It was a great question, I was sure, by the intensity of its asking. The answer would do something, it was evident. Perhaps, like the answer to the Sphinx, a kingship hung upon it; something of importance, not only to this youth, but maybe to the world. The ending of a journey, the completion of a great labor, the philosopher's mystery, might be involved. A world was perchance to be reformed, wrongs righted, ruins made strong. Never had such a question been asked before. It was elemental; upon the reply hinged the destiny of his whole being. The moment became suddenly pivotal to us; we felt ourselves at

the center of things, with the world looking on. The age clustered about the moment, as sometimes happens in the lives of men. When such occasions come, they say, one's whole course of action is determined. The past is explained and the future revealed, stretching away clear and distinct as a landscape after rain. If you know the time when it comes, you will be captain of your destiny and pilot of your way. If the moment passes and you are blind to it, it will not come again.

Something of all this was in my mind as I looked at the youth; something of it was but a reflection of his own steady and burning gaze, fixed on this man whose word he trusted. He wanted an answer, and upon the moment. It was crucial for him. The parting of the ways had been reached. Childhood was gone and manhood had come upon him. The commencement of authority and independence, the obligations of citizenship and rule, the responsibilities of wealth and place, weighed upon him, I was sure. They troubled him and irked his impatient spirit. But there was something more in this youth, beyond the mere externals of existence in a busy city. It was not the daily duties that cost him all this care. It was the mind that sought healing.

There were deeps within him that he knew not of, save now and then as passion drove him to a blaze of anger, of envy, or of ambition. Then he stood aghast and wondered at himself, and asked, "Was it I who did this, or another?" There arose at times the hungry and unsatisfied passion of love, ever growing by what it feeds on, and not finding what it sought. And he, high-minded and clean-hearted, started back appalled at the sight of himself as the mean slave of ignoble desire. The riddle to which he had asked an answer was just himself. And the answer must make him master of this undaunted steed, this wild Pegasus of will. He must have victory over his own spirit. For there are few youths who are at the same time quick, courageous, and gentle in self-control. Those who are quick to learn have also quick and ungovernable tempers. The slower and steadier are also more stupid and incapable of remembering. Happy he who in youth moves smoothly and successfully over the sea of knowledge to his appointed port, noiselessly and without storm, as on a river of oil.

This I knew by insight and was assured of it when I heard his angry rejoinder to the teacher's reply. That I had not caught, either, exactly; it was some-

thing ordinary, to this effect, "You know the answer as well as I; tell me."

So the youth rattled off his angry words; they were the commonplaces of the Law. Be good, true, obedient, kind. A dull and commonplace code it is indeed; nothing said of the intelligence, of the sense of beauty, of the experience of happiness, in all of it. Had he asked me, I might have made known to him the infinite power of man by his divine reason, the marvelous sensations of the mind and feeling attuned to perfect harmony, the ineffable pleasures of philosophy. But he did not ask me.

The teacher said to him, "That is right; that is the right answer," or words to that effect. What a dash to his hot spirits. What a chain to his proud feet, spurning the ground to be off for a flight through the empyrean! What! The vital moment at hand, the choice of all one's days to be made, the fork in the road reached, and just a friendly word of cheer, "Keep on; you're on the right track."

Thus the youth was grieved, though it was clear he revered his teacher, and he cried, "All this is old; I've done it ever since I was born. Am I to go to school all my life?"

I approved his indignation. It was well justified.

Is not there something more than mere piety to be performed here in these brief days that compose the span of life? To be a good son, husband, brother, father, a righteous ruler, an obedient servant of the Emperor of Rome, to pay one's taxes, whip the thieving slaves, plant the seed and reap the corn, is this all of life? Was our mind given us for this only? Is beauty on earth for this only? Is the strength and vigor of youth to waste itself in a stiff treading of the daily round like slaves on water wheels? Was not youth made to run? And it seemed to me that the youth was made for nothing else but thus to come running, and drop so gracefully upon his knees, and desire so earnestly the best thing he could ask. To inquire, to seek the mystery of earth and heaven—for this were we made. But such an answer would have done him no good, though it were true. It did not end desire.

He was tired of getting his duty by rote, and acting his rôle in the play of life. It seemed unreal and false to him. Everything was cut and dried, every step predicted a thousand years before. For every situation a hundred proverbs had been coined. Did he wish to spring across yonder ravine? Memory said, "Look before you leap." Did he hesitate

in a choice of action? Memory whispered, "He who hesitates is lost." Everything provided, even in neat opposites, a pair in a bundle, made up and packed in the market, ready for use. Experience was a packet of figs, dried and pressed and covered. He was tired of it. There must be some other way.

Well, there was, it seemed. For as he gave vent to his youthful resentment, the teacher spoke. Then I realized, then only, I stood beside a master. His gaze enkindled the lad, his voice came strong and appealing, his form took on sternness and courage, resolution incarnate, greater than Pompey when he rode this way years ago. "Very well," he said, as I recall it; "give everything away and come."

It was like a trumpet calling the troops into action. It sounded like the words of a general to his best-trained men. It honored the youth with consideration of his potential worth. He was chosen. He might then choose. He was free.

This was what he wanted; had wanted all along. Yet he did not come. Confronted with the imperative, he flinched. He turned pale, looked at the teacher once imploringly, and, seeing only the summons, he rose and turned and went his way, and we saw him no more.

Born to command, he could not be commanded. He could not brook the idea that it took more courage to obey than to rule; that the soldier in the ranks is really bravest of the brave.

Born to enjoy, he could not visualize himself far out in the desert somewhere, away from cities and highways, alone with mountain tops and lonely gardens. He had seen the world in terms of conquest, not of conquering. The completed act, not the action, allured him. He would be a learned man, without ever being a man of learning, much less a learning man. Beside him from day to day stalked a shadow of fear that never left him; born of what inner experience who may say? Whatever it had been, it was now covered over with the rich gild of possession, known of none. And suddenly, in the crisis, it sprang up and conquered the citadel of his soul.

He had had two choices offered him, like Hercules or King Solomon, of whom the Jews tell their fables. Either he might live the daily life of men, taking things as they came day by day, doing his best by his lights, living up to the highest he knew, erring and stumbling in the dark at times, but keeping on with the task of life with simple courage. Living so,

he would daily learn and grow in proportion as he applied the knowledge that he had. His would be a learning life, growing wise as the years passed. Such are the lives of most good persons. As time goes on, and they advance in years, and come more into contact with realities, they learn by experience to see and feel the truth of things. Thus they come to change many of their opinions, and the great appears small to them, and the easy difficult, speculations being overturned by the facts of life, as a light chariot by a broken stone in the pavement of the road.

Or he might greatly dare. He might all at once cut the encumbering threads of mere subsistence, and give himself wholly to truth. For this he must be himself of superior fiber. He must have the physical strength, the mental vigor, the resolute courage, the steadfast will. He must forego much, be willing to forego all. Socrates saw the cup of hemlock, but he did not falter. Such a summons was the youth's, and he could not measure up to it. I do not blame him. There are few who accept in its full implication the life of learning. But when they do, the world moves on a little faster upon its center.

His was a great opportunity, I could not help

reflecting. This Decapolis is a wonderful new country, thinly settled as yet, but fertile, and with a vigorous, intelligent population. Much is yet to be done in the way of highways and irrigation. The savage nations to the east and south must be subjugated and brought under our sway, enlightened yet firm, the benefits of which they will themselves eventually acknowledge when admitted to the citizenship of Rome and the culture of Greece. And for this task we need youth, strong and brave, ruthless and determined, disciplined and sound on all points of faith and practice. Worship the emperor, obey the prefect, stand by the eagle, follow the fasces where they go. Of what use are all these questions and doubts? Clear as the Syrian sky is the destiny of this favored land, preferred of all the gods. Decapolis needs leadership. It was his, almost for the asking.

Yet he went away, crushed and broken by the very greatness of his opportunity. He desired that greatness. Only he could not see it in its daily terms, or in the concentrated meaning of a vital moment. He saw his career as an end in itself, and loved it too dearly either to share it with his fellows, or to risk all on a great venture.

It was sad to observe. It was the tragedy, I thought, of youth. The lad was broken on the wheel of circumstance. Was it his fault that in this town, in this year of the emperor, no easy way to success was evident? The waste of such a life struck to my heart. And as I looked at the Galilean, I could feel his own sadness also. There were love and heart-break in his eyes. He did not blame him, I could see. It was circumstance. He was unfitted for the choice thrust on him by his very opportunities of wealth and power.

Fate, or circumstance, call it what you will, is always unjust to youth. Human nature bids us cry out in agony when the innocent and young are thus sacrificed. Iphigenia, sacrificed to promote the sailing of the fleet; Antigone, slain because she loved her brother; Cassandra, wise and helpless waif of destiny—such figures fill me with pity and with fear. But they are figures of legend, myths of long ago. Here, under my very eyes, I saw a similar tragedy wrought out in terms of human loss and wreckage.

I wanted to hurry after the youth, to bid him be of good courage. He must not take it so hard. Another chance would come his way. Some other teacher might give him a more pleasing answer.

Maybe war would come, and his fair chance to be a general. Perhaps Herod would hear of his good government and promote him. Anyway, what difference did it make that a Galilean had for a moment laid bare his secret fear? None else knew, indeed the whole countryside must praise him for a prominent young man.

These and other words of hollow comfort rose all too easily to my mind. But in vain. The young man was gone and I should have had to run to catch up with him. It was, besides, not my affair. What was to be would be. Two words of mine would not avert necessity, and I was more interested, after all, in the teacher than in the taught.

So I went up to the Galilean and said, "Master, what was the boon he asked of thee?" And he replied, "Life." And he went on with his friends and departed.

Life? That brave youth, endowed with courage, beauty, and skill, asking this outlander for "life"? Will youth never learn? Has it not youth? What does it want else, in the name of Apollo? Why should it fret over knowledge, or justice, or righteousness, or fame, or honor? These are shadows;

youth itself is the only substance. So says my Epicurus, wisest of men. For youth is joy and freedom.

And yet, as I write, I cannot put out of my mind the eager form of the one who came running and knelt at the teacher's feet, and with questioning gaze asked for the gift of Life. Perhaps, after all, youth needs one thing more to be perfect.

HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN

by Lord Hugh Cecil

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THE question is seldom asked, "What really makes us Christians?" We see and know all sorts of degrees of faith and unbelief. Some people are Christians without doubt, some have been Christians but have lost their faith; some have not lost their faith but feel it to be in certain respects precarious; some mean on a future day to look more closely into the matter; others, caring but little, drift along without anxiety, uncertain and indefinite;—in short there are all sorts of degrees of orthodoxy or unbelief or doubt or vagueness, made practically tolerable because the unbeliever or doubter still clings to the main consequences of religious belief in respect to morality. But how do all these people get where they are?

A man accepts the Christian faith either from training in childhood or by conversion when he is grown up. Nearly everyone in our country who

holds the Christian faith, holds it because he was so taught as a child. Sometimes there is no disturbance of this religious faith; sometimes the experiences of life, new currents of opinion, and, it may be feared, moral faults and deficiencies, beat against religious faith and shake it and wholly or partly overthrow it. For some men there has been an attack in the mind on faith, and it has been repelled, it may be at once or after a time. The man who goes through such an experience will usually persuade himself that his opinion has been ultimately determined by a process of reasoning; but acute observers often find that the reasoning processes of the mind are in fact themselves determined by inclinations or prejudices of which the mind may be totally unconscious or only half aware, but which, in fact, decide the conclusion to which reason comes. Here is found the power of any moral inconsistency with Christian teaching, and here also the very strong influence of what may be called intellectual fashion, a sense of the congruity of an opinion with the general system of thought which prevails. We do not reject belief in fairies because we have carefully investigated the question of their reality, but because that sort of belief is incongruous with our general

habits of thought. This may be a safe way of deciding, but is not always so. A great many people, for example, rejected mesmerism, as it was called, because it sounded like an hysterical imposture. But they were in this mistaken, and, under the name of hypnotism, mesmerism has come to be recognized as a real experience and part of the physical system. At any rate, whatever may determine the decision of the mind about religious faith, the sequence of experience is that the child receives and accepts Christianity on the authority of his teachers, that if he does not retain belief unshaken it is because of a hostile influence of one kind or another which occasions disturbance of mind and leaves him altogether without faith or with faith in some degree shaken or upset.

Let us here ask a further question, with which we might have begun, What is the Christian religion? Or a still more rudimentary question, What is religion? This question seems to me to be often answered amiss. The word connotes a bond and means essentially (I suggest) a personal relation with the unseen. The relation may be a reality or a delusion. Religion, as we speak, may be true or false, but its essence is in this relation through the

veil that hides from us the invisible world. And Christianity purports to be a relation with a person, with a personal God. God has, as Christians believe, revealed Himself to man in some degree through nature, in a greater degree by a progressive revelation to the Jewish people, culminating in the incarnation of God Himself as a man in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. And it is through Christ that we enter into relation with God. Moreover, we are taught to believe that it is by the power of God that we are enabled to enter into this relation. God is thus manifested to us after a threefold mode: He is the ultimate object of our devotion; He is the Saviour and Redeemer by Whom we, in spite of our sins, can obtain access to His divine nature; He is the Spirit Who, from within us, shapes our purpose and faith and leads us to be saved by Him, the Saviour, and to adoration of and union with His perfect divinity. This relation is not merely individual; it is essentially social: the Divine Spirit incorporates the individual in a society of which the Head is Christ and in the corporate life of which man draws near to God. All this expresses a mystical experience; by "mystical" I mean an experience which is partly and only partly intellectually intelli-

gible. A mystery may be defined as a half-disclosed truth, like a mountain with its summit in the clouds. And the Christian religion is such a mystery. The mystical relation of the worshiper to God is a perfectly real experience, though it is not an experience of which a complete intellectual description can be given. But though the intellect cannot describe the experience, it can partly explain and justify it. The personal relation which constitutes religion is sustained by a certain body of theological opinion expressed in our creeds. The doctrines of the Trinity and of the Incarnation can be stated; and though the statements are avowedly incomplete and must be put in a form which presents a contradiction or at the least an inconsistency, and are therefore incapable of complete rational assimilation, yet they make paths down which we can spiritually move and achieve the experience which is the essence of our religion; that is, we can enter into this relation with God after the fashion that our theological rules direct us. Theology regulates religion and justifies it against the imputation of being a mere imaginative delusion; but theology is not itself religion. Theology is a function of the intellect. Like other sciences, it is pursued with most success by the most able

minds, and skill in it is attained by study and learning. But religion is experienced without elaborate study or learning or more instruction than is needed to be able to enter upon a relation with the unseen. The relation is the reality; theology is only the explanation of it. For example, a person is overcome with a deep and depressing sense of his own sinfulness. By prayer and confession to God he receives a sense of forgiveness, redemption, and salvation. The whole experience seems to him of indisputable reality, and it does in fact change both his happiness and his conduct. He is, however, not necessarily able to expound a word of the theology which relates to his experience. The theologian will tell him about the Incarnation and the Atonement and how sin is destroyed by the righteousness of Christ. This explanation will give the converted penitent confidence and stability. He will feel the more sure that he has not been the dupe of emotion or fancy which has misled him to mistake delusion for truth. But while theology thus shelters and rationalizes the actual experience, it is the experience itself that constitutes religion and is the true bond which connects the individual with God. And if theology is not the same thing as religion, neither is morality. The

penitent who has turned from his sins and been converted, who has been instructed that his sins have been atoned for and that he is redeemed, goes forward to a life regulated by moral rules and sustained in whatever lapses by a settled purpose to strive toward the righteousness of God. This new moral life is the consequence of religion; it is at every point sustained by a persistence in religious practice and the enjoyment of religious experience; but the moral conduct thus achieved and strengthened only manifests religion and depends upon it; it is not religion itself.

It is important to insist upon the truth that religion is a personal relation to God, and the Christian religion a personal relation through Christ to God, because other ways of defining it have led to confusion and, it may be feared, to a good deal of unreality among those who have been brought up to be religious, but have never really understood what religion means. Writers who have either lost belief in Christianity altogether or accept only vaguely and in part the full creed of Christendom, often seem unaware of what religion really is and how to seek it. And the whole process of apologetic controversy becomes confused because the dispu-

tants begin, so to speak, at the wrong place. They do not start with the relation and expound it, and then discuss whether it is most likely to be a real relation or a delusion of the imagination, and go on to arrange the whole body of Christian apologetics by way of support to the proposition that the experienced relation is a reality and not a dream; they begin, on the contrary, by arguing this or that part of Christian theology as though it were a proposition to be proved, and if proved, to be accepted, and that religion would somehow or another spring out of that intellectual acceptance. But this way of presenting the matter is not the way in which the human mind does, as a matter of fact, commonly become religious. The most that such a way of proceeding can really do is to make a man try after religion, and it very seldom achieves even this. A great sorrow, a vivid sense of the difference between good and evil, and of the appalling power of sin—these things are much more potent to make people try and find religion by actually entering into the religious relation than any intellectual argument. Even mere assertion, if it be obviously sincere and confident, does much more to induce the doubting to make trial of the religious relation than a process

of reasoning. And those, again, who are satisfied with a certain standard of godly conduct and suppose that that is all that matters in the religious life, are the enemies of their own happiness. It may well be that such lives, when they are thoroughly lived, are sufficient to make a person have that desire for approach to God which is, I suppose, the essence of salvation. But a merely moral life is certainly not sustained by the comfort, peace, and joy of the true religious relation. Those who are satisfied with what they call a straight and honest life do, in fact, walk in desert places, and, whatever mercies they may hereafter receive from God, do not now know the quenching of the inward thirst which man has for God. They may be righteous, but they are not happy.

If, then, it be admitted that religion is in itself neither opinion nor conduct, but a mystical relation with an unseen presence, the all-important question follows: Is this relation a fanciful delusion, having no existence outside the mind of the person who believes in it, or is it a true access to the unseen world, to the person of the external Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier? Is the Christian religion true or fanciful? Those who would give the answer that

it is the work of fancy hardly seem to feel how difficult their answer is. For it is the undisputed fact that people have for nineteen hundred years past entered into this relation, which we call the Christian Religion, and believed in it, and have acted upon it, and been transformed in character by it, and have made sacrifices and efforts in response to it as though it were real. All sorts of people have done this, of all sorts of temperaments, and they have done it alike in primitive and mediæval and modern times, notwithstanding the immense revolutions in mental outlook that have taken place. The Renaissance has come and the Reformation and the Democratic Movement and the Humanitarian Movement and Rationalism, and all the discoveries of science; and yet, though Christian people have in some respects modified their theological opinions, the essence of their religion remains unchanged. They still worship as Christians, still feel that they know Jesus Christ as a living person, still confess sins, still believe themselves to be redeemed and forgiven, still feel that by the power of the Spirit they are led nearer to Christ, still make that approach by the ordinances of the Church, still receive Holy Communion and are sustained and uplifted by it; and

they who do these things still include persons of all sorts of temperaments, and among them sober, unimaginative, and learned men, as well as others of a more emotional and enthusiastic type. Christianity is not in the least dead; it is, on the contrary, vigorously alive, strongly influencing human action, of vast importance in the inner life of countless multitudes. If all this spring out of fancy and delusion, how surprisingly strong and how surprisingly valuable is the influence of fancy and delusion. The world has been transformed by it. By common agreement it has been the strongest of all the influences at work since Christ preached and died. If the stories of His nativity and His resurrection and all the miracles of His ministry, of that Ascension by which He passed out of this world, and of the coming of the Divine Spirit Who came to bring Him and His disciples forever together, united as Head and body, till the end of time—if all this be folk-lore and legend, how highly must we value folk-lore and legend. Men, it seems, would be poor and miserable without their delusions. Except for the capacity of mankind to believe falsehood, all that is best in our civilization would not have existed.

I find this a very incredible position; yet it seems

forced on those who deny the truth of Christianity. I suppose they would rejoin that much of what I have said about Christianity might equally be said about Mohammedanism; yet no one thinks Mohammedanism true. To that I should rejoin that in so far as Mohammedanism is concerned with elementary fundamentals—that there is a God and that it is possible to be in relation with Him—it does indeed speak the truth. All religions, Christian and non-Christian, are so far in agreement: they claim that there is an unseen world and that it is possible to have relation with it. And I should press my opponent to admit that you must either say that all mankind are under delusion or that at least it is true that there is a God and that you can have relation with Him. But further, a fair view of Christianity and Mohammedanism and of their influence on the world confirms what Christianity says of Mohammedanism, but not what Mohammedanism says of Christianity. Mohammedanism teaches that Christianity is insufficient, faithless, and degraded: Christianity allows to Mohammedanism only very rudimentary truth crusted over with absurd errors and hateful wickedness. The verdict of experience is for Christianity; it is among Christianized man-

kind that what we call civilization has come into being and made progress; and it is found that Christianity is possible to the most highly civilized men, while Mohammedanism is not. Mohammedanism, though its first impact on paganism seems wholesome, cannot go far; what is good in its life seems to dry up, and what remains is pestilent rather than healthy to mankind. If there be a God, and if He has revealed Himself to men—a little to Mohammedans and far more perfectly to Christians—this is exactly what we should expect. The more perfect revelation carried men further than that which only contains a little truth, corrupted and polluted by much evil. The main conclusion of a survey of the phenomena of religious belief remains unshaken; that if you reject Christianity as untrue, you must first attribute to delusion a degree of power which is both surprising and alarming, and secondly, you must recognize that this power of delusion is most beneficent. Yet this is against one of our most confident moral intuitions: we are so made that we cannot believe that falsehood is a good thing and has a good influence in the world.

One may carry this appeal to experience further in another way. According to the Christian faith,

God, having made men and the world, revealed Himself to them through the Jewish race and ultimately, in the person of Jesus, He became man. If this happened, clearly it would be the greatest event in human history; and precisely the coming of Christ is the greatest event in human history. If the incarnation of God happened, it would be the turning-point on which everything else would depend; and precisely the life and death of Christ is the turning-point on which everything else depends. On the negative hypothesis, the greatest event in history, the turning-point on which everything else depends, is the appearance of a remarkable peasant Jew, with an unusual talent for epigram and parable, who taught sublime morality and was persecuted by the Jewish priesthood and unjustly put to death by the Roman governor—surely a surprisingly commonplace series of events to be the greatest thing in human history. Christian theology fits into history like a wanted piece into a dissected puzzle. The Christian hypothesis makes it possible to tell the story of human history naturally and without strain. If we believe in a God Who made men, it is certainly natural to believe that He wished to save and sanctify them. Only, indeed, by some such belief are

we able to satisfy our instinct that God is good, in face of the terrible experience of the evils of creation. The goodness of God becomes credible if He Himself, the Creator, has come down to suffer with His creatures, and to endure that wicked men should treat Him as Christ was treated and should die as Christ died. And that perfect goodness should be so rejected and persecuted is what our knowledge of human nature would lead us to expect. That the incarnate God and perfect Man should be hated and cruelly killed by wicked men is most natural. That He should not be forever conquered by their wickedness, but should ultimately triumph over them, is what the believer in righteous omnipotence would expect; and the whole course of history from the Crucifixion downward witnesses to and agrees with this expectation. "If Christ be not raised then is your faith vain and ye are yet in your sins" is, in all its implications, a strong argument. That vast structure, the conversion of mankind to be Christian, rests on the resurrection of Christ. Is it credible that so great a thing can really rest on fiction?

These considerations appear to me to create a strong, reasonable presumption in favor of the truth

of Christianity. And it will be observed that the actual evidence for the reality of the Christian revelation has not yet been brought into consideration at all. What Christianity has done, what it is still doing, its effect upon the world and upon history, are indisputable; and the hearing of the evidence of its truth begins under the influence of the presumption that what has produced so far-reaching and wholesome an effect upon mankind and is still felt to be a reality by vast numbers of human beings, and by some of the wisest among them, cannot rest on delusion.

I do not propose to pursue the path of apologetics any further; there are plenty of books about Christian evidences accessible to anyone interested. Indeed, the purpose of this paper is more narrow. It is to remind readers that religion is neither a series of propositions to be accepted by the intellect nor a series of rules of conduct to be observed, but essentially a real but mystical—that is a half-understood—relation to an unseen Person. It follows that religion is a thing to be entered upon, to be achieved, to be realized, to be practiced, to be enjoyed, rather than merely to be believed in—though of course belief is necessary. If a person desires to become a

Christian, being satisfied, for example, that Christians are happier than he is, the way to do it is to attempt to become initiated into the relation with the unseen; and this is done, first, by a certain moral preparation. For though moral inconsistencies are not fatal to the religious experience if they are not deliberately acquiesced in, yet for anyone deliberately and consistently to follow a way of life he believes to be irreconcilable with a religious relation to Christ is fatal to the realization of that relation. What is required is the adoption of a high and rigorous standard of Christian morals, notwithstanding any lapses through weakness. This standard must comprise the absolute rejection of all hatred, malice, and uncharitableness—which is the most mortal of spiritual poisons—and all unchastity and the unreserved acceptance of unselfishness as the rule of life to the degree that all mere self-assertion should be adjured. Given this moral preparation, anyone may say prayer, and prayer should express and support the moral standard of life; it should include prayer for grace and enlightenment and for a blessing on any person who might naturally be an object of hatred and resentment. Above all, the Lord's Prayer should be used. I suggest that as time goes

on the sense of a real personal relation with Christ will grow up and the seeker after religion will have achieved the first stage. He will be a Christian. About subsequent stages Christians are not agreed; but as I believe, the Christian religion is sacramental, and the relation with Christ is most deeply and completely realized by the offering and communion of the eucharist. If, then, the question is asked, "How can I be a Christian?" it is thus that it may be answered.

But if a person, though anxious to be a Christian, is unwilling to become one so long as he feels intellectual difficulties or objections, or as long as his intellect cannot give assent to what is implied by the practice of religion, then such a person should advert to the considerations I have pointed out, which create a presumption of truth in favor of Christianity, and, having weighed that presumption, should proceed to study the evidence for and against the truth of the Christian revelation and any particular question which seems to him important. It is quite right to do this if a man feels that loyalty to truth requires it. But it is well to remember all the time that it is not the way to become a Christian, but simply a preliminary required in order that

afterward the way may be sought and pursued. The investigation of truth may be a duty, but it is not entering upon the religious relation. Sometimes the two processes may go on side by side: a man may try to be initiated into Christianity at the same time that he is studying Christian evidences. This is not amiss, supposing he always keeps it clear in his head that the studying of Christian evidences is what he owes to his loyalty to truth and is not in itself part of the practice of religion.

Nevertheless, loyalty to truth is most precious. Even at the outset of the religious relation the resolve to test truth is needed to save mysticism from developing into extravagance or superstition. And throughout the development of the relation the danger of superstition is always present and the discipline of an exact inquiry into truth is therefore never superfluous. The sense of obedience to the rational faculties which try and approve truth guards the mind from the inebriation of mystical experience and obliges it to hold itself in check, loyal to a standard external to itself which is recognized to be true. Truth arrived at by research disciplines religion; so, too, does the orthodoxy of theological formulas, respected because of the authority which

has framed them. Orthodoxy, like the candid investigation of truth, is a restraint on the emotions and fancies which easily mingle with the real religious experience. But, chastened by this discipline of truth, the essence of religion does lie in the relation to an unseen person and it is there to be sought.

Christianity is thus a thing to be experienced and practiced; it is a certain relation to be entered upon, and the function of inquiry and reason is to guard the religious experience from the danger of delusion and to discipline it into a strict faithfulness to truth.

FOR ALL BISHOPS AND OTHER
CLERGY

by Sheila Kaye-Smith

For All Bishops and Other Clergy

By Sheila Kaye-Smith

IF I had only one sermon to preach perhaps I might well take as my subject the failure of modern preaching. It would be interesting to look into the causes that have debased a noble art and fruitful religious exercise to the level of an edifying chat. The sermon, it seems to me, has a double function—to instruct the mind and to stir the emotions; but the modern sermon is a mere tickling of the ears. One sometimes finds it hard to realize that Christianity was first spread by sermons—that Paul of Tarsus and other early adventurers, by teaching and exhortation converted souls to Christ with little or no help from the written word. The Gospel is some scores of years older than the New Testament, and the men who carried that Gospel must have been very different preachers from the preachers of today. They must have preached with authority, with a single heart, a united experience, and a total dis-

regard of the judgments and standards of the world through which they moved with such romantic boldness.

In the Middle Ages the sermon was still honorable. The man in the street could not read, and depended on the spoken word for his education. Preaching was then a privilege and sometimes an adventure—the delivering or the hearing of a sermon might involve a considerable journey. A sermon which many of the congregation had come several miles to hear, and which would be their only intellectual sustenance for several weeks, required and received careful preparation, neither would it be undertaken by anyone who was not well fitted to the task.

When preaching became more general its quality deteriorated, and with the spread of education the need for it as a teaching medium grew less. In the eighteenth century sermon-reading became a popular religious pastime, though its popularity was not long-lived, as the sermon is above all a subjective and personal affair, that loses much of its force in print. The writing of sermons to be read instead of heard also had a disastrous effect upon the style, robbing it of spontaneity and leaving it a prey to

the advancing tide of Johnsonian English which had already swamped more than half the literature of that day.

The aridity of the eighteenth-century sermon, whether preached or written, led naturally to such a reaction as the Evangelical Revival, which was above all a revival of preaching—though it is interesting to note that it also introduced the tract. It set forth the doctrines of Evangelical Christianity by means of the printed word, using the spoken word chiefly for the purpose of exciting the emotions. Men and women no longer listened to sermons in order to be taught lessons of faith and conduct, but in order to have their emotions stirred. The success of a preacher was judged by his power to produce emotional disturbances in his congregation. The preaching of Wesley was received with shouts, amens, and alleluias, or even with physical convulsions, and such phenomena still sometimes accompany preaching of a revivalistic type.

To instruct and to stimulate seem to me the two main functions of preaching. At different periods one or the other has predominated—perhaps sometimes unduly. But the sermon of today has apparently lost any reason it ever had for existing. It

no longer instructs, it no longer stimulates either to terror or to ecstasy. And by a perverse development there can seldom have been more sermons preached than there are now. In fact, you might say that the greatness of the demand is one reason for the deterioration of the supply. In hundreds of churches and chapels throughout the land the wretched minister has to provide two discourses every Sunday. Only the stoutest oratorical and evangelical gifts could stand such a strain, and doubtless many a potential Donne or Wesley is annually staled and tired into something worse than silence.

When one comes to the successful preachers (I am, of course, speaking of this country only) one finds that, with certain exceptions, neither do they fulfill the main functions of preaching. They do not teach and they do not stir. Most of them seem to have for their model the newspaper leader, and deal with some moral, religious, or even social and political topic of the day, much as a newspaper leader of the better sort would deal with it. They do not speak with authority, but as the scribes. If, on the other hand, they lean to the emotional rather than to the intellectual side of things, all they pro-

duce is a mild edification, or that cowardly state of "feeling good" which is the enemy of true religion.

How one longs on one side for the clear spirit of Fenelon, for the piercing grace of Francis de Sales, for the light and sanity of Pascal; on the other, for the fire of Savonarola, for the "enthusiasm" (I use the word in its eighteenth-century sense) of the Wesleys, or even of George Fox shouting, "Woe! Woe to the bloody city of Litchfield!" I know that there are preachers today who shout, "Woe!" but it is always from a safe distance. They will not shout Woe to Litchfield or any bloody city from its own market place.

The sermon today has lost its driving power, its inspiration; and it may have been helped toward this loss by the neglect and spoliation of its technique. It has become contracted and extinguished. These are leisureless times of haste, and every form of literary art has had to adapt itself to new conditions. In the case of the novel these have been beneficial. The cutting down of the length of the average novel to less than half of what it used to be has served to improve enormously the technique of novel-writing. The modern novel is all the better for losing curves and redundancies that were merely

dissipations of energy. But the sermon never expanded beyond the requirements of its art form. It had no outlying portions to lose; any amputations were vital. I have often been assured, and I can well believe it from my own experience of lecturing, that no technically good or intellectually satisfying sermon can be delivered in less than forty minutes. Who today will listen for half that time? The average length of the average sermon, generally tagged on to a service which has already exhausted the congregation's rather slender powers of attention, is, I suppose, about a quarter of an hour. In this time it is possible to do little more than give a sort of moral lecturette, a piece of topical commentary, an instruction on some small point. The only alternative is the devotional address, which is not suitable to all types of congregation.

As a step toward recovery I would venture to suggest that the sermon be no longer served as a common dish, but be set apart for special occasions. It is time we realized that notable pastoral gifts may not always be accompanied by the gift of eloquence. This is, of course, a definite drawback in denominations of which the services consist mainly of preaching. A minister who could not preach would have

comparatively few other ways of justifying his existence. But in the life of the average parish clergyman sermon-making does not bulk nearly so large. To his congregation it may be the most important, because the most interesting, part of the service, the variable and personal part which it is their right and their delight to criticize. But the modern priest, especially in a town, knows that, apart from his possession or lack of the power to make a good sermon, his other work gives him little opportunity for doing so. His day is spent in a succession of duties—the administration of sacraments, the reading of offices, the visiting of the sick, the saving of sinners, the instruction of inquirers, besides such study as is only decent in a clerk in holy orders. . . . All day long he is exercising the various functions of his ministry, and yet upon him the whole time lies the shadow of that sermon by which he shall principally be judged. In five if not seven cases out of ten he prepares insufficiently or not at all—especially if he is aware, as many of the clergy are only too well aware, that he has no special gifts in this direction, and is wasting time that might be spent more profitably in other work.

The fact is that we need more specialization. We

need specialists among our clergy as among our doctors. We should not require them all to be general practitioners—or indeed Jacks-of-all-trades, since much of the modern cleric's work has nothing clerical about it. I would suggest something after the Continental plan, where a large staff of clergy often runs a large parish containing several churches. Sermons are delivered, perhaps only at the mother church, by those of the staff who really can preach. The others are not required to agonize themselves or their congregations by "taking their turn." One clergyman, perhaps, devotes himself chiefly to hearing confessions, another specializes in work among children, another who is musically gifted is appointed to sing the principal services. Each one does what he can do best, instead of attempting to do everything. The result is far greater efficiency in the various departments, and at the same time less man-power is required than when a single Jack-of-all-trades has isolated charge of a single church and parish.

I should like to have sermons preached in every town on the university plane—*i.e.*, a course delivered by some specially qualified preacher at a central church, apart from any service, and drawing a con-

gregation from those who have already fulfilled their obligations of worship elsewhere. There could be a system of licensing and appointing preachers for this special work. As for the country districts, the time has long seemed ripe for the organization of a band of preaching friars, bringing the gifts of expert teaching and a much needed variety into rural parishes.

Of course it would be fatal to divorce the preaching and pastoral aspects of the ministry. Only a parish priest knows truly the special needs of his own people, and a lack of parochial experience would in many cases make the visiting preacher a curse rather than a blessing. But if we are to imagine the group-system of parishes existing and involving at least one expert preacher among the clergy, the visits of extra, licensed preachers would be something quite apart from the normal parish machinery, and this difficulty need not arise.

The parish clergy would still have in their hands the instruction of their people, and their deliverance from the burden of useless preaching would free them for a much-needed development of this work. It is astonishing how many priests in England take for granted that their congregations know at least

the outlines of the Christian faith. They ignore almost entirely their opportunities for teaching, unless a few classes for confirmation candidates can be dignified by that name. Those who "enter" their church schools in the hours allowed for religious instruction often give lessons of the type satirized in that immortal work, *Huppim and Muppim and Ard*. As for the grown-ups it is taken for granted that they have no more to learn, and the Sunday sermon, which might be devoted to building on the foundations laid in youth—or perhaps in clearing them away and laying others more fitted to bear the weight of the superstructure—is given over to the enunciation of moral platitudes, or sometimes, when the preacher is very "enlightened," to a futile and superficial dealing with modern scientific, social, and political problems which would require an expert for their correct presentation, let alone solution.

The result is that people do not grow up religiously at all. However cultured and intelligent they may be in other ways, from a religious point of view they remain infantile. I would be ready to bet that there are thousands of adults who, if they use any prayers at all, still use the prayers they were

taught at their mother's knee; and I have again and again met men and women whose minds in most matters are well informed, sane, imaginative, who can talk brilliantly on a variety of subjects, scientific, artistic, or political, who nevertheless, when they come to talk about religion, descend suddenly to the level of ignorant children. This is hardly surprising when one realizes that these people have had probably no religious instruction since their childhood's days, and are much in the same position as a would-be mathematician whose studies had been cut short in the third form.

Of course I know that religion is a life rather than a creed, but that increases rather than reduces the need for instruction. Practice is involved as well as theory, and is more difficult to learn. The life of a Christian requires as thorough and as specialized a training as the life of a scientist or an athlete. For by a Christian life I do not mean merely a moral life or even a humane and generous life—all these things have become instinctive with many citizens of a Christian country after nearly two thousand years of Christian civilization—but a life given over wholly to the practice of the presence of God. This and not mere personal or social morality should be the

ideal preached from every pulpit, though at the same time it should be acknowledged as an ideal, and not demanded as the normal performance of poor folk whose minds are full of every sort of religious inhibition. For them the Church should teach, as she provides, a compassionate minimum—knowing that nothing is at once more dangerous and more dull than “a religion for good people only.” The tragedy of the modern pulpit in England is that as a rule it preaches just that sort of religion, with the additional outrage that the “goodness” involved is a purely natural goodness of personal and social behavior rather than the great adventure of grace.

Why are we so seldom taught anything of the life of prayer? “Prayer” for most people means only petition—asking God for things and hoping, but not expecting, we will get them. Who knows anything about the technique of prayer?—its development from vocal prayer to mental prayer, from mental prayer to the loving silence of the gazing soul? Who knows and who cares? And yet most of our modern difficulties about prayer are due to the fact that we persist in regarding it merely as petition. They would vanish if we were taught to see prayer as our conscious relationship with God, involving petition

as conscious relationship with an earthly father will involve occasional requests, but involving far more of loving intercourse and silent companionship.

Why are we so seldom taught the history and philosophy of our religion? One reason, no doubt, is that history and philosophy are at a discount today, that biology and chemistry have taken their places in popular esteem. But biology and chemistry can never take the place of history and philosophy in any sound system of thought, and our unhistoric and unphilosophical scientists are as big a danger to modern thought as the unscientific historians and philosophers of an earlier day. Theology was called of old the "queen of sciences"—now the mere mention of it seems to make some people see red. It is even declared that Christ would have condemned theology—he who astounded the doctors of the rabbinical schools by his understanding and answers.

Our modern religion in this country is terribly, pathetically in need of theology—by which I mean that system of history and philosophy which alone can make reasonable our faith in God. I would not for one moment be thought to disparage the faith of those souls who have no need of reason—blessed are they! Every good Christian will join in his

Master's thanksgiving to the heavenly Father who has hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. It is the revelation to the shepherds—running across a field to Bethlehem at the bidding of an angel.

But there were also the Wise Men who journeyed across a continent at the bidding of an astronomical calculation, and neither must we disparage them, though at the end of their effort and danger they found no more than the simple shepherds found. Besides, in these days there are special unwarrantable dangers for the simple-minded. We have thrown stumbling-blocks in the way to Bethlehem, and offended these little ones who believe. Our widespread, half-baked system of culture has worked havoc with hundreds of unsophisticated souls. The man in the street cannot open his newspaper and not read at least once a year, if not oftener, that the Christian faith has been severely shaken by some recent discovery. He believes it because, instead of theology, he has been taught to rely on the verbal inspiration of his Bible, or at least of his newspaper. He has never learned to read the New Testament as the young Church wrote it, and the Fathers read it, and he would probably be surprised at the

"modernism" of such theologians as St. Basil and St. Augustine.

Not long ago I saw in a daily newspaper a headline after this sort—"Scientist states possibility of spontaneous generation of life. What will Christianity do?" In an ensuing correspondence a well-known scientist held out over orthodox religion the threat that one day life will be manufactured in the chemist's laboratory. As a result, no doubt, many believers were hurt unprofitably, and many heretics rejoiced unwarrantably. In the only sermon I heard delivered on the subject the preacher roundly asserted that life was not autogenous, and never could be. And that was that.

And yet both St. Basil and St. Augustine believed in the spontaneous generation of life . . . they believed that life arose spontaneously through the action of the sun on the slime of river beds. They accepted it as a scientific dogma of their day, just as they accepted evolution. Later on, the Church accepted the revised verdict of science that life could not thus arise, but must come from already existing life. Nowadays, apparently, biology has once more changed its conclusions, and all sensible men are ready to accept them. All that some of them resent

is being told that their acceptance involves a threat to the faith that through all these changes has stood unchanged.

If I had not one but a dozen sermons to preach I should preach on religion as a science and as an art. If the Christian religion is to hold its own in this modern scientific and artistic world we must cease to preach it as a haphazard agglomeration of facts and maxims, as legal morality or as subjective emotion. It is a science that has its hypotheses, and an art that has its technique. Of course it is also much more than this; I should venture to describe it as the sum total of all our human instincts and activities transfigured by communion with the person of Jesus Christ our Lord. But here again one is involved in clouds of misconception. To many of that vast multitude who have had no adult instruction the term "person" is blurred by images of human personality, and to many more of this same vast multitude Christ is little but a dim figure in the past. We see newspaper articles on "If Christ came to London," when only a little instruction in the living faith of Christians would do away with that "if." We hear the cry, "Back to the Carpenter,"

though I would challenge anyone to read the Gospels and see if they find a carpenter there.

We need instruction in the plain matters of faith if we are not to misconceive it, and consequently lose it when these misconceptions are attacked, as they quite rightly and generally are. As a step toward this I would plead for a total change in our modern system of preaching. Let us cease to give the name of "divine worship" to what has often been no more than a spiritual yawn. Not thus are obligations fulfilled and God's honor satisfied. For that we might profitably offer the treasures of dramatic beauty that are the inherited worship of Christendom. Let us regard the sermon rather as a part of our religious education, a sort of continuation class, a university extension lecture. And here I would plead for the delivery of sermons not only apart from the services, so that they need no longer be cramped by considerations of time and attention, but in circumstances where the congregation can ask questions and some sort of discussion can take place. This would be unthinkable under the usual conditions of preaching, but the inability to ask questions has often caused avoidable misunderstanding. I would also plead once more for the specialized preacher; for

the shifting of the burden from the shoulders of wearied and worried parish ministers to those specially trained for the work. I would plead for sermons delivered not haphazard, but in orderly series, as many lectures are delivered now. There is still room for the soul-searching eloquence of Wesley's time, but it needs to be coupled with objective teaching or the results are likely to be merely subjective and emotional.

If I had only one sermon to preach it seems that the best I could do with it would be to entreat those who have, not one, but many sermons to preach, to make better use of their opportunities. There is no field in which ignorance is less blissful than the field of religion. Ignorance inevitably means loss. I have been impressed by the fact that every attack on Christianity that I have been able personally to examine has been based on a misconception. Clear teaching would have made it abortive and unnecessary. If only our teachers would abandon the moral and scientific clichés of the newspaper or the complications of *Huppin and Muppin and Ard*, if only they would give us instruction in the history and philosophy of our religion, in the technique of our art—religious art, the art of our intercourse with

the unseen—then there is a chance that we should pass from these vain struggles in the sand to the peace and opportunity of the house built upon the rock.

In conclusion, let them give us more of God. Let us hear less of "values" and more of Him without Whom all values are bankrupt and worthless. It is possible in these days of Christian civilization to live a moral life without Christ, but we ought to be too proud to draw thus upon the bank of the Saints. Christianity still requires a man to sell all that he hath—all his safe inheritance of good conduct, good nature, and good form—and enter naked on the personal and penniless adventure of the love of God.

THE IMPORTANCE OF STYLE

by Dr. Henry Seidel Canby

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THE English Bible is dying. I do not mean its theology nor its historical or spiritual content. I do not refer to the controversies between Fundamentalists and Rationalists, nor to the interpretation as poetry and legend of what once was regarded as literal fact. Where the Bible is historical at all there is probably more evidence as to its historicity available than ever before. I do not assert that its moral values have declined, although they have certainly been transvalued, nor that as great literature it is one whit less than our ancestors (when they dared to think of it as literature at all) believed it.

But all qualifications aside, the English Bible, and specifically the King James version, is losing, or has already lost, a power over the imagination almost unexampled in history. It was couched in a prose so rich with the genius of a great language, and so invariably read with reverence, love, or fear, that

there is perhaps no equivalent instance of the style as well as the substance of a single book influencing and sometimes dominating the mold of thought and form of expression of a whole people.

The Bible, for English speakers from the seventeenth century on, was the Word. When they read "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," they thought, or should have thought, of Christ as the Divine Intelligence and Mediator between God and man. But it was the English phrase, not the Greek meaning, which prevailed. The Logos, for English readers, was neither reason nor the Divine expression as such, but the Word of a sacred Book, authoritative, irrefutable, magic. And it was a great Word. The most sophisticated megalopolitan cannot read Isaiah today, or Paul, without yielding to the spell. There has been equal eloquence in other tongues, but no such prevailing eloquence. Not all the obscurities, the contradictions, and the absurdities in the Bible can detract from its great power in this respect. Enter to scoff and you remain to be stirred and exalted.

My argument is simple and must be simply stated. Whatever the spiritual and theological strength of the English Bible, its influence was due in no slight

measure to the power of English eloquence, to style in the truest sense of the word. Whatever else it may have been, it was a great Book, a strong Word, an inescapable pressure of great statement, vital, simple, beautiful, upon ordinary man. If he did not read Homer, Vergil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Wordsworth, Keats, Emerson, Whitman, he had this. And if the subject-matter of the Bible had been the Hindu Gospel or Greek mythology or Buddhism or the philosophy of Confucius, and if the English style had possessed like qualities of excellence, the influence for which I am arguing would still have been immense.

There is an interesting parallel in Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám, a poem more Fitzgerald's than Omar's, yet expressing a philosophy sharply different from the ordinary currents of English thinking, and nevertheless couched in such vital English as to become the most widely quoted poetry of the latter nineteenth century.

It is as the Word, in the sense which English readers understood, that the English Bible is dying. It is through this Word, whether spoken or written, that we got our strongest moral and spiritual stimulus. The power of a phrase may, and often does,

exceed the power of an idea, because the phrase may carry with it a train of emotional suggestion and a stir to reminiscence that moves the whole being:

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it.

And in the Biblical tradition:

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee, and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.

From the Word in this sense our religious life has been quickened and the mind exalted. Not the literal meaning, but the rich suggestiveness of the phrase has been a saving help in time of trouble or the cause of new realization or resolve. The letter

killeth, but the spirit giveth life, can be very fairly paraphrased into a literary statement of the power of the Word.

At the moment when words have been given wings to speak round the world, when the radio has increased the stature (but unfortunately not the mind) of the orator by a cubit, so that where he spoke to a thousand, now a million hear him; when the press and its reduplications pour words in a torrent over every mind, the Word, as our ancestors knew it, has lost its power, speaks no more with final authority even to the most devout, and as a factor in spiritual and æsthetic education has become quaint and reminiscent rather than vital and awesome. Whatever statistics may show as to the sales and distribution of the English Bible, it is not read as it once was. Our daily conversation, our writing, and our speaking prove this too readily. Ye shall know them by their fruits applies to books as well as to men. Even Fundamentalists are modern (shall we say, most modern) in their colloquial spoken style, and if the Bible is read weekly in churches, it is clear that neither preacher nor congregation listen as they once listened to the Word.

I belong, myself, to that Quakerish school that never made a fetish of the Bible, and should be particularly disinclined to argue for a return to the general, indiscriminate, daily reading of the Bible which once was common. Not even the seventeenth century could turn all the Bible into impressive prose. Revelation is tedious and hysterical when it is not magnificent. Old Testament ethics are frequently shocking, and the English of certain speeches of Jehovah and Jeremiah is much more admirable than their content or the character of the speakers.

Nor do I hold with the worthy teachers who would have us adopt the English Bible as a model for current English. That is, to speak brusquely, nonsense. The Biblical style is eloquent and almost unequalled in emotional expressiveness. But it is entirely inadequate for exact statement or lucid analysis, as indeed was all English prose before the eighteenth century. The revision of revised versions has made its obscurer passages clearer only by a descent into flat modernism which sacrifices rhythm and emotion to the meaning of the original. This great style rises to its height, as all agree, in the Old Testament, where it is precisely least adapted to the

needs of a scientific age, to any age, indeed, not content to express itself by poetical indirection.

The rules of logical English composition are nearly all broken in the Bible. Unity is by no means constant, coherence is casual, only emphasis is invariably maintained. To urge a youth entering any department of modern life to form his style upon the Bible is as foolish as to advise tilting, camel-riding, and the study of medicinal herbs as a preparation for engineering or the law. The English style of the Bible is more remote from the practical necessities of modern prose than Pindar from the exposition of Aristotle. It is a magnificent prose, but absolutely unadapted to the expression of nine-tenths of what we as journalists, scientists, novelists, legalists, scholars, and even ministers must necessarily express.

It is as a stimulant, a corrective, and a source, that the Biblical style has been so valuable. Lincoln did not learn to write from the Bible. He learned to write from Blackstone and the historians and the essayists. His Gettysburg speech is not Biblical in its style, but eighteenth century at the earliest. It was from the Bible that he learned pitch, and exaltation, and the power of the word. It was his reading

and hearing of the Bible that gave him simplicity and force in his diction. Order, clarity, logic, accuracy—these indispensables of style in a modern civilization—he got elsewhere.

Thus it is not to be deplored that editorial writers in the London or the New York *Times* do not use the style of Jeremiah. If they did, we would not read them; indeed, we know too well, from a familiar kind of sermon, the unfortunate results of talking seventeenth century when you have a twentieth (or late nineteenth!) century brain. Yet it is to be regretted that we do not have what Lincoln had, nor are ever likely to possess it in the same measure from the same source. For the attitude of awed reverence for the Bible is gone, and what is more important, the wide and continual and often exclusive reading of the Bible is gone. The Word will always have power, but the power of a classic not a Scripture. It will never again lift with little effort the style of plain men like John Bunyan or George Fox, because it is no longer in the active consciousness of plain men that read and listen. Norman French, with a great literature behind it, died out in England because the speakers could not count on an understanding. The parallel is inexact

because there are elements of permanence in the English Bible and factors of resemblance in modern English not present in the analogue, but the comparison points my meaning. The Bible and Biblical English will stay, will enrich our style, will stir our emotions (is it conceivable that the story of Absalom will ever lose its poignancy?), but the Word as an influence of privileged might and universal acceptance is dying. It may put on the immortality of literature, but its moral dominance is gone.

I come—to quote from that other great reservoir of English style—to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. My preaching is concerned not so much with holding fast to our inheritance in the English Bible, as with inevitable losses that already may be estimated and are likely to increase. For with the decline of the majestic influence of Jacobean prose a whole department of style seems to be lost to us, and to regard the loss as merely literary is to take a most superficial view.

It may be said that the current age is scientific, utilitarian, practical, and therefore needs only the plain and flexible, simple and accurate prose which it is getting in characteristic specimens from our best

writers. But this generalization is not true, and if it were, no one could rest content with what it implies.

We are scientific, utilitarian, practical, and we do need and have got in our modern English an instrument almost as accurate and flexible as French prose, and probably more expressive. To write now like Ruskin or Carlyle or Dr. Johnson or Robert Burton or the makers of the English Bible is a sign of weakness, not strength, and (whatever teachers of English and Tory critics may say) that kind of writing for us is nothing, gets nowhere, and indicates more surely than anything else a spiritual and æsthetic plagiarism. It is well known among teachers of English that one of the surest symptoms of the intellectual parasitism of a second-rate mind is an essay written in the style of Charles Lamb.

But not all of us, and no one of us, is all scientific, utilitarian, practical. These are merely the contours which are turned for touch and shaping to this age in which we live. The waters still run deep even though the angel of the Old Testament seldom troubles them. A craving for beauty, a sense of awe, a moral urge, the love of an ideal, the need of worship, the belief in spiritual values, are of course as

existent in a machine age as in any other. They have not pressed for expression because other needs in this economic century have been more urgent, and still more perhaps because the expressiveness of our fathers has until recently been sufficient for traits temporarily recessive. But they must find expression somehow, and may need a new expressiveness at any moment more urgently than do the measurements of science. Science, indeed, having come close to metaphysics, needs a new diction now. The physicist falls from very helplessness into the language of the Bible in the attempt to intimate (for he cannot express) his new sense of the non-existence of mere things.

It seems that we need a new Bible—new Jobs, new Pauls, new Isaiahs, but not in their similitudes nor with their voices. I do not refer to a new theology, although that is inevitable, nor to new spiritual and ethical conceptions, although they too are inevitable in so far as anything spiritual and ethical can be new. I mean a new responsibility for the Word as eloquence—as the “speaking out” of the depths of man. This means in plain English a new expressiveness for what is not practical, utilitarian, scientific, and sophisticated.

The King James version was a new medium for expression. I am naturally aware that it was a translation, and also of its partial dependence on earlier versions as far back as Wycliffe. Nevertheless, it stands of itself; it dates as of seventeenth-century Protestant England where the leadership of the New World was being forged. The interpenetration of its language through all serious English literature of the next centuries is proof of what was accomplished. A new eloquence for spiritual and ethical concepts was given to the race. The subject-matter was not English, although it deeply concerned the England of the day, but the style was native.

It may be done again, though not in the same way. It may be done, not for an ancient Scripture, but for some new subject of quest and craving. It must be done. We must translate deep spiritual emotion and strong, ethical desires into our vernacular, but first from the vernacular we must make or remake a style.

The psychological effect of reading, as reading goes today, is difficult to estimate, but must be extraordinary. The book, as Spengler says with his customary dogmatism, but at least an aspect of truth, is disappearing. For the masses, who no longer are

illiterate, this is the age of reading—of newspaper and magazine reading—and of hearing the same kind of journalism over the radio. Millions of words, flat and soggy most of them, fall like an endless snow upon civilized man. He is drifted in with them, buried; wherever he goes he wades through printed or spoken words. His business is by words said or words read, and in his leisure he opens his mind to them. At the least estimate a city dweller reads or hears fifty thousand words a day.

This circumstance is so new that we can only guess at an outcome. That our thoughts are increasingly formulated in words—words drifted into the mind—is probable. That we use words more and get less from them seems certain. The commonplaceness of everyday living in modern comfort is in part a mental reaction to the flatness of the words in which we have our being. Tabloid readers will eventually talk and think in tabloid—a soggy sensationalism. The mind overfed on the style so bleached of color and strained of disturbing complexities which is the ideal of good journalism and reaches its perfection of nullity in the English of radio broadcasting, will have no other medium in which to express itself. And the modern prose of

literary masters which I, for one, admire, a prose that is adroit, accurate, subtle, scientific in the best sense, is still inadequate for purposes that must even in a prosaic age be importunate. It would be impossible to translate into its skillful common sense the religious emotions of Job:

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the cornerstone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddlingband for it, and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed? . . . Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? . . . Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof

in the earth? . . . Gird up thy loins now like a man:
I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

And who dares to say that our inability to find equivalent organ tones of English is because we have no religious emotion, no spiritual insight, no quests and no cravings as urgent, if less naïve, than Job's to express!

Modern English is lacking in eloquence, in its root sense of speaking out and its acquired meaning of speaking out from the heart. We need a new "grand style," and it is not a sufficient answer to say that first we must acquire grandeur. For grandeur is a constant, relative only in its degree and its manifestations, and in literature truly limited by the ability of an age to express its inner self. In this country we were well on the way to attain a prose style with scope and lift, in the creative period of the American imagination which ended with the Civil War. Emerson and Thoreau were both eloquent, and Thoreau, at least, wrote with a mind as modern as our own. There has been little real eloquence in American prose since because there has been little felt need. And should a prophet arrive, or, if that is too archaic a term, a great teacher, philosopher, preacher, or writer of Pascal's caliber or Milton's,

where is his medium? Can he forge it overnight? It was a group of quite undistinguished men, as literature goes, who made the English Bible. But they had a great prose ready at hand.

It is hard to write of a Great Need without falling into the bombast or abstraction of those who speak of Long Felt Wants and Next Steps and Urgent Duties. This sermon on style raises, of course, more questions than it answers, and indeed that is my purpose. It implies, for example, that literature with a purpose deserves a great style, and this is an idea very distasteful to modern critics who like to see the cool detachment of science extended to art. Description, measurement, analysis, have been at the heart of twentieth-century literature. Writers who attempted other modes have been called propagandists, sentimentalists, or accused (often rightly) of stale romantic symbolism.

And yet, though ethics has been run out of poetry and fiction clipped of its morals, the didactic has merely changed its costume for a business suit and sneaked back by the stage door in Shaw's plays or entered as a hard-boiled journalist in H. G. Wells's novels.

The difference between H. G. Wells and the Bible

can be measured in style. Both preach morality, and while I am not comparing subject-matters, I am willing to grant to Wells a rather exalted morality. But Wells has no eloquence and needs none for his appeals to common sense.

There is, indeed, always a moral, and a religious literature, too, being written, even in the most immoral societies. But if we insist upon it being unliterary, not eloquent, deny it beauty and the attributes of art, turn it over to the journalists and the satirists and the professional propagandists, we get the kind of style and the kind of literature for which we ask. Even then, a Hardy will take a scientific age on its own terms and make great poetry of its doubts.

But it is not enough to say that we get the style we deserve. I readily grant that a commonplace people, let us say the Dutch of the eighteenth century, are not going to produce masterpieces of literary art. But where are the critics wise enough to estimate the essential greatness or littleness of their own times! It is argued that this is the great and virile age of America. It is argued that we are in the very decadence of true Americanism. Let them argue. All that can safely be said until time

has finished with us, is that our literature is more or less expressive of what we are. The Elizabethan literature, it is now clear, was immensely expressive; the writing of the mauve decade of the recent 'nineties, when the astonishing twentieth century was in full preparation, was certainly not very expressive, or fully expressive only of imperialism, a fine-drawn febrile æsthetics, and a vague romantic sentimentalism destined to blow away like mist banks within a decade.

Our styles—the adroit sophisticated style of the subtler British novelists and poets, the plain man-to-man style of Wells and Sinclair Lewis, the colorless, but readable and fluent style of American journalism, smart, humorous, and often wise in the columnists, informative, unemotional, but pointed and close to human needs in the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *New York Times*, the familiar, colloquial style of realistic poetry and modern biographical writing—these styles are all expressive and some of them excellent instruments. No one wants sex novels written in the prose of the Song of Solomon or articles on the plan of II Corinthians. Journalists and novelists alike have done well by the English language. They can say what they want and say it

as well as it has ever been said. But who shall assert that there are no profounder emotions, neither descriptive nor analytic, demanding a different and nobler style in prose and poetry than any of these? And if they exist, by what tongue shall they speak?

My somewhat ideal thesis, therefore, is that we must recapture the Word, with all the content I have tried to give to that term. We are in real danger of losing, in an age of flat prose, an essential and invaluable capacity of the language, fully realized once in the English Bible, but realizable again—the capacity to express by tone and overtone, by rhythm, and by beauty and force of vocabulary, the religious, the spiritual, the ethical cravings of man who would still be obsessed by them if he were proved—as now seems most unlikely—to be only a biological machine.

And the Word, while secondary if you will, and an instrument only, is indispensable for turning ideas and emotions into communicable force. If, as the eighteenth century naïvely believed, we could find all that we need to say in the classics, if we could rest finally content with the eloquence of Job! But their words are already dim for a generation that does not feel their authority or receive their con-

notations; and such styles cannot voice the strange vicissitudes of an age that knows the mysteries of the prophets are the commonplaces of science, and yet must face new mysteries more perplexing and less absolute.

Who will give us a new Bible in English? For to one sensitive to the power of language, and aware of the difference between words and the Word, the priests of the twentieth century babble in a jargon that has lost its vitality, and the prophets are tongue-tied with a language that can say everything but what they most deeply feel and mean. They have the tongues of men, but not angels; not even sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, but only a language of the machine that can go swiftly to the right and to the left, but never up.

BEHIND THE VEIL OF DEATH

by Sir A. Conan Doyle

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IF I had just one chance to preach I believe that I could best show my appreciation of the opportunity by giving forth that which I believe to be true, and which I am assured represents the religious knowledge of the future, even if for the moment it should be unpopular or misunderstood. Religion cannot always stand still, or be referred eternally to documents thousands of years old, many of which are far below our modern standards of intelligence and morality. God still yearns over the world which He has created, and He still from time to time, as it is ready to receive it, transmits to it by this or that chosen and inspired messenger fresh knowledge by which man may know something of his destiny. I believe that within the last eighty years a flood of such knowledge has been conveyed to us, and that we have been extraordinarily blind as to its validity and its overwhelming importance.

So convinced am I of the vital nature of this psychic knowledge, that I have been gradually forced to the conclusion that it is the most important event which has occurred in the world since that raising of ethical standards which we associate with the revered name of Jesus of Nazareth, and that on the plane of religious knowledge, as apart from ethics, it is actually the most important even of any.

For consider what it means if it be true. We claim that we can break through the barrier of death, that those who have lived in this world have not changed either their forms or their characters, but only their vibrations, so that instead of manifesting through the flesh body, which is a low and slow vibration, they live now in an etheric body which is on a high and fast vibration, and therefore invisible to our ordinary mortal eyes, exactly as many things in our daily life fail to impress our senses because they are on too fast a vibration. Colors beyond the spectrum and notes above our compass are examples of what I mean. These etheric bodies do not, as we learn, live in a vacuum or in any indefinite state, but they pass from this earth into a more complex, but as a rule a far higher, society, in which they have definite duties and congenial work in which

they have every chance of developing to the full their own natural powers, as well as of enjoying those things which give them natural pleasure. We learn also that the bond of sympathy and affection is the one permanent thing which regulates the reuniting or the sundering of those who have been in contact with each other down here, and that happy reassembled households are usual there, with all elements of discord removed.

If this were all that we brought to mankind, what a gigantic step forward—what an enormous advance of knowledge would it represent! It is the unknown nature of death and its severance of all our ties which cast a shadow upon our lives. But if we know that all is natural, that there is nothing to fear, and that our love ties are not broken, then what a load is lifted! It is strange indeed to think that this inestimable gift which we bring has been so misrepresented by our enemies, that one would really imagine that it was something blasphemous or obscene which we were forcing upon the human race. The responsibility of the churches in this matter is enormous, and it is not too much to say that the apathy and ignorance concerning this spiritual knowledge which is shown among many of the

leaders of religion is as discreditable as it is hard to understand. Surely they, of all men, should be the first to meet us, since we bring them actual proofs of personal survival, and of so much else which they have themselves affirmed. For centuries they have been worsted in their fight with the skeptics who very reasonably demand proofs instead of tests. We at last bring them those proofs, so that they can meet the scientist upon his own ground, but instead of recognition or gratitude, nothing but the coldest of receptions has been accorded us. This is not bad for us, since we stand upon our own feet, but it is fatal for the churches which turn away from that spiritual help and inspiration which God's new revelation brings with it.

Where does that spiritual help come in? It comes in from the fact that we can use our new powers not only to get into touch with our own loved ones, who may perhaps be on no higher a level of character and knowledge than we are ourselves, but also, when we are worthy, we get clear messages from those who are in a far more spiritual condition than ourselves and are indeed what, under the old dispensation, would be called high angels. From these direct communications a flood of spiritual knowl-

edge has come into the world, all of it, as it seems to us, of a beautiful and rational nature. We do not accept such statements blindly. We are not fanatics or visionaries. We weigh the messages with our own God-given reason, and we admit the fact that the medium through whom the message passes may well color it with his own personality and beliefs. But none the less, making every allowance for this, the messages are so consistent and on so high a level that they have, as it seems to us, as good a claim to be a divine inspiration as anything which has ever reached the world in the past.

We have many reasons for thinking that this flood of information is truly supernormal. The first is that it has been accompanied by a vast body of signs which have been clearly supernormal. Much of this evidence has been physical, consisting of those phenomena which have been tested and confirmed by tens of thousands of hard-headed observers, including many notable men of science. Let him who denies this statement read the evidence carefully before he dares to repeat the denial. Much of the evidence, too, comes from mental phenomena, independent of the darkness of the séance room, when great numbers of credible witnesses attest that they have come

in contact with intelligences which have been able to give them complete tests that they are indeed the souls of those whom they had known and who have left this sphere. This enormous volume of evidence, which is recorded in hundreds of books, cannot be pooh-poohed or waved aside. It is there, and it is a portentous fact, which agrees closely with what we learn of the signs of the spirit as recorded of old.

This is one reason for regarding our philosophy as supernatural. The second is that the explanation of the true scheme of the universe has come from a vast number of independent sources, many of which could by no means have been influenced by the others, and that, with some small exceptions, there is a truly remarkable agreement running through them. These messages have come from children, from uneducated people, from all sorts of sources, including, in one case for which I can answer, a confirmed skeptic who was made an involuntary instrument for writing down the truth. If three or four witnesses who agree can gain the verdict of an earthly court, then why should these thousands who have recorded the same story not gain credence in the court of the world? This is so obvious that

it is only apathy and ignorance of the facts which prevent its acceptance.

But the final argument for the truth of our new revelation is that it is the most natural, reasonable, and comforting interpretation of the facts of human life and destiny which has ever been put forward. It is huge, sweeping, all-explaining, reaching out to all our difficulties, and giving adequate answers.

Whence, then, did it come? Is it to be imagined that the little group of uneducated people who received the first inspirations were themselves the inventors of this great sweeping explanation of the universe? Is it to be thought that a man like Jackson Davis, who was perhaps the recipient of as much of the new knowledge as anyone, was the inventor of this knowledge, he being a man who was entirely illiterate at the time? Such ideas are absurd. If the philosophy did not come from external supernatural prompting, then whence did it come?

There are, then, three tests. The first is the signs which have been given to us. The second is the uniformity and consistency of the messages. The third is the reasonable nature of the whole philosophy, which it is above human wit to invent and which does not correspond with any other philoso-

phy which preceded it. I hold that these three considerations are overwhelming ones, and that we have no excuse at all if we fail to take the matter seriously.

Now let us look a little more carefully at what it is that we have gained. I have already alluded to the fact that our natural fear of death is removed. We learn from those who have been down the path before us, that though the illness which leads to death may be a severe trial, death itself is a sweet and pleasant languor, akin to that of the tired body dropping to sleep, and that it is made the easier in that the etheric eyes become clearer, while the bodily ones fade, and that we are aware of the smiling faces, and of the outstretched hands of those whom we would most love to see again. We are assured of this by many who have passed, and we have the clear corroboration of many death-bed phenomena. A few of these, a very few, have been clearly recorded in that valuable little book *Death-Bed Visions* by the late Sir William Barrett, a man whose keen and sceptical scientific intelligence was quite convinced by the facts laid before him.

But here for a moment we must distinguish. Who are these kindly souls who meet the quivering spirit

at the moment when it most needs help and guidance? All agree that they are those who love us. But if we have not won love, how can they be there? Who is there to meet the cruel man, the selfish man, the man who has lived for himself alone? There are no parasites or sycophants over there. Wealth and temporal power are gone. As a famous spirit said bitterly to me once, "We do not carry our check-books over. We have been so busy over the things which do not matter that we have neglected the things that do matter!" For such people it is a bleak and lonely moment, for they have begun to reap the harvest which they have sown. I will revert presently to what we know of the sad fate of such undeveloped souls, who are not the lowly of earth, but very often those of the greatest wealth and of the highest intelligence, who have not used that wealth and intelligence for God's purposes, or have perhaps allowed their brains to grow at the expense of their hearts. I will for the moment follow the fortunes of what I may call the average kindly man or woman, when released into their etheric life.

We are told that things follow each other in a very natural sequence. For a short period he is congratulated and reassured by the friends around him,

and it is during that short time that his thoughts flash back often to those that he has left, and that he can, as so often happens, make some sort of telepathic impression upon their minds. These visions at the time, or just after death, make quite a literature of their own, so that to that extent we corroborate from this side what they tell us from their own experience. Then for a time there is rest.

This rest would appear to be of a longer or shorter duration according to the need of the individual. When it is over he finds the same kind guardians by his side who will introduce him to the glories and the duties of the new world which await him.

I have already spoken of the natural and, if I may use the word, homely nature of this new life. To us the spirit body and its surroundings may appear to be vaporous, unsubstantial things. But that is a misconception. If people who lived in a world of lead looked upon our world it would seem to be light and vaporous. It all depends upon the comparison between the body and its surroundings. If these are all to scale, then the spirit body finds the world around it just as real and solid as we do ours. When this is realized, all our difficulties about the shadowy ghost disappear. You get a false standard

if you compare the things of one sphere with those of another. You must judge their condition by their own environment.

We have now got to the stage where the freed spirit goes forth into his new life. It is inconceivably beautiful in externals and the soul is happy with such a deep satisfying happiness as this world cannot give. He is with those he loves and all jarring elements have been removed. His home has been prepared for him by the loving hands of those who preceded him. It is just as he would like it to be. His own tastes have in all matters been consulted. He finds flowers and gardens, woods and streams, all illuminated by a golden radiance. Soon he is offered a choice of duties so that he may use his natural powers in the best way. Where he has several powers his vocation may be as hard to find as it often is here. Thus Lester Coltman in his posthumous description of the life beyond had to choose between music and science, eventually choosing science as his study and music as his recreation. There, as here, facilities are provided for the work in hand, libraries for the scholar, laboratories for the man of science, temples, lecture rooms, centers for dramatic, artistic, and musical education. All these mat-

ters are pushed, they declare, far farther than with us—indeed, our own developments are merely reflections from above.

For the children we read of delightful playing fields, simple, innocent pleasures, education under the most charming conditions. A mother will mourn the physical absence of her dead child, but when she knows what we can tell her the tears will be dried and the heart uplifted as she realizes all that the child has gained and all that it has been spared.

The religious sense is awakened and stimulated by the glories which surround the new-born soul. His love and adoration increase when it is understood how infinitely kind the Creator has been, and when the riddle of Life's apparent injustices and cruelties has been partially solved. And yet it is not a life of monotonous devotion. There, as here, they should have God in their hearts, but life itself is a round of domestic peace and useful congenial labor.

Such is the picture of the other life which we have received from the other side—in its most favorable aspect. Is there anything unnatural in it? Is it, on the face of it, improbable? All evolution is gradual and we can well understand that the soul

cannot at once be altered by its disengagement from the body. It carries with it the same tastes and aspirations, and it is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that the means of gratifying them is there. Is the artist to be cut off from his art, or the musician from his music, or the literary man from his expression when in each case it is the man's very self, and if you took it away he would indeed be another individual? Such a supposition revolts our reason. But if all these arts are practiced, then an audience is also predicated, and thus one gets a glimpse of the reality of that happy community.

Do not suppose that this semi-material heaven is a final one. Nothing is final. We grow and grow through the ages. But at least it is the next step, and it is so happy a step that we may well be satisfied, even if other glories await us beyond. It is the compensation for the troubles of life; it is the rest house after the journey; it is the fulfillment of God's promises and the justification of all his dealings with the human race.

So much for the fate of the deserving people who are really the vast majority of the human race. All this talk of our being naturally wicked, and always plunged in sin, is perfect nonsense. When one has

subtracted all the sin which is due to circumstances, to environment, to heredity, the balance is not so very serious. The human race has been far too modest about its own achievement. Most people make a brave, good fight amid all the disabilities which have to be faced, and instead of punishment they deserve what they get, and that is reward and compensation.

But we cannot deny the existence of evil—of real evil which is within our own control. There is selfishness, that is the root of nearly all flaws of character. There is cruelty, and nothing brings such retribution as that. Physical cruelty may be rare, but mental cruelty—the cruelty of the bitter speech, of the ill-natured gossip, is very common. That brings its own punishment. Then there is bigotry, which is really a form of cruelty, since it is confining God's mercy to a chosen few. And there is pride, which again rises from selfishness. Surely a conceited person standing under the arch of the Milky Way is the most absurd object in nature. Then beyond all this there is the brutish mind, the mind which has no spirituality in it, the mind which has been entirely engrossed in the things of this world, successful perhaps in worldly success, but

paying the price that it is sunk in the mud of the world until it cannot disengage itself. There are the various types which suffer in the beyond.

We must make a distinction as to the form of suffering. There is the person who is tied to earth by his earthly interests. He is like an airplane which is too heavy to rise into the air. It lingers upon or near the surface of that world toward which its mind is turned. These are the earthbound spirits, an enormous assembly, millions and millions of them, a few here and there so near to matter that they actually impinge upon our material senses and are seen by us as phantoms. The miser is held by his gold, the man of intellect by his study, the monk by his cell, the criminal by his crime, the merchant by his ledger. All whose thoughts have been utterly engrossed by the world are to be found there, many of them unable to realize that they are dead. At our rescue circles they ridicule the idea that they are dead. For centuries they may remain as in some vague nightmare. Then at last realization comes and that is the beginning of regeneration. Those who have read the posthumous writings of Oscar Wilde and of Jack London will realize the position

and emotions of the spirit who is conscious that he is earthbound.

Then apart from the earthbound, the existence of whom is testified to by the experience and traditions of all ages and nations, we have those who have passed on into true spirit life, but who are conscious of their own shortcomings upon earth. How low some of these may fall and how acute their punishment may be is a matter upon which we are not clearly informed. There is reason to think that there is a lowest stratum of evil beings whose fate is not far different from that of the hell of the Scriptures, save, indeed, that there is always at long last the hope of amelioration of soul and therefore of condition. Above there are other strata of whose fate we know more. These are heavy-hearted at the thought of their own failure, and their condition seems to correspond with their mental and spiritual state, so that they are for the time in dim and cloudy places where dreary surroundings match the dreary thoughts within. There they must linger until sooner or later their own conscience or some ministering angel comes to give them that upward help which is the beginning of their regeneration. It would seem to be a sad state while it lasts, but only

by sorrow and pain do chastening and amendment come, as we may see so often in our ordinary human life. How intolerable often is the human being who has known no sorrow! Only by it does he learn sympathy and understanding.

So much we are told of the next stage of existence. Again I would ask, is it in any way incredible or unreasonable? Is it not more reasonable, for example, than that one should lie inert for countless ages until some judgment should come? Is it not also more reasonable than the idea of a heaven of adoration, for which we are by no means fitted, or of an endless hell, which, as it did not amend the soul, could only serve the purpose of divine revenge? And yet these are the schemes of after-life existence which so many generations have found themselves able to accept. The present philosophy, too, is not drawn from witnesses long dead or from chronicles which can never be retranslated without copious errors being discovered, and never examined without fresh forgeries and interpolations being suspected, but they are messages direct to ourselves, of a far higher morality than that of these ancient tribes, and fortified by preternatural signs which show their other-world origin. These high teachings profess to come

from lofty spirits who have gained wisdom in the beyond. Their beauty and dignity bear out the claim. If it be said that such messages cannot be proved to be from such a source, one can only reply that at least the proof is as clear, or even clearer, than it has ever been in the past history of the world.

How does such teaching react upon Christianity? It does not in any way touch upon the ethics of Christ. I have, if I may for a moment be personal, had more beautiful messages about the teaching and personality of Christ from my own guide Pheneas than I have ever had or heard of from any other source. But there is nothing narrow in such messages. There is nothing which makes the monstrous claim that God supports one clique of mankind against another. Always the teaching is that belief and faith are small matters beside character and behavior, that it is these latter which determine the place of the soul in the beyond. Every faith, Christian or non-Christian, has its saints and its sinners, and if a man be kindly and gentle there is no fear for him in the beyond whether he is or is not the member of any recognized Church on earth.

Those well-meaning folk in the Christian churches who shrink away from this new knowledge because

it is new, must remember that there is outside their churches a vast assembly of men in every country, often as earnest as themselves, who have been so abashed by the degenerate religion which they see around them that they have lost all belief either in a God or in the survival after death. It is to these people that spiritualism has often come as a light in the darkness. They have longed for some firm spot of ground in the quagmire of the faiths, where every creed has its own interpretations, and they have found that firm spot—the only one which my foot has ever found—in the philosophy of Spiritualism, which may start in a lowly atmosphere of puerile phenomena but leads upward step by step in an unbroken line of experience and reason until it reaches an elevation too rarefied for the human mind. Even this life extends from the hooligan to the saint, and can we wonder that the next presents similar extremes all within the same system of thought?

I have finished. One cannot in a single short discourse do more than sketch the outlines. Reading and experience must supply the details. But I would end as I began in emphasizing the extraordinary overmastering importance of the matter. Three great things have happened in the history of the

human race, things so permanent that the mere rise and fall of empires is as nothing in comparison. The first is the idea of a single God in the universe. The second is the idea of the unselfish code of morals which may be found in many places but which we mainly associate with Jesus of Nazareth—a code which distinguishes man from beast. The third is the breaking of the veil which separates our sphere of life from the next one. It is at this last tremendous revelation that we now assist. Blessed is he who is privileged to forward the manifest work of God. Take heed, take heed, how you resist Him.

THE THREE VOICES OF NATURE

by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, LL.D.

The Three Voices of Nature

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"And a great and strong wind rent the mountains; and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice" (or a sound of gentle stillness).

—I. KINGS, XIX:11-12.

THERE is nothing very fanciful in speaking of nature's voices. For even those among us who refuse to admit that Nature has a divine purpose, or that this includes being an encouragement and a warning to man, will admit that we may learn something from Nature. Even those who refuse to be other than "strictly scientific"—an unnecessarily self-denying ordinance—must admit that Nature is an

experimental station on a grand scale, where living creatures are experimented with, and there must be something here for our instruction. Organic evolution is a long-drawn-out drama, continued for hundreds of millions of years, and we must be dull indeed if we can find no lessons to be learned from the age-long advances and retrogressions, extinctions and efflorescences. In the first instance we mean by "voices" that the evolving system of Nature has hints which man can use to his advantage.

The idea of voices of Nature to be listened to becomes less cold and distant when we bear in mind that man, according to science, is the outcome of long-continued natural processes of varying and entailing, sifting and singling. Willy-nilly he is Nature's child. He must be very deaf if he thinks his *alma mater* dumb. Furthermore, since man began to become man, he has been trafficking with Nature, sometimes yielding to her stern pressure, sometimes rebelling vigorously, following one trend of evolution and then another, now imitating and again reversing Nature's ways. When we recognize not only man's place in Nature, but his commerce with Nature for good and ill for many thousands of years, we cannot but discern some way posts and danger sig-

nals. Man transcends Nature, but he has much to learn from her ways.

The atmosphere changes when we find, necessarily outside of science, some good reasons for begging the greatest of all questions, and postulate religiously a divine significance in Nature, whose mundane crown man is. For if Nature is Nature for a purpose, and if the fulfillment of part of that purpose is man, then it is no longer fanciful to think of Nature as a revelation, seeking to make itself heard, if haply man will hearken. Thus *vox naturae* may become *vox Dei*.

Since man has a threefold relation to Nature—practical, emotional, and intellectual—we have spoken of the *three* voices; but there might be five, or seven, or even nine. We mean strong impulses that come to man because of the cords that bind him to Nature—the system of things and beings of which he forms a part and from which he has emerged. We mean the wordless voices referred to in the XIXth Psalm: “The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork.” Day unto day is welling forth speech, and night unto night is breathing out knowledge; there is indeed no speech, and there are no words; their

voice has no audible sound; yet it resonates over all the earth. It seems to us that the three great voices of Nature are—Endeavor, Enjoy, Inquire.

When the Hebrew prophet listened to the voices of Nature, the first he heard was the *wind*—a symbol of the appeal to the practical side of man. What it says is Endeavor. For it is the wind that tells the sailor when to furl and unfurl his sails, that tells the husbandman when to gather in his harvest lest it be scattered, that tells the builder to lay his foundations well so that the house may stand four-square to the storms. In some ways this is Nature's loudest voice—for it is the voice of the struggle for existence. For millions of years there has been stern sifting for health, for vigor, for efficiency, for masterfulness. Of course there are evasions such as parasitism, which Nature may be said to tolerate, though usually marking with dishonor-brand of ugliness. As Meredith said:

“Behold the life of ease, it drifts,
The chastened life commands its course.
She winnows, winnows roughly, sifts,
To dip her chosen in her source,
Contention is the vital force,
When pluck they brains, her prize of gifts.”

The struggle for existence, as Darwin pointed out so carefully, means much more than a life-and-death competition around the platter of subsistence. Its color is not always red. It includes all the efforts that living creatures make against environing difficulties and limitations, and it rises to an endeavor after well-being that man himself might usefully admire. We must avoid the caricature of organic nature which depicts it as "a vast gladiatorial show," a "dismal cockpit"; for although there is competition to the death and no lack of rapid bloodshed, there is much more than this in the struggle for existence. It includes the industry of the long-tailed tit in gathering 2,379 feathers to furnish a life-saving quilt for the eggs and young ones in the nest. To speak of Nature "red in tooth and claw with rapine" is no doubt to emphasize one aspect of the struggle for existence, but another aspect is illustrated even by such patterns of carnivorousness as the otter and the ermine, who devote much time and care to educating their offspring in all the ways of the woods. One poet tells us how the hedgerow shrieks with blood, and another tells us that no animal is unhappy over all the others. Both statements are extreme; it is necessary to recognize the co-existence of indi-

vidualistic and coöperative ways of living, of self-assertion and self-subordination, flourishing cheek by jowl. More important, however, than the precise mode of the struggle for existence is the general fact that Nature's method, so far as we understand it, implies an endless sifting.

All through the ages there has been an elimination of those with the unlit lamp or the ungirt loin. Nature's first voice is—Struggle, Endeavor, Struggle. A lion's skin is never cheap. What is worth gaining and what is worth keeping must be fought for. One of the obvious lessons of organic evolution is the danger of having things made too easy. What would our hereditary character have been without Nature's millennial sifting out of the sluggish, the dull, the feckless, the unbalanced, the unhealthy? What would our hereditary character have been without Nature's millennial approbation of the insurgent, the adventurous, the controlled, the far-sighted, the strenuous—meaning by approbation the award of survival and success? No doubt the tapeworm in its inglorious life of ease is a product of evolution as well as the golden eagle in its fastnesses, but there is no denying that the better places in life have been accorded to the more finely strung

creatures, such as birds and mammals. Nature's chief rewards have gone to those types that coveted the best gifts. In any case it is a scientific fact that

"Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered by the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

One of the greatest difficulties of modern life is due to man's necessary attempt to get out of hearing of Nature's first voice, which bids him struggle. In early days mankind was much in the scene of natural selection—the meshes being wild beasts, changes of climate, pitiless forces of Nature, scarcity of food, unchecked microbes, and so on, and we are today the better for this long winnowing. But man gradually strengthened his foothold and rose higher and higher in his masterfulness. As everyone knows, the whole trend of human evolution since civilization began has been to throw off the yoke of natural selection. Some of its thralldom remains, as in cases of differential death rate, where the inherently weaker succumb in larger numbers, but we are

continually interfering necessarily and rightly—with the sifting operations of disease, hard times, and the like. This interference has been largely ethical, for there has been a growth of kindly feeling and an increased sense of social solidarity. We cannot but hold out the helping hand. Furthermore, the development of social organization must in itself automatically tend to shield and shelter individual types that would be eliminated forthwith if there were no society. This is seen even among the ants, where so-called master species, unable to fend for themselves, are fed by their slaves! So human society tends to shelter the physically unfit. No one can forget that weaklings have often shaken the world, or that Sir Isaac Newton began as a very miserable infant, yet on the whole there is a danger in relaxed sifting. This is what Herbert Spencer called "the dilemma of civilization": "Any arrangements which, in a considerable degree, prevent superiority from profiting by the rewards of superiority, or shield inferiority from the evils it entails—any arrangements which make it as well to be inferior as to be superior, are arrangements diametrically opposed to the progress of organization, and the reaching of a higher life." There is no single remedy; we can but

try to substitute higher for lower modes of struggle, and avoid everything that favors the multiplication of the obviously undesirable. We cannot any longer tolerate Nature's régime; we must heal the sick, save the children, and prevent the wastage of life, but there is no gainsaying the danger of being so kind in the present that we are cruel to the future. We must criticize the modes of sifting that are in operation in our midst, and seek to improve them as factors in all-round evolution.

The second voice of Nature that the Hebrew prophet heard was the earthquake—a symbol, we take it, of the emotional voice, for is there anything so awful that stirs man and beast more deeply, that moves us down to the primeval bed-rock of human nature laid down in the time of the cave-dwellers? This second voice says: "Be still; be reverent; wonder; enjoy." As Aristotle said, there is throughout Nature something of the astounding, and the sense of wonder is one of the saving graces of life. It has often promoted science; it has often led to the footstool of religion. Sometimes it is an overflowing enjoyment of the beautiful; sometimes it is an overwhelming sense of the awesome. It may be in the star-strewn sky, or in the mystery of the mountains,

or in the sea eternally new, or in the way of the eagle in the air, or in the look in a dog's eyes, or in the tinkling of the bluebells by the wayside; but somewhere there should be an experience which we confess to be too wonderful for us. No doubt the object of wonder changes from age to age, and even with our years. In our childhood we wondered greatly at the sunbeam dancing on the walls and roof of the darkened room where we lay resting; and it was long before we discovered that it was due to the reflection from the tossing polished leaves of the evergreens outside the window. We have ceased to wonder at the sunbeam, but have we learned to wonder enough at the light itself? The poet Keats said that he could not forgive Newton for dissolving the mystery of the rainbow, but was not Wordsworth wiser in discerning that when science removes a minor wonder it leaves a larger wonder in our ken? "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky. So was it when I was a child; So be it when I shall grow old; or let me die." Science dissipates clouds and leaves blue sky. Behind each wonder there is another deeper or higher, till we come to the fundamental mysteriousness of the irreducibles—protons and electrons; elec-

tro-magnetic vibrations or ether waves; and the mind that measures all. And when we strain at the end of our scientific reach, there rise the questions that send tendrils *beyond science*. Whence came all; whither goeth all; and what is the purpose of it all? For science, as such, knows nothing and asks nothing in regard to *the* beginning or *the* ending, or *the* meaning behind the long process. Science *describes and formulates* in terms of the lowest common denominators available; religion seeks to interpret in terms of the greatest common measure. "In the beginning was mind."

"Nay what is nature's self
But an endless
Strife towards music,
Euphony, rhyme?

"Trees in their blooming,
Tides in their flowing,
Stars in their circling,
Tremble with song.

"God on His throne is
Eldest of Poets,
Unto His measures
Moveth the whole."

No doubt science dissipates the minor wonders, but there is usually some relapse into commonplaceness if the fairy gold for one generation becomes only withered leaves for the next. To the thoughtful botanist the Dryad is still in the free, though it cannot of course have a diagram in his text-book. Though science as such is entirely unemotional and must keep feeling at a spear's length, yet to the synoptic vision science does not cease to contribute the illuminating rays that excite wonder. Emerson had the right idea of wonder behind wonder when he pictured the boy looking through the maple branches at the moon and the stars:

"Over his head were the maple buds,
And over the tree was the moon:
And over the moon were the starry studs
That drop from the angels' shoon."

When the half-wonders go, the major wonders come. When the half-gods go, the God arrives. As Meredith discerned, "You of any well that springs may unfold the heaven of things."

Although a sense of the wonder, the mysterious, the awesome is, we think, peculiarly associated with religious, poetic, and artistic emotion, it is also of

human value in arousing curiosity and in stimulating interest. Every cloud is a challenge to science, prompting inquiry. Every wonder is an added interest to life. When we cease to wonder, we are beginning to die. "It is enough that through Thy grace, I've seen nought common on Thy earth. Take not that vision from my ken." As we begin to become more at home in Nature, our wonder rises into what may almost be called affection. This is the reward of those who have what Meredith called a "love exceeding a simple love of the things that glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck." It was one whose life was far from being all roses who said:

"To make this earth our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice."

Apart from even higher ambitions, it is a noble one to desire to see more and more of the goodness of God in the land of the living, and to make each day more and more a satisfaction in itself. This is a deep piety, and it is helped by a cultivation of the sense of wonder. "Praised be the fathomless

universe," said Walt Whitman, "for life and joy, *for objects and knowledge* curious." It was an epiphany that he saw:

- (1) "I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey
work of the stars;
- (2) And the pismire is equally perfect and the grain of
sand and the egg of the wren;
- (3) The running bramble would adorn the parlours of
heaven, and the tree-toad is a masterpiece for the
highest.
- (4) The narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all
machinery;
- (5) The cow crunching with depressed head surpasses
any statue;
And a mouse is enough to stagger sextillions of
infidels."

There is no difficulty in finding a modern basis for reasonable wonder. We may find it in the abundance of power in the world, in the immensities of the cosmos, in the intricacy of the pattern woven out of three or four kinds of thread, in the orderliness of nature, in the omnipresent beauty, in the insurgence of life, and in the expanding reality of progressive evolution.

One likes the story of the old sailorman who had seen all the wonders of the deep for forty years,

and all the wonders of the world around the seven seas, but when they asked him what in all his life had impressed him most, he answered, "The nails on a baby's fingers." He had a cultivated sense of wonder, for the wonderful is not the colossal or the stupendous or the startling, but that which gives us most suggestion of meaning and pervading significance.

Even better is the story of the visitor from a Midland town who could not tear himself away from the window in Regent Street, London, where the makers of incubators show the chicks scrambling out of the eggs. This is a familiar sight to those who have been brought up in the country, but it is almost startling to those who see it for the first time. As his two friends insisted on going on, the delighted observer turned to continue his sight-seeing, and was heard to say, "Now *that's* a thing to have seen; after *that* there beant no use their telling me that there be no God."

Perhaps we cannot get beyond what Coleridge said so wisely: "All knowledge begins and ends with wonder, but the first wonder is the child of ignorance, while the second is the parent of adoration." Nature's second voice is that which bids us

make it part of the serious business of our life to try to replace the first wonder by the second.

The third voice of Nature that the Hebrew prophet heard was the *fire*; and we take this to be the symbol of the scientific voice, which says Inquire. For the fire of science burns up superstitious rubbish, melts out the fine gold of accurate knowledge, reduces things to a common denominator, and gives light to man.

From the first, when man was able to look out with clear eyes, Nature has been setting him problems, prompting his inquisitiveness, leading him gradually from the practical to the more abstract. Lafcadio Hearn tells us that in the house of any old Japanese family the guest is likely to be shown some of the heirlooms. "A pretty little box, perhaps, will be set before you. Opening it, you will see only a beautiful silk bag, closed with a silk running-cord decked with tiny tassels. . . . You open the bag and see within it another bag of a different quality of silk, but very fine. Open that, and, lo! a third, which contains a fourth, which contains a fifth, which contains a sixth, which contains a seventh bag, which contains the strongest, roughest, hardest vessel of Chinese clay that you ever beheld; yet it is not only

curious but precious; it may be more than a thousand years old." Indeed, it is more than clay; there is an idea in it.

Now natural science has to do with a similar process of unwrapping—it opens the beautiful box, it removes one silken envelope after another, trying at the same time to unravel the pattern and count the threads—and what is finally revealed is something very old and wonderful—the stuff out of which worlds have been spun—"a handful of dust which God enchants." For there seems to be high wisdom in trying to see the scientific denominator in the light of the philosophic greatest common measure.

Varying the metaphor, one of the foremost discoverers of new knowledge, Sir J. J. Thomson, writes: "As we conquer peak after peak we see in front of us regions full of interest and beauty, but we do not see our goal, we do not see the horizon; in the distance tower still higher peaks, which will yield to those who ascend them still wider prospects, and deepen the feeling, the truth of which is emphasized by every advance in science, that 'Great are the words of the Lord.' Science is like an asymp-

otic curve always drawing nearer to a goal, but never reaching it."

It is the wonderful achievement of modern science to have reduced all the forms of matter to groups of electrons and protons, and to have brought all the radiant energies into line as ether-waves or electromagnetic vibrations.

These are the physical irreducibles, and whenever we think of living creatures, we must add another, namely *mind*. For by no jugglery can we get mind out of electricity and ether, with which it is incommensurable. One of the reasons why we should listen to the third voice of nature, which says so insistently, *Search, Inquire*, is that we thereby come to a better understanding of man's place in the *systema naturae*, and to a better understanding of the partial or abstract character of science. For it clears our way when we understand that science is not the whole of knowledge, but simply the kind that we get by following precise methods of observation and experiment. It may be compared to fishing in the sea with nets of a particular kind of mesh. It is an assumption that there is no kind of knowledge save that which this kind of net will catch. If we are fully to know our native land, we must appreciate

its beauty as well as its geology, but we do not appreciate its beauty by scientific methods. No one supposes that his knowledge of his mother depends wholly on what he has discovered in regard to her heredity and the like; why should anyone suppose that man's knowledge of his *alma mater* must be wholly based on science? Our point is that there are other rights of way toward truth besides the rugged pathway of science. Nature's third voice, *Inquire*, does not restrict us to scientific methods; we may also learn in the sanctuary of feeling and along the pathway of obedience. *Vivendo discimus*.

But the third voice, *Inquire*, has another value besides clearing the eyes of our understanding, it tells man how to enter more and more fully into his kingdom. As Bacon said: "Knowledge is not only for the glory of the Creator, but for the relief of man's estate. And not for the relief only, but for its extension and enhancement." How many of the great advances in modern civilization, shadowed as some have been, are due to man's obedience to the voice that bids him face the facts? As Spencer said, "Life is not for science, so much as science is for life." As Comte said, "Knowledge is foresight, and foresight is power." One of the lessons that man

is learning, quickly now in some directions, slowly, however, in others, is the duty of Inquiry. When he is in difficulties he must search; when he would extend his kingdom he must take science as his torch. In order to control, we must first understand.

It seems to us that the three great voices of Nature are Endeavor, Enjoy, and Inquire; or, at another pitch, Struggle, Revere, Search. No one can tell how far man may go by listening to and obeying these three voices; but it has been a common experience of mankind that a limit comes to practical endeavor, to emotional intensity, and to resolute thinking. But it is characteristic of man to insist on pressing beyond these limits; and activities at the strain-limits have often taken the form of religion. Man has done all he can, and is baffled, therefore he has often prayed. Man's cup of joy or of sorrow has overflowed, and he has often found relief in psalm and lament, in song and sacrifice. Man has often reached for the time being the limit of his understanding, yet the questions *whence*, *whither*, and *why* clamor for answer; and what can he do but make the adventure of faith? Thus from listening to the three voices of Nature, symbolized somewhat loudly by wind, earthquake, and fire, man has many

a time heard in the quietness of his heart the voice of God. Perhaps what the prophet heard was not so much a "still small voice" as the voice that is heard when all is quiet. It had seemed to him, as he listened to the wind, the earthquake, and the fire, that God was not in any of them; but one cannot help thinking that in *obeying* the voice heard in the quietness he came to understand afterward that God had been in the other experiences as well.

In any case, if we can pass from the cold evening light of science, which the schoolmen called *cognitio vespertina*, to the morning light of religion, which they called *cognitio matutina*, we may be able to agree more and more with Ruskin's fine words (engraved on the memorial at Derwentwater): "The Spirit of God is around you in the air that you breathe, His glory in the light that you see, and in the fruitfulness of the earth and the joy of its creatures. He has written for you day by day His revelation, and He has granted you day by day your daily bread."

MORALS AND HEALTH

by Sir Thomas Horder

Morals and Health

By Sir Thomas Horder

IF I were a preacher I should talk to the people collected together in much the same way as I hope I talk to them individually when they seek my advice. I do not think I ought to talk to them in any other way, and I should try to resist the temptation—which the idea of one sermon only in a lifetime would tend to induce—to propound a theory of life, and fit facts into it as nicely as is possible. A doctor's life gives little enough time for the contemplation which is demanded in order to found a philosophy of his own, nor does his experience fit him very well to be a good disciple of the philosophies of others. But it should be possible to weave into a message to the general public the innumerable little individual messages of which the doctor delivers himself daily in the consulting-room and at the bedside. Anyway, I have decided to make the attempt.

Since the idea underlying a sermon is a moral one,

this attempt presupposes that I consider much of the doctor's life-work, and much of the advice he gives, to have a moral aspect. That is so, and it is that conviction which makes this sermon possible. I believe firmly that the basis of the relations between the doctor and the sick man is made up of that same set of principles which have been known to govern life and conduct since human society first began. Superficial thinkers sometimes object that medicine is a conservative science: they are generally led to this idea by finding that the moral code which influenced Hippocrates two thousand years ago influences his disciples today. But it is the assurance that this same moral code still operates which makes it easy for the patient to come and unload his burden of sickness, both bodily and mental, and thus take the first step toward health.

Of the doctor's equipment for dealing with the problem it were invidious to say much. There is that subtle but paramount thing termed personality. There are patience and sympathy. The rest of the outfit is contributed by science and a mind trained in detecting essentials and disregarding non-essentials. Personality without science makes the doctor a quack,

and science without personality leads to the medicine of the academy, not of the sick-room.

PRIMARY VIRTUES

Most, if not all, of the primary virtues come, sooner or later, into the relations of patient and doctor. It is essential that both parties should cultivate them if health is to be restored and established. Honesty of purpose is obligatory. The cultivation of mutual confidence is not less so. Patience, not only in itself a virtue, but mother of many virtues, must go hand-in-hand with persistent endeavor. Courage, too, is imperative, for the chief enemy, and generally the one last to be overcome, is fear. Panic dissipates effort and abolishes morale, and both of these things must be jealously conserved.

Upon this stock of virtues science must be grafted. Not the science of any school merely, but science that is limitless; knowledge gained from all ages and, if need be, from every quarter of the universe. All must be swept up and transmuted into appropriate remedies for the treatment of the sick man. No doctrine or sect must cramp the means of healing and no name, however great, must alone dictate the

way of salvation. To have recourse to science of such sort is a sacred obligation laid upon every doctor.

Nor should he despair because of the many and varied excursions into empiricism which, through ignorance and credulity, the harassed patient often makes. Science, that quiet but efficient servant of mankind, will, in the long run, shame all the noisy promises of the untrained hireling. If there is nothing much amiss, and very little at stake, a gamble in pseudo-science, or in obscurantism, tickles his mind and enables the patient to enjoy a tilt at orthodoxy. But in the serious affairs of life it is the expert who scores the success, and, in the end, wisdom is found to be justified of her children. The anti-mind is a disease that finds its own physic and in its own way. It is only when it begins to proselytize that it becomes a nuisance to society.

THE DOCTOR'S FUNCTION

What, now, is the doctor's aim? Is it to achieve equilibrium, for this is health, be it the body or the mind, or both, that demand his help. And his attention must be fixed upon both of these factors, seeing

that the association between them is so close. He wages war against premature death, against disability, and against pain—all of them evil things—and no quarter is to be given. But again and again he fails? It is true. Failure from lack of wisdom reflects upon himself; failure from lack of available knowledge does not. Our power over disease grows, but grows all too slowly. Some defects there are that seem almost hopeless of cure, even with the growth of science: defects of heredity, congenital diseases, faults of the mind. But who shall limit the bounds of science?

Nor do we employ all the help that science, even now, offers to us. There exist many means of cure, and still more means of prevention of disease, which ignorance and prejudice render inoperative. As for advancing science, we spend vast sums of money upon wasteful and destructive issues, a fraction of which might well speed up research, so that a goodly number of diseases, so-called incurable, would no longer deserve this epithet. We make war, tolerate slums, encourage vices and disease-producing luxuries, yet we decry the gaps in knowledge whereby our bodies and souls remain sick.

It is necessary to strike a deeper note, and to speak

of the doctor's function in relation to the more complex issues of life. We are a strangely differing set of persons in his eyes when we are viewed as prospective patients. At one end of the scale a few of us are Nature's darlings: we can scarcely be ill, either in mind or body, even though we try. At the other end are a larger group of us who find it very difficult to be anything else than ill. Some of us in this group start life with heavy handicaps. Our very temperaments are oftentimes a menace to us. Or our complexions or stature speak of hidden tendencies to disease that we may never entirely escape. Or there may lurk in the blood and other tissues the seeds of maladies that wait to strike us down after a few years of joyous health. Or we may even start the race misshapen, and with a necessary part of our equipment absent or defective. A veritable martyrdom awaits some of us, so that the "health and a day" by which we may "make the pomp of emperors ridiculous" sounds like a cruel jibe.

LIFE AN ART

Between these two extremes come the great majority of us; we start with good health and, having

run the gauntlet of our children's ills successfully, we can remain healthy if we will, so long as the accident of disease does not overtake us in permanently disabling fashion. Healthy or unhealthy we must be, since there is, in all of us, a vital force which provides the momentum to go on, and to achieve. Æons ago this aim was primitive—food, warmth, protection from the enemy, and desire for the mate. Then, slowly through the ages, emerged æsthetics and the moral law, and life at last became an art. To attain distinction in conduct a healthy body and a healthy mind, though perhaps not essential, are of the utmost help. To keep them, therefore, is one of our foremost duties.

This preservation of health does not depend upon the meticulous observance of a set of inhibitions, whether in food or in other things. It depends upon temperance and a quiet mind. To live long depends chiefly upon our forebears; to live healthily depends chiefly upon ourselves. More important than the food we eat is the degree in which we succeed in disciplining ourselves and the habits that we form. Self-discipline none of us can escape if a heritage of good health is to be ours for life; and certainly we cannot escape this salutary check upon the tendency

which is present in all of us to drift, if we desire that fuller heritage of becoming, in our character, a little lower than the angels.

HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW

If circumstances have not enjoined some exigency in our lives, we must perforce introduce it ourselves. Such creatures of habit are we that it is only thus that the body and the mind can alike be kept taut. Some routine is as essential to health and to happiness as is some relaxation. If order is heaven's first law, earth cannot hope to escape the same necessity.

The cultivation of a quiet mind—equanimity—is imperative in the maintenance of health. Jesus taught a fundamental lesson in mental hygiene when he bade us live one day at a time. The man who brings forward tomorrow's anticipated troubles, and carries over yesterday's useless regrets, so overloads today's duties that he is already sick at heart when the sun rises.

As for the great mysteries that face us all, the whence and the whither of life, it is a good thing to find that the solution of these questions is not necessary for service or (let us hope) for salvation. Ef-

forts at conceiving the absolute make the brain reel, but within the relative and the limited there is ample scope for conduct, though a few of us may prefer to spend our lives in efforts at contemplating the infinite. The Golden Rule still serves us as a sufficient guide, and would appear to be above creeds and even independent of our ultimate destiny.

A FUNDAMENTAL FACTOR

Faced as he is with law, with progress, with development, the doctor has a quiet confidence in the things he cannot see and in the future that he does not know. Far from being a materialist, as is often supposed, his faith is a fundamental factor in his work. For him the process of the suns is right and secure, though he might well say, at times, with Job, "How small a whisper do we hear of him." He is more "spiritual" than many to whom this epithet is given, for he believes firmly that heaven is with us now, whenever we obey the laws of cause and effect, "the chancellors of God," be it in the realm of the body or of the soul.

He is a little impatient with those who view this life as a mere ante-chamber to a life to come: this

life's duties are so obvious and our contribution to "that far-off divine event" is so intimately bound up with the manner in which we perform them. His own duty is very clear: he must interpret the law to his patients, and he must make it clear to them exactly wherein they have broken it. In as true a sense as was the case with Paul he should be able to say, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

And so I reiterate the belief with which I began. The art of healing is based upon deep-seated law, and it is impossible to separate the moral from the physical law. To break either leads to disease or pain, and recovery or relief can only be achieved by a renewal of obedience and loyalty. And the means by which this may be done?

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance

Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength . . .
These are the spells by which to reassume
An Empire o'er the disentangled doom.

ON THE EVILS DUE TO FEAR

by Hon. Bertrand Russell

On the Evils Due to Fear

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IF I were about to be executed and were allowed twenty minutes in which to make a farewell address, what should I say? It would be necessary to be brief and simple, and I think I should concentrate upon one issue, namely the importance of eliminating fear. I do not imagine that mankind can be made perfect; whatever may be done, some defects will survive, but a great many of the defects from which adults suffer are due to preventable mistakes in their education, and the most important of these mistakes is the inculcation of fear. Parents, priests, and governments have despaired of maintaining their authority by an appeal to reason, and have preferred to produce abject, cowering slaves. I do not believe that any good thing is to be obtained through fear, and I hold that obedience not otherwise obtainable had better not be obtained. The objections to fear as a social force are of two kinds.

There are the bad effects upon those who cause terror, and the bad effects upon those who suffer it. Both are grave, though the latter more so.

To begin with those who inspire terror. They inevitably become cruel and fond of thwarting others; they grow impatient of opposition and argument, and of every kind of reasoning tending to show that they have misused their authority. They come to prefer persons without self-respect and without principle. They are themselves inevitably filled with fears. They fear to lose their unjust authority; they fear to rouse merited resentment in their underlings; they fear that the world may become more reasonable. These fears lead them to increase their cruelty, and every increase of cruelty increases their fear of reprisals. Thus there is a vicious circle tending to a perpetual intensification of the connected evils of tyranny and apprehension.

The effects of fear upon those who feel it are, however, very much worse. There are various kinds of fear; of these, physical fear, which alone is traditionally despised, is by far the least harmful. Moral and intellectual fears are far worse. All fear inspires a greater or less degree of rage, which, since it dare not vent itself upon the dreaded object, finds

an outlet in tyranny over whatever is weaker. Just as in the holders of power cruelty begets fear, so in their slaves fear begets cruelty. Fear of social disapproval is probably one of the chief causes of meanness and unkindness in the modern world. People enjoy expressing social disapproval because they themselves have been thwarted by the fear of incurring it. When a man has sacrificed something of importance in order to retain the good opinion of his neighbors, he is naturally furious when some one else refuses to make the sacrifice, and he therefore becomes a fierce moralist, determined to punish the bold sinner. The sinners punished by social disapproval include almost all who are not hypocrites, all who have new ideas of a not purely scientific kind, and all who practice any morality more generous or less vindictive than that of their own herd. Fear of social disapproval is, therefore, a very dangerous quality to inculcate. Social coöperation should be voluntary and reasonable, not a craven submission of each to all.

One of the worst effects of fear is that it produces stupidity. Intelligence requires a certain kind of intellectual fearlessness; it requires, at any rate, a capacity for intellectual independence, and intel-

lectual independence will hardly be found where there is no degree of social independence. For this reason, societies which prize social cohesion unduly are almost sure to be composed of stupid individuals. They will, therefore, become incapable of progress, either scientifically or socially. Not even the most ardent feminist can deny that women have shown much less intellectual independence than men. I believe this to be mainly due to the fact that they have been more rigidly subjugated than men to a morality of fear. The recognized method of producing virtue in women has been the fear of social ostracism on earth, and hell fire hereafter. In order that these fears may acquire a firm hold, girls have been taught, from their earliest years, to be timid in their thoughts and to avoid following any argument to its logical conclusion, on the ground that all logical conclusions are unladylike. They have thus been left to practice the vices of the coward—envy, backbiting, and petty-mindedness. What the traditional moralist apparently fails to recognize is that the mental attitude leading to such vice causes infinitely more misery than a more fearless attitude which might sometimes lead to generous sins, but would never lead to ungenerous vices.

I regard with horror all those whose business is to keep the human spirit and the human intellect in fetters. I include among these almost all ministers of religion, a large proportion of school teachers, 90 per cent. of magistrates and judges, and a large proportion of those who have earned the respect of the community by their insistence on what is called a rigid moral standard. These different classes of men are all engaged in their several ways in endeavoring by means of social disapproval, or the criminal law, to produce belief in propositions which every candid inquirer can see to be at best doubtful, and which every student of statistics knows to be socially harmful. Take for example, the following facts from an American official publication: out of every thousand children born in America the number who die during the first year is: among the Portuguese 200.3, among the French-Canadians 171.3, among the Poles 157.2, among the native white population 93.8, and among the Jews 53.5. These figures show clearly that the infant mortality is proportional to the intensity of belief in the Christian religion. Herod caused nothing like such a massacre of innocents as is caused by Catholic dogma, and one of my reasons for publicly com-

bating what I regard as superstition is to prevent this needless suffering of helpless children. And the harm done by Christianity is very largely due to the fact that it has its psychological roots in fear.

When I say that fear is an evil, I do not mean that it can be adequately combated by conscious courage. Conscious courage does not eliminate fear, it merely prevents people from acting upon it; it thus involves a state of nervous tension which is almost sure to produce disastrous results. The right methods for avoiding fear depend upon the kind of fear involved. There are in the first place purely imaginary fears; such, for example, is the fear that eating ham or practicing birth control will be punished by an angry Deity. Such fears are instilled in youth with a view to producing certain kinds of conduct; they can be combated very simply by merely omitting to teach belief in false propositions to the young. I know it will be said that the young will not be virtuous unless they believe false propositions. This is a most curious attitude resting upon a twofold fallacy. There is first the belief that virtuous behavior is something in favor of which no rational argument can be given, and second the further belief that irrational and untrue arguments are going to be

sufficient to lead to painful self-denials, which admittedly cannot be defended on any reasonable ground. To teach rational behavior is undoubtedly difficult, but it is certainly easier by rational than by irrational means. Accustom a child to suppose that there are good reasons for what you say; let him verify for himself that this is the case wherever such verification is possible to him. Tell him nothing whatsoever that you do not seriously believe to be true. Cultivate his scientific spirit, so that he will for himself test your assertions when he can, and you will produce in the end a human being capable of a degree of rationality entirely impossible to those who have been brought up upon a conception of sin derived from arbitrary theological prohibitions. If it be said that rational human beings will not conform to the whole of the ethical code that has been inculcated by the Church, so much the worse for that code.

There is another class of fears where danger is real but can be eliminated by sufficient skill. The simplest examples of this are physical dangers such as are incurred in mountain-climbing. But there are a large number of others. Take, for example, the danger of social disapproval. It is quite true that

one man may steal a horse while another man may not look over the hedge; this difference depends mainly upon a certain kind of difference in instinctive attitude toward other people. The man who expects to be ill-treated will be, while the man who approaches his fellows in fearless friendliness will find this attitude justified by results. Boys who are afraid of dogs run away from them, which causes the dogs to come yapping at their heels, while boys who like dogs find that the dogs like them. Exactly the same thing applies to our behavior in regard to other people, but the right result cannot be produced by screwing up one's courage to face what one believes to be hostility; it can be produced only by a certain genuine friendliness and expectation of friendliness.

There is yet a third class of dangers which cannot altogether be avoided, but which may be felt to be more or less terrible according to a man's outlook. Such, for example, is the danger of financial loss. A great part of many people's lives is overshadowed by the fear of poverty. Great poverty such as that of a wage-earner out of work is undoubtedly a very terrible evil, but the comparative poverty which well-to-do business men dread is only

rendered a serious evil by misdirection of interests and tastes. The reasons for desiring wealth are luxury and ostentation. Luxury is the pleasure of lazy men who do not enjoy any form of activity, and ostentation is the pleasure of those whose principal desire is to be envied by fools. Neither of these pleasures will be strong in those whose active impulses have been allowed free play in youth, but a discipline based upon fear too often curbs these impulses, since virtuous parents fear that they will lead to sin, and fussy parents fear that they will lead to danger. Almost all sound education consists in providing opportunities for activities. An undesirable form of activity should not be directly checked, but should be replaced by creating an environment in which some more useful form becomes more attractive. The result will be the production of human beings who do not desire great wealth, and do not greatly fear its loss if they happen to acquire it. Fear of social disapproval should be met in the same way, not by teaching people to resist heroically the impulses to conformity, but by teaching them a certain kind of self-respect which will make them comparatively indifferent to the approval of the herd, so long as they have the approval of their own judg-

ment and of those whose opinion is worthy of respect.

I do not wish to suggest that absence of fear is alone enough to produce a good human being; undoubtedly other things are necessary. But I do suggest that freedom from fear is *one* of the most important things to aim at, and is perhaps more easily achieved by a wise education than any other equally desirable quality. Freedom from fear confers physical, moral, and intellectual benefits. Miss Margaret McMillan points out that children who are frequently scolded do not breathe rightly, and are thus more apt than other children to suffer from adenoids. Many other examples could be given of the way in which fear damages health, more especially through its interference with digestion. The moral damage that it does is even more important. This damage is partly a result of the injury to health, for, as is now well known, many of the gravest moral defects are connected with bad functioning of the digestive processes. Of this, avarice is a notable example. But the most important evil due to fear is the attitude of rage against the world. Dr. John B. Watson has demonstrated that the instinctive stimulus to rage in new-born infants is constriction

of the limbs, or anything that interferes with freedom of movement. From this origin, through the process of conditioned reflexes studied by Pavlov, the rage reaction grows out gradually, so that it comes to be elicited by a number of other stimuli. When a man fears his fellows, he reacts in defense as he would react if they were actually interfering with his liberty of movement. At least he reacts in this way so far as his emotions are concerned, but the overt expression of rage is partly inhibited by his fears, and therefore he looks about unconsciously for some safe outlet. He may find this in religious or moral persecution, in love of war, in opposition to humanitarian innovations, in oppression of his children, or in all of these combined. All these vices are in nine cases out of ten a result of hidden fears.

Intellectually, also, fear has disastrous results. There is the fear of any unusual opinion which prevents men from thinking straight on any subject on which their neighbors have foolish opinions. Then there is the fear of death, which prevents men from thinking straight on theological subjects; and then there is the fear of self-direction, which leads men to seek some authority to which they can submit their judgment. These various forms of fear are

responsible for quite half the stupidity in the world. Most of the stock of fear with which men and women go through life is implanted in them during the first six years of childhood, either with a view to making them "good" or by contagion from the fears of parents. For my part, I care nothing for the virtue which is rooted in fear, and I should seek everywhere, but more especially in early education, to produce human beings capable of social coöperation to the necessary extent for reasons with which fear should have nothing whatever to do. This is in my opinion the essential problem of moral education—a problem by no means insoluble, and only thought to be difficult owing to the weight of prejudice and cruel tradition.

THE ROAD TO REDEMPTION

by Dr. Joseph Collins

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"Behold I was shapen in iniquity and
in sin did my mother conceive me."

—PSALM li:5.

MY SERMON shall be a discussion of a subject to which I have devoted forty years of unremitting toil—*viz.*, the redemption of man. Redemption of his body, to be sure, but that he might accomplish the purpose for which he was created—self-realization.

I am convinced that he who accomplishes that is far more likely to save his soul than he who fails to do it.

Retrospectively, I see that my struggle has been with two foes: sin and ignorance, the parents of fear. Fear is universal. Everyone is afraid of something: of pain and disease, of defalcation and defeat, of reality and unreality, of death, and of life. One fears for his soul, another for his body, a third for his goods. We admit and realize the potency of

fear as enemy of health and happiness, but we make little effort to discover and destroy its source. He who will purge man of fear will stem the tide of impotence and misery as Pasteur stemmed the tide of disease a generation ago.

Those who have devoted themselves to prying into nature's secrets during the last forty years have been successful beyond the most optimistic imagination. Ignorance is being dispelled so rapidly that we are breathless merely contemplating it. When we shall have made as much progress with man as we have with the world, we shall reflect enlightenment as shimmering water reflects moonlight. There is no encouragement from the past that we shall make any headway with sin. We wallow in it now as we did a year ago, a thousand years ago. It not only fetters our feet, manacles our hands, stupefies our intellect, anæsthetizes our emotions, but it engenders, develops, and matures fear, man's mortal enemy.

The behaviorist school of psychology contends that fear is engendered in infants chiefly by loud noises and sudden withdrawal of support. It may be so, but the origin of the fears I have encountered have been predominantly in the doctrine of sin, its origin and transmission, its eventuation and penal-

ties. Sin is man made. Its purpose is to make him conform to a certain code of ethics, framed by those who claimed they were inspired and by others who arrogate to themselves peculiar knowledge of God's designs. They sought and still seek to make man indulge his instincts in accordance with rules which they make. The penalty for breaking these rules is eternal punishment which, until recently, it was universally taught was imposed in a place called hell.

Fear of death that may entail eternal torment is one of the commonest fears of youth. Fear of God is said to be the beginning of wisdom, but why one should fear Him who is all compassion, tenderness, forbearance, clemency, and mercy is beyond understanding. We do not fear those to whom we owe our being, our birth, our weal; we love, revere, worship them and we do everything we can to testify our affection and obligation.

Until we have a different conception of God, and a new attitude toward Him (which is the essence of religion, indeed is religion), fear will continue to gnaw and devour us, and we shall make small headway in overcoming and eradicating it until we forget or modify the current doctrine of sin. There is

small chance that it can be accomplished. Fear prevents us from undertaking it, even from contemplating it.

What is sin? No one knows, yet everyone feels that he knows. There is no agreement between theologians, ethicians, and philosophers as to the definition of sin. Theologians themselves are not in accord, nor are the other two groups, for that matter. Some identify sin with deviation from the Christian standard of perfection; some restrict it to intentional breaches of moral law; others include as sins conscious, even deliberate, procedures, such as satisfaction of healthy appetites, yielding to instinctive reaction.

For the ethician, sin is a moral evil, anything infracting the standards of "right" and "good," the ideal of the latter being the life and teaching of Christ. Anything which misses this mark is sin, whether the subject of the deficiency is accountable or not.

The theological conception of sin is not exclusively an ethical conception; it is a voluntary transgression of the law of God, an attitude or activity that contravenes a law which the agent does or can recognize as binding upon himself. Sin is thus a

moral imperfection for which the agent is in God's sight accountable. Roman Catholics include in the law of God all commandments that emanate from legitimate authority and consequently ecclesiastic laws, civil laws, and the just precepts of parents and superiors. They take refuge behind the statement, "He that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God," and they differentiate between sin and vice; the former is an act, the latter a habit. Sin, for them, is both original and personal. The former is annihilated by baptism, the latter by contrition, confession, and penance.

For me, there is but one sin—cruelty; hurting for the pleasure of giving pain, whether it be with blow or word; but there are many crimes. It is the duty of the state to deal with the latter; that of the individual to combat and destroy the former. Were I a prophet, I should say that kindness to all domestic creation is a passport to paradise.

Sin, for the originator of Christianity, was a "transgression of the law," culpability in act or thought, and the law was to love God and love man. Any attachment which interfered with wholehearted devotion to God was sinful, and especially devotion to goods or mammon. Inhumanity, hypoc-

ris, moral barrenness and rejection of the mercy and love of God are the sins that cause most complete estrangement from God; yet these are the sins that are committed every day by practically everyone. What greater proof of our inhumanity could be had than the slums of every large city? Is it not devotion to goods and mammon for a Church to have assets of upward of fourteen millions of dollars, thirteen of which is in productive real estate? How can such possession be reconciled with the teachings of Christ? Is it not the most crass hypocrisy to spend millions of dollars in the construction of cathedrals and of temples wherein to worship God when thousands of His images are struggling with poverty and disease in the same city? Is anything more antipodal to ideal humanity than the present distribution of wealth, and was there ever such an example of moral barrenness as the World War? Priests should tell us specifically how we reject the mercy and love of God. Has the woman who consults me as I write these lines, seeking relief from the suffering and incapacity imposed by shaking palsy, a disease which seems to be a reward of virtue, rejected them? She has borne and reared eight children; she has fed, clothed, and educated

them from the proceeds of buttonhole-making; she has conformed to the teaching and ordinances of the Church in which she was born, baptized, and confirmed, and now she must submit to immobility and torture for ten or fifteen years unless she is fortunate enough to become hostess to some virulent germ.

How can we reconcile disease with the mercy and love of God? Do we not applaud man when he uses his intelligence to escape disease and prevent others from falling victim to it? Do we not accord the surgeon superhuman qualities when he boldly and dexterously cuts the body and removes disease that is seeking to destroy it? Is he not thwarting God's will? The matter really resolves itself into this: it is not a sin to use your intelligence about anything save God and religion.

To me, the popular conception of God is monstrous. It is alleged He is the perpetual fountain of love, the exhaustless source of mercy, the bottomless sea of compassion, and that justice has its origin and end in Him. But look where I may, I see naught but hatred, cruelty, selfishness, poverty, crime, suffering, and disease. How can these be reconciled with a kind, merciful, just God? The customary answer

is that it is not given to man to interpret or understand the ways of God, that poverty, hunger, tears, and humiliation—the four beatitudes, according to St. Luke—are vouchsafed us to insure salvation. We are asked to believe that the road to true and everlasting happiness is love of poverty and suffering, and then we devote ourselves with all our determination and strength to overcoming them; everyone applauds us when we succeed and displays contempt and scorn when we do not.

When God sends droughts and famine, earthquakes and floods, we are told we should implore Him to alter His ways. It seems to me nothing less than insult. If God is all-just and all-wise, and He sees fit to devastate us with pestilence or destroy us with war, we should accept supinely and resignedly His divine decisions. We do not accept them, however. We utilize the means that science gives us to prevent disease and disaster; we strive to tame and discipline man's predatoriness and develop in him justice and altruism that wars may be prevented; we endeavor to forecast the heralds of what are called calamities of nature.

In fact, we avail ourselves of every resource of art and science to thwart what is said to be the will

of God, and our conduct gives us no concern; indeed, we boast of our accomplishment and just in proportion as success crowns our efforts in that direction, we maintain that we have advanced the welfare of the world and its peoples. And we are asked to believe that the calamities we are made to suffer are the ransom we pay for the sins of our forebears.

The rector of Trinity Church in New York has recently stated that we have ceased to be a Christian country and the Christian minority should not seek to enforce its standards on the un-Christian majority.

Where is the Christian minority and who constitutes it? Does it make one a Christian to be baptized or even confirmed? A Christian is one who lives or endeavors to live in conformity with Christ's mandates. But I have not encountered anyone who does it. Practically all of the pious Christians I have known were slaves to one or more of the deadly sins: pride, avarice, intemperance, lust, sloth, envy, or anger. I have neither seen nor heard anyone endeavoring to purge them save to suggest that they should be humble, generous, temperate, chaste, clean, content and serene.

The founder of the Christian religion decreed a

code of thought and conduct which may be summarized in a sentence, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." It is beyond man's capacity to be perfect or even to approximate perfection. The penalty of his impotency is punishment, punishment meted out in perpetuity after the body has ceased to be. We are told by those who claim the right to interpret Christ's teachings that endeavor to be perfect, and repentance for our transgressions, are adequate to obtain suspension of sentence and immunity; but repentance means foregoing all vain desires and satisfactions, pleasures, wealth, pride of life, and all that is summarized under the term duty to man and state. Not one individual in a million is capable of doing it. Fully to repent we have to forego things, and that is beyond our power to accomplish. We are asked to believe that we inherit a tendency to do wrong. Had not our remotest ancestors been so determined to make a hell upon earth for us, we might have escaped original sin. It was a great calamity to mankind that the teachings of Pelagius and his friend Cælestius were not accepted; they denied the racial consequences of Adam's fault, asserted the entire innocence of the newborn, and

recognized sinless men before the coming of Christ. The former stoutly contended that each man was responsible and liable to punishment only for his own acts, that divine grace is not necessary for human virtue, that it was within the capacity of every man to become virtuous by his own efforts. It is a calamity, too, that the teachings of Augustine prevailed against them, and particularly that Calvinism restored these teachings.

It is inconceivable that man should be the only product of nature that comes into being with a handicap. It is preposterous to maintain that our mothers conceived us in sin. They conceived us in love, in purity, and in beauty, and the gesture of conception is our closest link with God. To have associated the act of creation with sin is one of our greatest misfortunes.

Persons in mental distress who seek aid from me are forever talking about the sins they have committed, dwelling upon their unworthiness and proclaiming their doom. I do not know that the thoughts they have had and the acts they have done constitute sin, but when I submit a list of them to those who claim expert knowledge of the ways of

God, I am assured they are sinful. But the assurance does not convince me.

It is widely believed that when God made men in His image, He made them male and female that they might reproduce their kind. He endowed them with the genesic instinct, and the endowment was so generous and copious that few have been able to resist its demands.

Man has made it a sin to indulge or display that instinct save under stipulated conditions. The essence of the stipulation is marriage, which the Church has raised to the dignity of a sacrament.

The capacity to reproduce one's kind is given to the individual at about the fifteenth year of life. Marriage is neither prudent nor possible until approximately ten years later. During that period human beings must inhibit their genesic instinct. The male who does not succeed in doing so sins; and the female who fails not only sins, but is "ruined" as well. Should either seek and deliberately obtain vicarious satisfaction, they sin grievously. It is with the latter that I have largely to do. They are pitiful. This vicarious satisfaction is called "youthful sin," and, though not universal, it is well-nigh so. The majority treat it as an impostor,

regret having indulged it, and forget it. The minority pigeonhole it in a compartment of their memory, from which, consciously or unconsciously, it escapes frequently and, flagrantly or surreptitiously, accuses the possessor. When the accusation is frank the accused feels himself a whited sepulcher; when it is camouflaged, a pariah; in both instances a sinner. Many women who have been brought up religiously magnify it into an unforgivable sin. The fear it engenders often disturbs the individual's life, disorders his mind, and thwarts self-realization.

There are many reasons why one should remain continent until he marries; all of them are good reasons. It is not a sin to be incontinent; it is bad taste, poor judgment, stupid management, an admission of inferiority and acceptance of defeat.

We know that the man and woman who can bring their creative possessions to their union undimmed, undefiled, with all their beauty and power, fragrance and freshness, will be rewarded by a feeling of dignity and satisfaction that self-control and overcoming of obstacles invariably engender.

We know that it makes for the welfare of the individual, the community, and the world for man to appease his creative urge within the confines of

matrimony, and that should be sufficient reason. That he does not do so, and never has, is a matter for regret. That he cannot be induced to do so by threats of punishment hereafter has been proved conclusively. Greater success may follow from an appeal to his reason, self-respect, and sense of right.

Chastity is considered to be a virtue which leads us to abstain from unlawful pleasures of the flesh. Christian doctrine teaches us that there are three kinds: conjugal, the chastity of widowhood, and virginal. The first two are obligatory virtues because they render the flesh subject to the spirit, thus assuring to the faculties of the soul the possession of all their power, and to the body its vigor and its beauty. According to St. Augustine it is the only virtue that renders the mind of man pure enough to see God. The Roman Church teaches that the virtues of virginal chastity are profound peace and true liberty, the most perfect joys that the greatest victories can bestow and a magnificent reward in heaven. This seems to me an affront to God. If in His wisdom and omnipotence He had desired that His images should be chaste, he would have endowed them with the instinct of chastity instead of the instinct of creation.

Morality and decency will make epochal progress when men and women know how their bodies work; when no one will be ashamed of physiological functions; when no part of the body is considered indecent, and its actions abominable.

But this will never take place unless we liberate ourselves from religious hypocrisy, and we shall rid ourselves of that only by formulating a method of worshipping God that is consistent with man and nature.

We profess a religion which is at variance with science, intelligence, and reason, which no one practises, not even its priests, and which probably not one man in a thousand could practise, no matter how great its reward.

The Saviour of man said, "Woe unto you that are rich!" and our motivation from the day we become sentient is to create and enhance material possessions, and man and Church applaud in proportion as we succeed.

"Woe unto you that are full!" and every day anyone who has the means eats and drinks to satiety, and no one points the finger of scorn at him so long as his conduct does not outrage social convention or infract the laws of the state.

"Woe unto you that laugh, for you shall mourn and weep," and we regret every moment when the antecedent of laughter is denied us. We strive for diversion, amusement, happiness, and in proportion as we obtain them we are told that we lay up treasure in hell.

"Woe unto you when men shall bless you," and we exert ourselves strenuously and continuously to gain the esteem and approval of our fellows.

"The road to true and everlasting happiness is love of poverty and suffering." We hate poverty and the sole object of our activity would seem to be to overcome or escape it.

We are told to do that which it is impossible for us to do—to love suffering. When we encounter an individual who gets pleasure from having pain inflicted upon him, we call him a masochist, a monster, and a degenerate. In a lifetime of intimacy with sufferers I have not met one who loved it.

Scan as I may the road to everlasting happiness I see no advocates of the divine law or expositors of religion devoted to poverty. I see them living in comfort, luxury even, traveling in private cars or palatial yachts, clothing themselves in rich raiment, fraternizing with mammon, serenading the opulent,

caterwauling the materially exalted, and struggling for preferment.

The affirmation that the welfare of the soul is enhanced by humiliating, denying, and punishing the body has its foundation in fanaticism. A healthy soul is the complement of a healthy body, and *vice versa*. There is nothing so salutary to a healthy mind as a healthy body, and the body cannot remain healthy if it is humiliated, hampered, and harassed.

“Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.”

Yet, from the moment our children become capable of feeling and thinking we tell them that life's demands are to be provident, productive, and prudent. We tell our youths that they must put something aside for rainy days, make provision for the time when they can no longer toil, that they may be able to discharge obligations, and above all that they may merit the esteem of their fellows and receive their approbation. It is of the things that we are admonished to take no thought, and one other, that we think continuously from the time we are endowed with the capacity for constructive thought to the day we are deprived of it by age or

death. We are told not to lay up for ourselves treasures upon earth, but should we not attempt to do so we are looked upon as wastrels, and should we not succeed, we are considered failures. When we succeed, and donate some of it to bishops determined to perpetuate their names by building cathedrals, and to missions for the conversion and salvation of heathens, we are assured that we effect a transfer of the treasure from earth to heaven. And though the nucleus of the treasure be from robbing widows, defrauding orphans, crushing competitors, fleecing the unwary, the honorable amend is made by donating part of it to "the Church."

When we decide to move a house we do not say to a child, "Pick up that building and deposit it upon that hill." He is as capable of doing it as he is of loving his enemies, of blessing them that curse him, of doing good to them who hate him, and praying for those who persecute him.

Why profess a religion that cannot be practised? Why not have one that is consonant with man's capacity? Assuming that God made man and that life on earth is a preparation for life in paradise; that the soul is a reality and not a figment of man's fears, selfishness, and egotism; that immortality is

a wage to be earned, not a gift to be accepted—it is incredible that a task beyond his capacity, a problem beyond his power of solution, should be imposed upon him.

It may be said that He who was the Son of Man lived in accordance with the rules that He framed for man's guidance. He did, and his fellow men taunted, pursued, persecuted, and crucified Him, and it is likely that is what men would do today to one who would attempt to walk in His footsteps.

It has been said many times that anyone who should attempt to put in operation the whole of the Christian religion would be locked up as a lunatic. But even though it were in our power to imagine a man who would do exactly what it teaches without being committed, we should be confronted with the personification of a monster. He would forsake his family, rob them of the fruit of his or their labor, be a constant source of offense to decency, without regard for all civic duties, an outcast and a pariah.

We are told that God created the world of His own free choice, out of nothing, made men in His own image—male and female—blessed them and gave them two commands, "Be fruitful and multiply, replenish the earth and subdue it."

Scarcely had they begun to make effective His commands than He thrust upon them, through the medium of one of the things that creepeth upon the earth over which they were given dominion—to wit, the serpent—a handicap they could never surmount. They were given no opportunity for repentance or reform; no mercy was shown them; they were sentenced immediately and the sentence was binding upon their descendants even unto the present day and it shall continue forever.

After having allowed them to serve it for millions of years, He decreed to restore man to his original state and determined to accomplish this reconciliation in such a way as to satisfy justice. He promised a redeemer who, in man's stead, was to render full satisfaction for the offense committed against Him. This redeemer was to restore to man the sanctifying grace and the hope of supernatural bliss forfeited by his sin.

Finally, He sent His Son to restore the heritage that Adam had lost, and allowed Him to be humiliated, tortured, and crucified.

Christ, it is said, ransomed mankind, "He washed us from our sins by His blood." By this ransom, He satisfied the divine justice, delivered us from sin

and eternal damnation, and purchased for us the goods lost by sin.

Thus, we are confronted with the paradoxical situation of deriving our most admirable impulses and most elevating inspiration from one of the most cruel and inhuman of teachings: that vicarious sacrifice and monstrous tortures have redeemed us and purged us of sin.

Why not have a religion that harmonizes with the knowledge and thought that is vouchsafed us? It is absurd to say that religion is immutable; it has been subject to as many mutations as science itself. We say that love is the great solvent of the world, and yet we frighten our children with monstrous doctrines about heaven and hell. Threats of punishment, possibly, may direct or influence some to righteousness better than any other kind of teaching, but I have never met any who were benefited by it.

Why not have a religion that is practicable and in conformity with science? It is farthest from me to underestimate the value of religious emotion. It is ennobling and purifying, and I am sure that religion is essential to mankind. Its code of social hygiene goes far to check disease and keep man sane. Its

moral censorship diminishes vices and prevents excesses whose tendency is to destroy the individual or the race. But why not have a religion that is based upon a system of ethics that is plausible and workable, to which the best of men can live up?

I am quite aware of the sense of futility which accompanies an effort at expressing views which, to some, may appear as an attack upon organized and accepted religion. Man's spirit needs religion as his body needs bread and oxygen. His spiritual life, his higher instincts, his sense of morality, are all dependent upon the religious training he receives, whether or not he be conscious of it. And to dare attempt a reversal of the established order, one must have something to put in its stead, something better, more efficacious, less offensive to reason and sense.

I maintain that none of the people of the Western civilization, whatever their creed, have evolved a satisfactory religion—that is, one which satisfies at once that enigmatic possession called the soul and that complex organism the mind. The religion of today, when it conforms to the laws of sanctity, offends those of nature, and there seems no reconciliation possible between it and science. Were men to believe the truth of the assertion that "God, who

is the final reason for everything, is the scientific explanation of nothing," and make an effort to submit their emotions to their intellect, religion as it is understood today would no longer be acceptable in its present form; the same religion, adapted to fit the ever-changing process of civilization, might be retained, but the spirit and the letter of its tenets would both be changed.

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*"If a Man Die
Shall He Live Again?"*

WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDER-
WOLF, D.D.

William Edward Biederwolf was born at Monticello, Ind., September 29th, 1867. He graduated from Princeton University in 1892 with an A.M. and received his Theological Degree from Princeton Theological Seminary three years later. He studied later in Berlin University. He was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1897 and was a pastor for ten or fifteen years after which he went into Evangelistic work.

In the field of Evangelism he has become as widely known to this generation as any preacher save only "Billy" Sunday himself; and in addition to this he has for years been the President of the Family Altar League of America. He has been President of Winona College, Dean of the Winona School of Theology and of the famous Winona Lake Bible Conferences for many years.

He has written many books, most of them sermons on Evangelistic themes, illustrations, and Family Altar League books.

He is often compared with "Billy" Sunday in the Evangelistic field, and

is in many ways like Sunday except that he perhaps has a more balanced intellectual background than Sunday, in addition to the same religious fervor and passion for men.

"If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?"

—JOB XIV: 14

By W. E. BIEDERWOLF, PRESIDENT, LAKE WINONA BIBLE
CONFERENCE AND SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

IN THIS text is found the all-absorbing question of the ages. Every arch built up in religion's name has had immortality for its keystone.

Buddhists, Mohammedans, Christians; Theosophists, Agnostics, Infidels; men of every faith and men who say they have no faith at all will sit around the table and discuss for hours the question, "Are the Dead Alive?" "Do We Survive the Chemical Change Called Death?"

It makes all the difference of both worlds to me whether my life is ephemeral, a candle suddenly snuffed out, a gleam of consciousness between the cradle and the grave, or whether in me there is something that is going to survive the limitations of time and space and the corruption of matter; whether *this* life is the palace of existence, or whether, as Browning says in his "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," it is but the vestibule of the palace.

Does man, as Shelley says, "lie down on the lone couch of his everlasting sleep"?

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Is it true, as Moschus puts it in his mournful "Elegy on Man,"

Man wakes no more! Man,
Valiant, glorious, wise;
When death once chills him, sinks in sleep profound—
A long, unconscious, never-ending sleep.

Shall we write over our cemeteries as they did in Paris in the days of the Revolution, "Death Is an Eternal Sleep," or shall we, with our own poet believe,

There is no death; what seems so is transition,
and have something of Lord Tennyson's sublime faith, when in his matchless poem, "In Memoriam," mourning for his young friend, Arthur Hallam, he says:

That each who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general soul!
Is faith as vague as all unsweet.

Ah, no, he says,

Eternal form shall still divide
The Eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

There is a profound silence about the grave. Does it not sometimes seem that we "cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry?" The strongholds of princes and the rock-hewn Morros tumble down like houses made of cards before the powerful guns of modern science, but just back of the grave is

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a granite wall before which nature and science all stand dumb.

How strange that Lazarus brought no message back. His silence is significant, but a curiosity like ours, children as we are, still "crying in the night" can well be excused.

Of all who have crossed the river,
And learn the eternal lore,
Not one has returned to tell us
Of the land on the other shore.
Not a single hand has lifted
The curtain that hangs between,
Not a voice revealed the wonders
That no human eye hath seen.

Oh, the deep silence of the infinite beyond!

We have prayed and watched and waited,
And called to heaven their name;
And stilled our pulse to listen,
But never an answer came.

But silence, you know, sometimes speaks louder than thunder. Little Roland climbed upon the knee of Charlemagne and asked him concerning the kingdom which would be his when he was big like his father, but the great king was silent and thoughtful. How could the little fellow understand or half conceive the future glory to which he was to fall heir! But in the moment of Charlemagne's thoughtful silence and concealment were revelations of grandeur and magnificence words could have but feebly expressed had a maturer mind than the child-king's been there to grasp

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them. Eternity is a profound subject; too profound for man's profoundest mind. And its silence is big with meaning. In answering the question of our text we shall not deal with science; not because its testimony is unfavorable, for if science once doubted, it is now beginning to mount up on wings of faith, until we hear John Fiske, the master scientist, declaring that, "The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption in all the history of scientific thought."

Neither shall the arguments of philosophy be marshalled, though the testimony of the world's recognized noblest philosophy has always been an inspiration to the belief in the soul's immortality. Even the philosophy that once shrouded the tomb with midnight darkness has itself become a star of hope, and the skull and crossbones have given place to the white lily and the red rose.

There are three great arguments favoring immortality, and one great testimony which settles the matter for the man of faith. A few moments first with these arguments.

If you have ever climbed the winding stairs of Washington's Monument you will recall the little windows cut through its granite sides, through which streams the light of the outer world to illumine the dark interior, and through which the eye now and then catches a glimpse of a great city, of a river winding like a silver ribbon through the fields, forests and

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plains stretching out beyond the range of vision with all their beauty and abounding life.

And so to the soul groping on "the altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God," there comes betime the streaming lines of light that speak of a world brighter and more glorious than its own. Each source of truth is a little window of immortality opened up in the soul's darkened chamber through which it catches glimpses of a vast, illimitable life beyond.

Through three of these windows let us now look and see if man is not immortal.

1) Man's Instinct of Immortality. Man has an in-born sense of a higher destiny. If tired of other arguments he needs only turn back to commune with his own soul's consciousness, and deep within himself he hears a voice, as unmistakable though as gentle as an evening's zephyr, which is like that of the sentinel in Tennyson's immortal poem—

Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

Have you ever seen the robin flying away before the chilling blasts of winter? Did you ever see the bee sailing out into the vast sea of air, going from flower to flower, and then by its own peculiar instinct find its way straight back to its home? Never has bird or beast or insect been deceived or led astray by their God-given instinct, and do you think that God would plant that holiest of instincts in the human soul and then permit it to mislead that soul in its

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longing and aspiration after immortality and the life beyond?

It was Horace Bushnell who said, "The faith of immortality depends upon a sense of it begotten and not on an argument for it concluded."

It was this "sense of it" that held the mind of Wordsworth when he wrote, "By trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home."

And this was the thought of Browning when he said, "I see my way as birds their trackless way," and beholding the wild fowl winging its trackless way through space, Bryant, our own poet of nature, breathed out these lines:

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky
Thy certain flight;
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Of course He will. I know that I am deathless because I feel it in my soul, and what my soul feels I will believe.

Do you know how astronomers discovered Neptune? They noticed the strange perturbations of Uranus and concluded that it must be influenced by another planet, and so closely did La Verier calculate the place of that planet in the distant heavens that when Dr. Galle, of Berlin, pointed his telescope to the designated place he found Neptune shining through the lens. In some such way immortality and

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heaven were discovered. What a powerful influence eternal life by its attractions exerts upon the human soul! and though much is still mysterious, of this much, that it *must* exist, the soul is certain, because to its best thought and highest ambition the unseen world responds, and we believe it with a conviction that cannot be shaken.

2. Man's Longing for Immortality. The world has always believed in immortality because it has always longed to be immortal.

In the pyramids of Egypt three thousand years before Christ was born are hoary inscriptions relative to the dim unknown and addresses to the boatman Charon, who ferries the dead across the stream into the happy fields of Yaru. The idea is traceable through Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar.

Plato makes three strong arguments for the soul's immortality the raft on which he sails through life. We are told that Cleombrotus, a heathen thinker, after reading these arguments of Plato, ran and cast himself down from a high rock that he might die and enter upon that immortality which he loved and believed would follow after death.

All down the ages has come the voice of humanity's heart crying for life beyond the grave, and if the immortality of the soul is but the speculation of human genius how are you going to account for this longing in the breast of every savage people who ever lived upon this earth?

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They that in barbarian burials killed the slave and slew the wife,
Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

Whence comes this longing so universal and so persistent, if not from God? Nature works on hinges. Its every longing has its natural satisfaction. Its arrangement for supply and demand is marvelous indeed. There is liquid for thirst and food for hunger, and shall God fill the soul with a hunger and a thirst which either His indifference or His powerlessness leads Him to disappoint? No, indeed! And if Plato could be outreasoned, the unanswerable of all philosophy be disproven, and the Revelation of God be destroyed, man's longing for immortality would still be one of immortality's strongest proofs.

3. Man's Need of Immortality. This idea is big with meaning. The best development this life affords to man is but fragmentary, and the reasonable inference is another life to complete it.

It is so with the intellect. The mind of man possesses faculties demanding eternal time for development. They are God-given and God will satisfy them with more than a little handful of earthly time.

How pathetic the early death of those whom Tennyson has called "the forbidden builders." I mean the ten-talented men whose early achievements were so rich with promise for the future. What promise for literature there was in young Arthur Hallam! Frederick W. Robertson, the scholar-preacher, must die at thirty-seven; Raphael, at the same age, and Mozart

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when but thirty-six, while Keats finished his earthly career of such great promise at the early age of twenty-two.

Out in your garden is a tree bringing forth its fruit in its season. It has all the time it needs for development. If it lived a million years it could only leaf, blossom, bud, and bear fruit. Will God give to a tree time for perfect growth, and to the man who planted the tree deny the time for the utmost perfection of the life within his soul?

Raphael's vision of the Madonna never touched the canvas, and the polished symphonies of Beethoven are not to be compared, he himself tells us, with the heavenly music which swept through his soul.

In fact in everyone lies a germ of wondrous possibility needing only higher conditions for development, and the mightiest intellects here are but feeble indications of what you and I may become when such conditions are realized. Rather than ask for the "glory of warrior, the glory of orator, the glory of song," who would not, like her of whom the poet sings, crave "the glory of going on and still to be"?

If death ends all, then for some suicide would be the greatest blessing; for the world is teeming with millions to whom society has denied the opportunity even for development here. Women, like the one of whom Thomas Hood sings in his "Song of the Shirt," In poverty, hunger and dirt; sewing a shroud as well as a shirt.

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Children of whom Oliver Twist, living in Fagin's den with thieves for associates, is a type.

Furthermore humanity needs another world for the administration of justice. If there is no life beyond the grave what recompense had Paul for the stones and stripes that stung him well-nigh to death, or Savonarola for the flames that licked up his blood on the Square of San Marco by the palace and the church?

Immortality has at least one vigorous root in man's imperious need to believe in a more ideal justice than earth has ever yet afforded. What do we see? Tyrants enthroned and saints sent to the dungeon; vice wearing the purple and virtue clothed in rags; Socrates drinking the hemlock and his persecutors enjoying the palace. Cicero with his head chopped off; Dante driven from his land by wicked princes; Shakespeare, that consummate flower of his age, unappreciated, scorned and starved; Columbus, bound in chains, heartbroken at the ingratitude of his fellows; Nero, Borgia, and the Pope sitting upon thrones; Paul beheaded and Huss burned at the stake!

Pathetic, indeed, are such unjust inequalities. Much more so if there is no other world to right the wrongs of this. If man longs for immortality, how much more does he need it! Friendship, love, grace, intellect, every faculty and every virtue are all alike imperfect here. The soul needs immortality and immortality alone can finish out what life has left unfinished here.

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Man's heaven-born instinct! Man's impassionate longing! Man's imperious need! Are these not enough to make one reasonably sure of the infinite beyond? And we answer, Yes, if back of the universe and back of life there is an intelligent and just and reasonable God. If this last be true, the first must be so. And such a God is the God we know.

Listen once more to Tennyson:

| | | |
|--|--|--|
| | Thou wilt not leave us in the dust; | |
| | Thou madest man, he knows not why, | |
| | He thinks he was not made to die, | |
| | And Thou hast made him; Thou art just. | |

God's order of things is rational. That was a great testimony of philosopher and scientist, John Fiske, when he said, "For my part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." Has all this work been for nothing, he asks.

Is it reasonable that the tree shall outlive the man who planted it, the garment outlast the man who wears it? Is it reasonable that Tennyson's *In Memoriam* should be immortal and immortality be denied to its author? Shall the *Origin of Species* endure and Darwin die? Is the *Principia* greater than Newton? Is it reasonable that man should die for the truth in this world and not behold the truth enthroned in another world to come? Is it reasonable that the lone mound in the jungles of Africa or the unknown grave in the Indian Ocean should be the end of Livingstone

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dying alone upon his knees, or of lion-hearted Judson giving his last drop of blood for dying India's sake? Is it reasonable that Savonarola and Huss and Wyclif and all "the slaughtered saints whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold" should die the martyr's death and not receive the martyr's crown? Is it reasonable that Nero and Diocletian, who threw the Christians to the lions, should wade in innocent blood and not suffer for their crimes? Shall the Son of God be crucified and not be exalted?

No, indeed, if there is any reason for existence at all, there is reason for going on. It is not so strange that man should continue to be as it is that he ever began to be, and if there is any reason in the universe, if there is any reason in God, there is reason for man to go on.

Who made life, plain, and made the sea
Denied not man a destiny
To match his thought. Though mists obscure
And storms retard, the event is sure.
Each surging wave cries evermore,
"Death also has its further shore."

The one great testimony which settles the matter for the man of faith is the Word of God, the Bible. It was Joseph Cook who said, "Pillow my head on no guess when I die." Well, the Word of God leaves us in no uncertainty as to the reality of the soul's future existence.

In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus it is

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made quite clear that memory and reason are operative in the world to come.

Again, it is said in the Word that "It is appointed unto men once to die," but it does not stop with this; it says, "and after this the judgment." What use of a judgment if there are no souls in existence after death to be judged?

Listen to Paul, "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Of Jesus it is said that by his death and resurrection he "abolished death and brought life and immortality to light," and it was this same Jesus who said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Did Jesus have divine authority thus to speak? This indisputable prerogative we cannot argue here. With equal right he revealed unto us the character of a God, who, if He is the God Jesus declared Him to be, will not permit us to perish when we are laid in the grave.

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“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God. . . . Beloved, now we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.”

But to continue after death does not necessarily mean to have immortality. To be etymologically and Scripturally accurate immortality must be applied only to the body. “Mortality” comes from the Latin word, “mors,” meaning bodily death, or a dead body. “Immortality” means just the reverse, “not subject to decay.” This immortality of the body comes with the resurrection. Thus Paul, speaking of the saints’ resurrection, says, “When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality,” the parallel expressions being synonymous. Thus when the mortal, that which is subject to decay, dies, it is resurrected and made immortal because of and through the soul’s faith in Jesus Christ, who, we are told in I Timothy 6: 16, alone hath immortality.

But what of the soul? It, too, dies. It died in Adam. But that does not mean that it ceased to exist. Spiritual death is not annihilation. It means to be cut off from the favor and the fellowship of God.

The soul receives its resurrection at the moment of its regeneration through faith in Jesus Christ. Not to believe in Jesus Christ does not mean to pass out of existence. To exist, therefore, does not necessarily

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mean to have life. Dead things exist. The Sphinx out on the Egyptian desert has been in existence for unnumbered centuries and will no doubt be in existence when the last trump is sounded and the silent sepulchers by its side give up their dead, but it has no life and never will have.

True it is that the soul of the wicked will forever have conscious existence, but this is not the life that is found in Christ. The difference is just this—and it is a difference that is as high as heaven and as deep as hell—you will find it stated in I John 5: 11, 12, “And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life, but the wrath of God *abideth on him.*”

Reader, do you want this eternal life? Then let the Son Himself tell you how to get it, “And this is life eternal that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent” (John 17: 3).

In the old days of heartless tyranny it seemed as though the princes and kings vied with each other to see who could resort to the most terrible and cruel methods of torture. One of the methods of punishment with the Hohenstaufen house in Germany was to put their victim into a nicely furnished and comfortable room. The prisoner might think this a punishment not to be despised, but the vindictive persecutors knew better and in a few days the victim realized as much, for he noticed by and by that the room had contracted, that the walls were coming

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nearer together and his horrible fate all at once flashed upon his mind. In oiled and silent grooves the metal walls were drawing closer and closer. At last he could no longer lie down; the next day he had room only to stand erect. Frantic, he put his hands against the iron walls to hold them, but silently, remorselessly they closed upon him and crushed him to death.

What a picture this of the world and the man in it who has no hope in Christ—no hope for the world to come. The years such a man lives are the walls of his prison and every day they are contracting about him.

Things may seem pleasant for a time but with every pulse beat the iron walls draw closer and closer about his soul. Every hour gone is one chance less to win eternal life—to win glory and honor and immortality. The only hope of escape is through Jesus Christ, and every voice of mercy, every striving of the spirit, is an angel of God knocking at the door of your narrowing prison to tell you of the refuge that you can find in Jesus Christ.

As you finish with the reading of this sermon you can take Christ to be your Saviour; by faith you can accept him as your Redeemer, your Lord and your Master, and that

Will be the hour
When the tree of life will burst into flower,
And rain at your feet a glorious dower
Of something grander than ever you knew.

The Certitude of Immortality

S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.,
Litt.D., LL.D.

S. Parkes Cadman was born in Shropshire, England, December 18th, 1884, graduated from Richmond College of London University and migrated to the United States of America where he has been one of our most distinguished clerygmen for many years.

He first attracted wide attention by his Sunday afternoon open forums at the Bedford Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A. especially when these addresses and forums were broadcast by the radio. In the years since the radio has come into general use Dr. Cadman has become, without doubt, the foremost Radio Preacher of America, reaching audiences estimated in terms of millions of people.

He served as Chaplain of the 23rd Regiment of New York City during the war and won the love and admiration of great hosts of boys and their friends during this time. He served for many years as the President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America until recently succeeded by Bishop Francis J. McConnell.

He is the author of *Charles Dar-*

win and Other English Thinkers, The Victory of Christmas, Ambassadors of God, Christianity and the State, Imagination and Religion, and The Christ of God.

Dr. Cadman is so well grounded in his intellectual life, and yet knows the vocabulary and the world of the common man of America so thoroughly that he is equally at home in an academic atmosphere or in a street meeting. He is more famed for his "Question and Answer Forum" over the radio than for any other single thing of his ministry. No book would be complete without a sermon in it by this giant of the churches.

The Certitude of Immortality

By S. PARKES CADMAN, RADIO PREACHER, FEDERAL
COUNCIL OF CHURCHES IN AMERICA

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

—JOB XIV: 14

AN AFFIRMATIVE answer to this question was once comparatively easy. Belief in immortality was then practically universal in Christendom.

Controversy raged around other New Testament teachings. Christ's solemn declaration, however, that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," was everywhere accepted by his disciples with unspeakable relief and thanksgiving. The historic confession, "I believe in the life everlasting," expressed the gist of that declaration in one of the earliest creeds of the Church. Throughout succeeding centuries it has been repeated with no trace of reluctance or uncertainty. Schools of philosophy, art, music, and common tradition were founded upon this assurance of immortality. All ranks and conditions of society regarded the issue as settled. No misgivings plagued the confidence of learned or simple. Into the boundless future thus conceived theologians and poets, painters and composers, projected their visions of para-

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dise, purgatory and perdition. Pastors and evangelists used to good effect the doctrine established by the word of our Lord himself.

Other characteristic beliefs fostered the fixed faith in immortality. This planet was viewed as specially created for human habitation. Its time processes and also those of the universe were severely limited. Its ageless wonders of development were crowded into a few millenniums. These arbitrary reckonings embarrassed the general idea of the scheme of things. The relief of the situation lay in its impermanence. A sudden and unexpected cataclysm would presently end its confusion. None knew what a day or an hour might bring forth. Christian thinkers declared that the real reason for humanity's existence is not discernible in the visible world. The faithful were likened to strangers and pilgrims who had no continuing city here. The soul was a spark of heavenly flame, eager for release from its mortal frame, ever longing for the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. In such spiritual sceneries as these, filled with glory and with terror, belief in the survival of human personality beyond physical dissolution flourished, and gave tremendous significance to the rewards and penalties of an endless future. The possibility that unbroken spiritual existence, and whatever it implied, was but the creation of imagination, actuated by man's instinct for immortality, was not seriously considered save by a skeptical minority.

THE CERTITUDE OF IMMORTALITY

II

Our generation confronts a radically different outlook on eternity. Human life is no longer regarded by certain materialistic thinkers as creation's culmination. For them it is no more than a minor phase in the slowly unfolding drama of cosmic life and being. One wonders if Macaulay could have felt in our time the freedom which was his, when he paid his famous tribute to the Puritans:

If their names were not found in the registers of heralds they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not attended by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness gazed with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Here in unmistakable terms we are recalled to the Faith which vanquished formidable antagonists and transferred authority in every realm to new centers. Yet its expression by Macaulay's brilliant pen provokes in many modern minds an amazed incredulity. "How could it be," they ask, "that frail and perish-

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able beings exalted themselves in this fashion?" Those who are accustomed to thinking of man as a "higher animal"; who have accepted the ultramundane scientist's account of life's spontaneous origin and progressive growth; who rely upon the psychological explanation of the soul as nothing but a convenient name for certain functions of the nervous system of the body, are strongly disposed to place a question mark, not only after the concept of immortality, but also after the concept of the Supreme Being who is its fountain.

Law, that magic word, is the solution of the problem. By it we must learn that we are nothing more than machines of brief animation. Life's endowments are no sooner consciously appreciated than they are withdrawn. Yesterday we were, to-morrow we shall not be. Let us seize the brittle thread so mysteriously stretched between the abysses of birth, death and nothingness, and adjust ourselves as best we may to an inevitable and pitiless doom. This for large groups of men and women of our century is a sufficient theory for the practice of well-ordered life. For still larger groups it excites disillusion, despair and widespread attempts to cheat so gloomy a fate by illicit pleasure or sensual indulgence.

III

The interesting feature of this theory is that, while esteemed by those who hold it as modern, scientific

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and intellectually competent, it is an exceedingly ancient, highly emotional and disappointing speculation. Contrary to prevalent supposition, the race in its infancy did not postulate belief in immortality, and then draw away from it because advancing intelligence negated that belief. Such an assertion is remote from the facts. In every age some prophetic spirits contended that life hereafter was the rational outcome of life here, while the unbelieving rejected the contention. Nearly every argument now urged against immortality can be duplicated from the classic thought of Greece. The Hebrew people originally placed little or no credence in existence beyond the grave. They visioned a shadowy underworld called "Sheol" which loosely corresponded with the "Hades" of pagan antiquity. But in their view it was in many ways dissociated from the present world, and lay beyond the jurisdiction of their God Jehovah. Not a few scholars insist that for primitive Judaism man was a living whole, having the twofold aspect of body and soul, and this is the view entertained by many to-day. At death the soul does not proceed to a complete life elsewhere, since without the body no such life is attainable. What does persist after death is merely a shade, concerning which the living show scanty interest.

Indeed, the chief concern of the early Hebrew was for the continuity of his own family. What is now termed "the corporate idea" pervaded his religious

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ideas. He was either blessed or cursed in his posterity, who safeguarded him against oblivion. Happy was that Israelite whose wife was as a fruitful vine; the perpetuity of whose name was guaranteed by the number and worthiness of his sons and daughters.¹ At a later period "the corporate idea" was applied to the chosen nation. Was not the anticipated Messiah to reign over Israel's indissoluble commonwealth? Neither he nor it could fail or grow weary. Men may come and men may go, but the elect of God would go on forever. Out of this strong sense of social immortality faith in personal persistence ultimately emerged. It was a faith born of tragic experience. The collapse of the Jewish theocracy in the Exile compelled afflicted Israel to reconsider the entire question of God's purpose for His people. Superior spirits argued that since that purpose was one of redemptive grace and mercy, it would be realized whatever befell the chosen nation. Through this reappraisement the individual came into his own, and Jeremiah and Ezekiel boldly proclaimed immortality as his privilege by divine provision. Their correct evaluation of man met death's proud defiance with faith's answering challenge. In these prophets, in Psalms 73: 23-26 and 139: 7-12, and in Job 19: 25-27 some dim adumbrations of the Risen Christ's victory may be traced. They indicate that life is lord of death; that love shall never lose its own.

¹ Cf. Psalm 128: 3 ff.

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IV

From this illumination Jewish conceptions of the future life took on a spiritual glow. It was expounded as a verity inherent in God's character and in that of His righteous servants. On the other hand, the way of the ungodly would perish. Why? Because they have no vital relations with a holy and just Deity. But this decided elevation of the doctrine of immortality was limited by the Hebrew's inability to think of life except as conditioned by the flesh. There had to be, as he saw the issue, a restoration of the body in order that full and perfect life may follow. At first, as in Ezekiel 37: 1-14 and Isaiah 26: 14, 19, only the bodies of Israel's righteous dead were to be restored. But by the second century before Christ a definite doctrine of universal resurrection had been formulated which included both good and evil doers.¹ The non-canonical apocryphal literature of this and later periods is rife with faith in that "Day of the Lord" when all the departed shall be summoned to His Judgment. In these vast hinterlands of the Christian Dispensation we may observe the gradual development under painful discipline of increasingly clear concepts of God's holy love, and of the unique value of human personality. These concepts were evolved into affirmative beliefs which in turn became sources of moral strength and religious enlightenment.

Did Jesus confirm those beliefs or must they stand

¹ Cf. Daniel 12: 12.

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on their own merits as essential to life and conduct? The answer should be absolutely determinative for every Christian heart. I go further, and say that it ought to be determinative for every person, Christian or non-Christian, who concedes the principle that "spiritual things are spiritually discerned." If the "Strong Son of God" is not to be trusted on these high matters of the soul, whom can we trust? If he was in error here, what reasonable hope have we of getting at the truth of any question outside the sphere of scientific demonstration? Behind his forms of speech, which were of necessity adapted to those he addressed, was a divine consciousness of the eternities which those forms have plowed into the soul of the world. He incarnated that which he authorized. His supremacy consists in what he was even more than in what he said or did. The complete consistency of his perfect being revealed the truth that the Father's grand design is the redemption of human personality, and that all else is subordinate to this design. According to the Master's authority, everlasting life is God's gift in Christ. That life he described as an abiding consciousness of the Divine Presence; a life begotten in every recipient and obedient spirit; a life attested by definite experiences which nothing could destroy. For the believer bodily dissolution thus became the soul's emancipation; the portal through which he passed from life to more life; from peace to deeper peace.

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V

On the other hand, for those who rejected God's transcendent gift, death was the entrance to a life robbed of its divine aim; consigned to a poignant sense of increasing restriction and purposelessness, and tortured by an overwhelming awareness of incalculable loss. This interpretation of Christ's message harmonizes with his evangel as a whole, with what he was in himself, and with that quality of being and behavior which he alone creates in mankind. Again one asks, "*Was he right or wrong?*" Either life surpasses itself, vanquishes every carnal hindrance, and returns to its Source in the uncreate and all creating Father; or the "Prince of Life," as St. Peter, entitled Jesus, was misled and misleading. It is generally admitted that he was life's unequalled exponent; that he stood on the topmost pinnacles of spiritual majesty and radiance. Yet how can the admission serve our profoundest needs if he erred concerning the truth about God and our essential being? His claim to be "The Light of the World," elsewhere sustained as it is by abundant evidence, is here invalidated. The Christian Church reasonably rejects so disastrous an alternative at the behest of those realities which must endure when all else shall suffer shock. Its answer to the query of the text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" is a convinced and changeless affirmative.

The singularly dogmatic assertions of contemporary scientists and thinkers of incipient or avowed agnosti-

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cism, that immortality is inconceivable, savors of intellectual insolence. A literary critic has recently said that the major Russian novelists insult humanity by attempting to deprive it of hope. What shall be said of experts learned in physical data who attempt to domineer over the indestructible instinct of the race that beyond its present range there is still more sea? Upon what rational basis do they assert that whatsoever in divine revelation taxes the mind or imagination must be disallowed? If we are to believe only the obvious; if we are not to believe the difficult, science itself is in a perilous state. It requires us to credit many phenomena which flatly contradict ordinary experience, and for which the evidence is wholly inferential.

The astronomer uses mathematics to measure magnitudes and distances which baffle even the keenest intelligence in the effort to apprehend them. Einstein's calculations have been lately spread in vain on the front pages of journalism. The large majority left them as they found them. Yet should some benighted cleric protest that he scorned Einstein's reckonings because the utmost use of imagination could not visualize the magnitudes and distances they involve, what a chorus of erudite rebuke he would evoke.

VI

Not a day dawns in which we are not invited to place credence in things by the side of which the belief that life outlasts death is simplicity itself. The fact

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that men who shy from immortality heartily indorse the evolutionary hypothesis seems to register in them a curious mental twist. They willingly agree that, while the planet has pursued its infinite cycles according to the fixed law of gravity, endless species of life and the several powers of its sentient existence have proceeded from a few original forms, or perchance from one form. They freely premise a world in which these forms actually existed in a suitable environment and with certain capacities. Yet when we ask for what end former death gave way to present life, their sole reply is in order that death may resume its former sway. They profess to find no difficulty in the claim of scientists that the non-living can evolve the living, the non-personal the personal, the non-moral the moral; in plain words, that the lesser produces the greater. But the Christian claim that the greater can perpetuate and remain itself despite bodily death, is regarded by them as a legendary superstition. It is not incredible that the unborn babe should become in time a Shakespeare or a Lincoln. It is incredible that the opulent imagination known as Shakespeare and the magnanimous spirit known as Lincoln should still be existent and active in the hereafter. Surely in this instance the incredulity belongs to the first rather than the second position. It is far less difficult to conceive personality persistent beyond death than to conceive personality's mysterious origin in life. Here the marvel is not immortality, but that life within man of which immortality is affirmed.

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Again, in an era when the physical is emphasized at the expense of the spiritual, we do well to remind ourselves that the spiritual has repeatedly shown itself able to control the physical. We understand that the body must be if there is to be a soul. But we do not have to admit that the body is the predominant member of the partnership. If physical man is everything the athlete is his final achievement. But is he? Where shall we classify the saint, the prophet, the thinker, the scholar; the servants of the helpless who, notwithstanding crippled limbs and burdened frames, have lived valiantly and added to the aggregate of human good? Their fortitude in pain, their immolation of the flesh for the mind's ennoblement and for the heart's sacrificial ministry, cannot be relegated to the rear. The indubitable witness of experience will not have it so. Florence Nightingale outdid the Light Brigade in the Crimea, and one of her favorite authors, the Apostle St. Paul, although no candidate for the gladiator's arena, triumphed over the Roman Cæsars.

VII

The legend of "The Great Stone Face" illustrates the point. A secluded dweller in the valley beneath, by his constant contemplation of the features graven by Nature on the gigantic mountainside towering above, presently showed their benign strength in his own countenance. So do we gain the resemblance of that which we revere, and the transforming process is not at the beck and call of the grave. It cannot be

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accounted for on the supposition that men are as the "brute beasts that perish." Professor William James argues that so far from the brain being the condition of the spirit's existence, in all probability it is but its very imperfect medium, release from which would enable the spirit to move in a realm of action and experience otherwise impossible. Was it not Euripides who astonished a cynical pagan audience by suggesting that death might prove to be the commencement of another existence, in comparison with which the life we live here would be destitute indeed? Did not Socrates, with the deadly draught of hemlock at his lips, console his weeping friends by the assurance that "no evil can befall a good man either in this life or the next"?

But what of the jaded souls who do not crave immortality? "I do not want to live forever," is a fairly frequent remonstrance. Professor Leuba's questionnaire on "The Belief in God and Immortality" brought to light a considerable amount of this dissent. Others somewhat weary in the game of life are content to take what comes after death. Mrs. Huxley's lines on the tombstone of her famous husband express their attitude:

Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;
For still He giveth His beloved sleep:
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best.

As one recalls that intrepid warrior for the scientifically verifiable, one is tempted to believe he is still

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pursuing his undaunted search for truth wherever truth is to be found in its final harmonies. Thus believing, one would rather say of him and all like him:

Doubtless unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full grown energies of heaven.

VIII

It is not merely a matter, however, of what we *want*, but what we must actually *become*. None chooses to live in the first instance, and it is a permissible inference that none is empowered to choose whether he or she shall continue to live. Our boasted freedom has boundaries against which revolt is futile. Divine Sovereignty and the ultimatum of the Divine Will may be scouted by empirics, but experience does not vindicate their scorn. Our destiny is never in our own keeping. The Power not ourselves does not cry, nor cause its voice to be heard on the streets. Nevertheless we are forced to obey its edicts. It ordained our being, and if it so pleases it ordains our immortality.

Assuredly we know we live here and now, and that once we did not. But we do not know that we shall some day wholly cease to be. As against this guesswork, the affirmation of life's endlessness gives to man's present existence a solemn and moving significance it could not otherwise obtain. Biblical language is at its wit's end to depict the difference the sense of endlessness evokes in mortals. Above all else, it drives

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home the question: "What are we doing with life considered as an eternal possibility?"

A faulty reply has recently been revived and clarified in the idea of "social immortality." Its gist is connected with "the Religion of Humanity" founded by August Comte, and popularized by George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, John Stuart Mill and Frederic Harrison. Its tenets crop out in the somewhat extensive correspondence I receive from earnest and striving souls. They tell me that the one way of personality's continuance is by building it into the personalities of our fellow creatures. All other methods, as these later Positivists view them, are unintelligible.

Yet when scrutinized "social immortality" is a meaningless phrase. Granting the great benefit of elevating influence upon others, and with due regard for its proper place and functions, what has it to do with immortality itself? This signifies the deathlessness of the single personality. And the only conceivable way in which that deathlessness can be ours is by our retention of self-consciousness. To live on *in* others, but not to be aware of it ourselves, is at the polarities from Christ's teaching about immortality. In truth, on his authority, it is not to live at all.

IX

Since character is a personal quality, it depends on the continuity of the person whose character it is. Any given quality must be quality of someone or

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something. Moreover, this alleged social immortality is destined to vanish. The individual, we are told, survives only in society, and therein his values or dis-values are conserved. But how can this be unless the process is endless? And how can the process be endless since all strictly earthly existence is mortal? There was a time when this planet could not support life and a similar time will come again. When it does Comte's hypothesis must necessarily vanish.

We cannot entertain the denial of individual immortality because the denial destroys the faith necessary to good life. The prospect of an unavoidable desolation in which all for which the race has struggled and died shall be as though it had never been, appalls the reflecting mind. The last word of materialism and naturalism is one of unmitigated pessimism. On the other hand, the consciousness of personal immortality lifts man up forever. It constitutes him a pilgrim of the infinite. It convinces him that "the law of the harvest" is not confined to the here and now. It demonstrates that a momentous fate attaches to every human soul. It admonishes him that his equipment of attitude, habit and purpose, whether for good or ill, must decide his fitness for the hereafter. A truce, however, to these reasonings, which are only offered because they may be more conducive to our renewed trust in the God of eternal life than rhetorical portrayals of a paradise adorned with the gorgeous imageries of the Orient.

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X

The gravamen of this discussion in an age of doubt centers around the Risen Living Christ. I fall back with you upon his revelation and upon the vital difference made by our acceptance or rejection of that revelation. I believe with faith unfeigned in him and in his power to bestow eternal life on all who by patient continuance in well-doing shall be counted worthy of his inexpressible gift. Do we not want him to be right? Whatever our doubts and fears, shall we not cling to his omnipotent love?

Think of those who looked to him and were delivered from their bondage; Thomas Arnold of Rugby is a case in point. He constrained his gifted son Matthew to believe that his father could not die. That son visited his father's tomb in Rugby chapel, and knew *he was not there*. In memorable lines he thus apostrophized that father:

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied as here!

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Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st
Succourest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

If these are not true sentiments, what a mockery the human heart's loftiest impulses are! But the Risen Living Christ verifies them. If he has not satisfied man's quest for life, if all he ever was molders in a Syrian grave and nothing is left of him but dust and ashes, the darkness that falls on the human race is impenetrable; the riddle of its existence is insoluble; and death, reversing Nature's order here, tyrannizes over life hereafter. Men will not have it so. Deep calls unto deep again in them. St. Paul said, "The death that he died, he died unto sin once; but the life that he liveth, he liveth unto God." Disbelieve these words, and human life has no adequate explanation and admits of none. Believe them, and you also shall live, in the coherent, meaningful challenging life of the Spirit, having its dynamic for persistence and the promise of its triumph, in the Risen and Eternal Christ.

Immortality as Sure as God Himself

GEORGE COLEMAN, LL.D.

Mr. George Coleman, in spite of the fact that he is a layman, and, as such, was requested to write the sermon on Immortality representing the laymen, has managed to annex to himself several degrees including an LL.D. from Colby College, which was conferred upon him in 1911. He was born in Boston June 16th, 1867, and graduated with the famous Franklin Medal from the English High School in Boston.

He has been closely identified with the religious journalism of Boston, particularly with the Christian Endeavor World as business manager, but in recent years has become known from coast to coast through his executive leadership of the famous Ford Hall Open Forum, which has been known for a quarter of a century as the freest forum in America.

He has been for years President of the Annual Sociological Conferences at Sagamore Beach, a member of the Boston City Council, President of the Northern Baptist Convention 1917-18 and now President of the Babson Institute, Wellesley Hills,

Mass. He is the author of innumerable articles on church and business and of several books, including *Searchlights*, *The People's Prayers* and *Democracy in the Making*.

Immortality as Sure as God Himself

By GEORGE W. COLEMAN, PRESIDENT, BABSON INSTITUTE,
CHAIRMAN, FORD HALL FORUM

BY NATURE I am always questioning things. Everything, almost without exception, must undergo critical examination if I have any interest in it at all. I was brought up in the Christian faith. During intellectual adolescence I revolted. It took me years to think my way back and I never did arrive at the place where I started. And now for twenty years and more through the activities of the Open Forum I have trained myself to look tolerantly at both sides of all great questions. How well I remember that night more than fifteen years ago when the great Lyman Abbott expounded to a crowded Ford Hall Forum audience largely of unbelievers his own abiding faith in personal immortality. The crowd was very respectful and highly appreciative but not by any means fully persuaded.

There were those in that audience who were in violent opposition to everything authoritative in religion. There were those who had discarded everything supernatural. There were those yearning for some satisfying proof that we shall live again. A few were there who would be quite content, if not happy,

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to pass out into oblivion. Some had no desire for personal immortality and believed their spirits would flow back into the life of God as the raindrops flow back through the rivers into the mighty ocean. And some there were who fervently shared the faith of the great scholar, preacher and editor who was addressing them. Familiar reactions, all of these attitudes, to an age-long question.

That address made an indelible impression on me but since that time psychology has raised some challenging questions and the proof then adduced does not seem to hold as strongly as it did then. But the quest is as keen as ever. After a full rich life of three score years and with the certainty of a relatively short run to the end, how does it all look to me now? What has life taught me as to another world? Can an honest, questioning mind rest happily in the faith that characterizes almost all religions? Is there good and sufficient reason for going contrary to the generally accepted belief of an overwhelming proportion of mankind all the way down through the centuries?

It can be argued that the Old Testament laid little stress on the future life and the Jews even today reverse the Christian emphasis and stress righteous life on this earth, leaving the next world in God's hands. Christians have been prone to fall into the error of otherworldliness to the neglect of the life here and now. It is staggering to the imagination to contemplate the countless billions of human beings in all

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stages of development who have made their home on this planet since the advent of man. But it is just as blinding to view the firmament and try to think of other universes millions and trillions of light-years distant. There is plenty of room in God's creation. And either one of these thoughts will suggest to a humble man that there are immense and significant *facts* utterly beyond his ken. There are those who assume to believe only that which can be attested through the five senses, and measured with material instruments. But they do not really mean that any more than do those men at the opposite end of the pole who insist that they believe every word in the Bible. You cannot X-ray love, hate, envy or devotion nor locate them in the human economy but there is nothing more real and powerful.

Hungry hearts and restless minds cry out in despair if only some one would return from the dead and tell us about it; then indeed would we believe and rejoice. We could not, we would not believe if one returned from the grave. We would doubt our own physical senses and everyone else would doubt us until we would become completely bewildered. There are thousands upon thousands who today sincerely believe that they have seen and conversed with departed spirits. But most of us pay little attention to it and give it no credence whatsoever. Are we so built that we could comprehend such an experience if it did actually happen to us? I spent an evening in Boston

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at one of the famous Margery séances. While the demonstration was mystifying to a high degree I came away a rather emphatic doubting Thomas. And just now as I am writing we are all stirred up by an amazing article in a popular magazine entitled "Seven Minutes in Eternity." The author of that article had his whole life completely changed for the better by a vividly realizing sense of having spent seven to ten minutes on the other side of the veil. And I must confess that Bill Pelley's mental experience, even if that is all it was, impresses me far more than the manipulation of material things by unseen forces in a "dim" but not "religious" light.

While almost everybody in his heart of hearts believes in immortality almost everybody wants to believe in it just a little more than he does. And then there are those who would give anything to be able to believe in it but they cannot, try as hard as they will. That is the state of one who is near and dear to me and I can't seem to help any. And two of my closest friends, mother and daughter, lived and died nobly and serenely without ever desiring personal survival. That was a staggering experience to me at the time but I think I have thought it through.

In the Scriptures I find in two brief statements the age-long quest of the human soul and the complete and only answer there is to that cry. Each expression stands on its own merit without the need of any support from divine inspiration. One's own heart and

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head furnish the only confirmation that is necessary. Was it not Job who expressed the question that lies at the bottom of every man's heart, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And that is exactly what we all want to know. After a fairly long life of intense activity and wide contacts, facing death and seeing death repeatedly, with a heart full of longings unsatisfied and a head full of questionings unanswered, I find complete satisfaction in the declaration, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Here in ten words, in so far as I am concerned, is the sum and substance of the whole business. Your own idea of God will determine for you what it would be right for Him to do as to a future life.

To believe in God at all is a pure act of faith. It can be reasoned out but it cannot be proved or disproved. I have earnest and noble friends who call themselves atheists but I have always found on close examination that they are disbelievers in some false God, some misconception of God in whom I disbelieve as heartily as they. To my mind it is the very height of credulity to deny the existence of God, nay more, it is the altogether unthinkable when pressed to its logical conclusion. I can understand the position of the agnostic who finds that he cannot think it through but I cannot understand the position of the atheist because he does not think it through.

But perhaps you are saying "why discuss God when your theme is Immortality?" Because the latter is but

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the corollary of the former; if there is no God, then there is no immortality, no anything but a meaningless whirligig of time. Taking God for granted we must necessarily conclude that a moral God must have a perfect law of compensation. There must be justice for the individual unless we utterly mistake Him. Few there be who feel that they have had perfect justice in this life. Most of us feel that we could do much better under more favorable conditions. Even those who have made the best of this life feel that they have only just begun and could go on to still higher development in another world. Immortality becomes an essential belief when we think of those who have had little or no chance in this world. And how about those cut off in their youth, our millions of young soldiers? Death is so often a frustration, something fine and great not realized. And what shall we think of that inspiring, indomitable soul, Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind from her youth up? Is she never to be freed from those handicaps? However complacent we may be for ourselves as to a future life, how can we entertain the thought that a moral God will not have compensations in another world for Helen Keller and millions still more unfortunate? However modest and humble we may feel as to the value of extending our own lives, what must be our thoughts for others whom we greatly admire and highly esteem, especially when they are cut off prematurely?

No, no, life cannot rest in a negation. We are in

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a dynamic not a static universe. Life not death is in the saddle. Personality, identifiable and recognizable, the most precious thing we know, must share with all the rest. It will change but it will not disappear. Matter itself is only a form of electrical energy. Everything changes form but nothing is lost. In very recent years our horizons of knowledge have been enormously extended. At the same time our powers of control over nature have been vastly multiplied. If we can succeed in matching these accomplishments with commensurate growth in the mastery over our own human nature we will be well on our way toward a transformation of life that may bring us to the very threshold of the world beyond and enable us to get glimpses of the life within such as will not only satisfy our age-long yearnings and answer our impossible questions, but will also open up to us new mysteries which it has not yet entered into the heart of man even to imagine.

Personal immortality is as sure as God himself. I have tried to preach my sermon from the point of view of any man who believes in God regardless of his religious affiliations or the lack of them. For myself, I would not be forlorn nor without a grand and glorious hope and expectation if such belief were all I had to depend on. Somehow or other in spite of everything I have been led to trust God and to trust him supremely, above every principality and power, above life and death, above every church and creed and above

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all scriptures. While that anchor will always hold fast, I know full well my idea of God has come to me through the life of Jesus of Nazareth. And what he is reported to have said and done two thousand years ago in Palestine is balm to my soul, a strengthening to my faith, a comradeship in the walk of life and an expectation for the life beyond.

Immortality and the Comforter

HENRY HITT CRANE

Henry Hitt Crane was born in Danville, Ill., Feb. 2nd, 1890.

His father was a Methodist minister, and one of his last pastorates was in Peoples Temple, Boston, Mass. Here this young minister-to-be got his city background; here he learned to love Boston and New England, which later gave him a place in its heart such as only his own father had found in a preceding generation.

Dr. Crane graduated from Wesleyan Conn. in 1913 and received an S.T.B. degree from Boston University School of Theology in 1916, being given the honorary degree of D.D. by DePauw University in 1921. He was a member of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, is a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

He has served several churches in New England, his longest ministry being at Malden Center Methodist Episcopal Church, where he preached to crowded congregations for nine years, in addition to a lecture schedule which took him all over the Eastern United States. He has for years been particularly popular as an Evangelist to college students.

Youthful in appearance, genial, friendly, warm-hearted, with a cap-

tivating smile, Henry Hitt Crane has been justly characterized as one of the most popular preachers in all New England.

During the past year he was called to the famous Elm Park Methodist Episcopal Church in Scranton, Pennsylvania, one of the truly great churches of Methodism, where he has opened an unusual ministry, already attracting state wide attention.

As one of the younger voices of the church world we are glad to have him contribute this sermon on Immortality.

Immortality and the Comforter

By HENRY H. CRANE

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

—JOB XIV: 14

"If it were not so, I would have told you."

—JOHN XIV: 2

PERHAPS the oldest and most persistent question of the human heart is that of the immortality of the soul, the persistence of personality beyond the grave. There seems never to have been a time when mankind was not considering it. Job was not the first person to articulate the ancient query; nor was he the last. When Eve sat staring, stony-eyed, into the aching void, with the head of her dead boy in her lap, she doubtless let fall from her lips the same agonizing, insistent soul-cry which ever since has been repeated by innumerable multitudes: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Today, as yesterday, the answers given to this age-old question are of three general types. In the first place, there is the denial of the doubter. In the absence of any actual knowledge as to the reality of immortality such a person insists that he cannot feel that the preponderance of probability is sufficient to justify belief in the theory. Because there is no such evidence

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as would demonstrate beyond peradventure of a doubt that there is life beyond the grave, because all the efforts of science to produce proofs have been unsuccessful, because certain facts of life seem to contradict the idea, he doubts the validity of the belief altogether. Such a man was Thomas Huxley, for example. He insisted that he could not give assent to the theory. To this heroic champion of modern science there did not seem to be sufficient evidence of the sort he sought to warrant his acceptance of the idea. Even when he stood by the grave of his oldest child, Noel, overwhelmed with grief, and his great-hearted friend, Charles Kingsley, besought him to find comfort in the immortal hope, Mr. Huxley replied, "I have searched over the ground of my belief, and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me one after the other as the penalty, still I would not lie." Such an attitude has been shared by men of all ages—an attitude of virtual denial born of an honest doubt.

In the second place, there is the answer of indifference. Always there have been those who are simply not concerned with the question of immortality for the reason that they deem the whole issue quite inconsequential. These are they who ask, whenever the matter comes up, "What of it? What difference does it make one way or another?" The reasons for this attitude are not difficult to discover, and at first blush they appear to be quite impressive. Here, for example, are men who are face to face with daily duties, chal-

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lenging tasks and captivating opportunities. Life to them is most engaging. "Why think of what lies beyond?" they ask. "To dream of the hereafter dampens one's ardor to work while here. Let each man do his duty today and not worry about tomorrow. If life continues after death, well and good; if not, no matter. There may not, indeed, be any immortality for the individual soul. Think then of the immortality of influence one may achieve. Work not for your own soul's sake, but for humanity's sake. Live such a life as will make the world a better place for your children to live in. Hand down to the next generation a heritage of happiness, no matter what may happen to you. 'Take no thought of the morrow,' " they quote. " 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' "

Such an answer to the question of immortality is not to be ignored, for it springs not from a lazy unconcern about vital matters, but from an excessive emphasis, perhaps, on what appear to be the immediate practicalities. Before passing, therefore, to the consideration of the third type of answer—that of the triumphant believer; and before attempting to give the deepest reasons we can think of for belief in the persistence of personality (which is the main purpose of this sermon), let us ask briefly just what difference it *does* make whether we believe in immortality.

To cite a single aspect of the problem as illustrative of others, it might be wise to consider the mighty difference the belief in immortality makes in the way

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we think of *ourselves*. What *are* we, really: animal or spirit, mud or mind, body or soul? If the former, then we may have our little day and cease to be—and obviously it doesn't matter much what one believes about life after death; indeed, the idea of immortality resolves itself into an absurdity. If, however, we are in reality the latter—spirit, mind, soul—then it would seem that nothing short of eternity would suffice for the development of our spiritual potentialities.

What more significant item could there be in estimating the dignity of the human soul than this matter of immortality? It makes all the difference between vanity and priceless value whether we are to run our course in a few days, or whether we are to go on forever in an ascending pathway of development. Immortality is thus the ultimate assertion of supreme spiritual value in man.

Let a person come to believe that so far as he is concerned all is over when death smites him, and how shall you convince him that it is worth while to struggle on in the face of adversity, disappointment and defeat? To be sure, as long as the sun shines and fortune favors we shall be glad to live on "for the sake of humanity"; but when the dark clouds of disaster and despair settle down about us, what more rational gesture could there be than simply "to cock your revolver and die"?

There has been considerable speculation concerning the epidemic of student suicides. It seems fairly simple to explain when one realizes what some of these

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youngsters have been taught to believe, namely, that after all they are but a "chance collocation of atoms," a mere cleverly devised mechanism. If that, then what's the use of continuing to be when being has become burdensome? Let us dissolve the atoms, or stop the mechanism and—well, what difference does it make?

On the other hand, let a man believe that he is an abiding spirit; then come what may—sunshine or storm, delight or defeat, success or sorrow—it is all but a discipline for the soul. He stands magnificently undisturbed, unscathed and unembittered. The struggle is altogether worth while for there are eternal results! It does make a difference—this belief in immortality!

It is because of this fact that there has always been a third class—those whom I would call the triumphant believers! Their answer to the age-old question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" is a mighty affirmative. But it is the affirmative of a rational faith, not of a blind belief, nor yet of demonstrable knowledge.

We are forever asking how we can *know* that death does not end all, that if a man die he shall live again. Frankly, I do not think we can "know" in the sense that it can be proven or actually demonstrated, as one would prove a mathematical proposition or some scientific theory. As Martineau remarked, "We do not believe in immortality because we can prove it, but we try to prove it because we cannot help believing it." In other words, the ultimate argument for life after death

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is the *instinct* of the human soul. "When God wants to carry a point with His children," says Emerson, "He plants His arguments in the instincts." This, it seems to me, is what Jesus recognized when he met this great issue of immortality with that singularly simple but suggestive statement I have chosen for our second text: "If it were not so, I would have told you." By these words the Master sought to place our confidence in the persistence of personality, not upon some dogmatic utterance about which men might quarrel, but right upon the deepest instincts of humanity; which instincts, in the last analysis, are far better than any mere "head knowledge."

We *know*, really, only the lower things of life. The best things of life we *feel*. We know that two and two make four; we can prove that. We know that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line; that is axiomatic—by which we mean that it is so clear that there is nothing clearer by which we can prove it. But what if we *can* prove these statements? Can a man live on such dead ideas? Even after they have been proven, what of it? They don't matter much, so far as life is concerned. But take such a thing as Love, for example—a matter of life and death, if you please. One never *knows* that another loves him, in the sense that it can be proven beyond peradventure of a doubt so as to convince a mind disposed to believe otherwise. Or take Honor or Integrity. We never *know* that it pays to be true and honest and strong and noble and pure. All these things are not of knowledge. They

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are convictions; they are instincts of the soul. And here, among these instincts, is the deepest argument for immortality—which is just what Jesus divined and directed us to when he said: "If it were not so, I would have told you."

Let us look, then, at some of these instincts; and directly, if I mistake not, we shall see how utterly impossible it would be for a good and wise God to allow this human career to cease at the grave.

In the first place, every man is full of *desires*—and the broader and deeper and better the man, the more and greater his desires. Civilization, considered in its wider sense, is but the development of new desires and new ways of gratifying them. Education is but the transforming of low desires into higher, more intellectual, more spiritual desires. Then note this: *The better a man's desires in this life, the less probability is there of their gratification!*

Is it not strange that there is such an anomaly, such an irregularity in nature? The fish has no desire that the water about it cannot gratify. When God made a wing, he made air against which that wing was to beat. Nowhere in nature will you find any half-hinges; nowhere in the lower order of creation will you find any desires unless in the environment of the creature there is provided that which can satisfy the desire;—nowhere *except in man*. And my desires! The whole earth cannot meet them. I desire money. Give it to me, all that I can keep and hold, and doubtless,

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the more I have the more restless I will become. I desire wisdom. Let me be the wisest of all men, and like the wisest of all men I will sit down and write my testimony: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Let me desire love. I can only hold love for a few brief years. Somewhere comes the grave to cut it off. If God made man to live only this earthly life, then he made a Frankenstein, a monster who only exists to reproach Him.

And what of the *elusiveness of life*? The poet says that man never is, but always to be blest. We live by hope. We enjoy anticipation. The realization has always some tiny tinge of disappointment in it. The boy thinks he will be happy when he gets to college, and at college all his dreams are of what he will do when he gets through. And when he gets out into the world of business or of his chosen profession, he is always looking forward to the success he shall accomplish. And when he accomplishes his success—nine-tenths of them don't accomplish it—but when the one does, he is looking forward still to something, and old age finds him with his back bowed and his hair silvered, still looking forward. Truly we are but pilgrims and strangers here. Why did the Maker create this race of beings to be lured on and on by something held before them, only to drop them at last into annihilation? If it were not so that this immortal spirit shall live on to find these hopes at last come into reality, He would have told us.

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And then, if this life be all, look how all discipline is wasted. We spend forty, fifty, sixty years, learning how to live. A man just learns how to live and then he dies. "Oh," you say, "if I had had the discipline when I was twenty that I have now that I am sixty, how much better I might have done; how many follies I might have omitted; how many mistakes I might have avoided! But now that I have accumulated my discipline, the vital sap has run out, and the strength of life has disappeared." Would you do so with your son? Would you carefully train your boy to be a mechanic or an engineer or an orator or a writer or a business man, and then, just as he graduates from college, take him off and kill him? And would God Almighty train men, the best of men, by the discipline of a long life, until they are more nearly able and competent to do and to think properly, and then drop them into oblivion? A cruel God might; but no Father, such as my Christ revealed, would do this. For the great beyond we live and learn. We realize There what we long for here. *If it were not so, He would have told us!*

Look, too, at the highest faculties you have, the faculties that you feel to be the noblest within you. The more remote a man's aims, the nobler his life. Do you mean to tell me that man, giving himself up to all fleshly and sensual aims, that man who cares nothing for noble purposes and high thought, groveling in gross gratification, yet living just decently enough to keep

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out of the penitentiary and avoid social complications—do you mean to tell me that monster is reaching the real goal of life, rather than you who are perpetually disciplining yourself to a nobler aim?

And what of our sense of *justice*? We believe in justice, but how little justice there is here. We see a lying politician or a prestigious physician or an unscrupulous lawyer or a “lawful” swindler living proudly in a fine house, with his magnificent equipage, insolently enjoying all the so-called fruits and pleasures of earth—we see these constantly about us, while many an honest man toils terribly and is denied even a living wage or a fair opportunity for betterment, say nothing of the constant denial of the best there is for him. Is that just, and will a kind and wise and good God allow that to be the permanent order of things? No, if it were not so that there was another life in which this injustice can be righted, He would have told us.

Then mark a deeper instinct in man, the deepest instinct of all, the love of life, that you can never get out of any human being. The beggar has it; no matter how wretched his existence, and how desperately he must live, he still wants to live. A man sentenced for life in the penitentiary still clings to life. The invalid who has spent years in disease and suffering still wants the physician to use every means to enable him to hang on a little longer.

Gnaw my withers, wrack my bones,
Life, mere life, for all atones.

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We call this the first law of nature—life! *Eternal* life! Could the language of this instinct mean anything else? Eternal life—there must be! Is it not so, oh Christ? And he says, as of old, “If all the deep instincts of your being were to be blasted, I would have told you.”

And then the Bible! Look into it. We say it is a book of promises. Yet none of these promises has been fully kept. And if there be no immortality then “we are of all men most miserable.” Go back into the Old Testament. Abraham was promised the promised land. He never got it. His children never got it all; they had it but partially. Moses was promised this land. The nearest he got to it was when he stood on the top of the mountain and saw its prospect; his foot never pressed it. “All these,” says the Apostle, “died, not having received the promise.” The early church expected Christ to return bodily; he never came. We have always been looking forward to the fulfillment of these things literally. They have never been fulfilled.

So in our own case. This Book promises us that Jesus shall save us from sin. Have any of us been saved from sin absolutely? No, we have been saved in a measure, but only in a measure. The perfect salvation does not come in this life. He has promised to justify us, to make us just. Has that perfect justness ever come? He has promised to adopt us into his family and make us sons of God. Have we ever felt we were worthy of calling ourselves sons of God in very truth? We only use this language when we take

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into consideration what we shall be. He has said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Have we ever received a perfect rest? Not perfect. Perfect joy? Always some bitterness in the cup. Perfect satisfaction? We shall never be satisfied until we awake in his likeness.

And so I come to the gates of death with all these fragmentary promises of my instincts in my hands; I come with these half-promises of the Bible, still unfulfilled, in my hands—I come to the gate of death, and by these very unfulfilled promises demand of my Maker that there be another life in which my life shall be rounded, another life in which I shall attain the ends for which I have been made. And at the gate of death I hear the word of my Christ again: *If it were not so, I would have told you.*

Yes, truly, man is the anomaly of all nature. The horse and the cow are satisfied with their food and their pasture. Man alone is unsatisfied. The human soul—you could put it into the kingdoms of the earth and all the galaxies of the stars, and it would still cry out for more. Why is this anomaly?

You have heard the story of the ugly duckling? All the ducks in the barnyard made sport of this little awkward stranger. He couldn't walk as they did; his neck was too long and his wings were too clumsy. So all during his duckhood he had to spend his life the scorn of his companions; until one spring day, when the air was balmy and soft, and they heard above them a strange and distant sound as of birds flying and cry-

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ing, this ugly duckling looked up and saw a little speck in the sky, and then a waving line, and from that line there came the call to him. He tried his wings, he spread them and then he sprang from the ground and soared into the air, and his companions knew him no more. He did not belong to them. And, by the way, I think they said he had *died*.

Go down to a city by the side of the sea. You see there many houses around you, houses with pointed roofs and flat bottoms, all made to sit upon the ground, and then suddenly you come to another house, turned the other way. The point is at the bottom and the flat part is on the top. It will not stand alone; it has to be propped up. It is not made to sit upon the ground. How strangely out of place it seems! But wait until the day of launching comes; take away the props and it slides out into the sparkling waters of the sea and floats gracefully among the waves. That was not made for the earth, but for the mighty ocean.

And so when I look at people, and at myself—dissatisfied, restless, uneasy, surrounded by unideal conditions, body, soul, and heart crying out for the unattained; I say this is not our permanent abiding-place. Just as surely as the God that made things knew how to make them, some day the call will come to you and you shall try your wings and fly to where God has made a home for you. For “In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.”

Immortality and Eternal Life

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
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He was ordained into the Baptist Ministry in 1903 and was pastor of the first Baptist Church in Montclair, N. J., from 1904 to 1915, and instructor in Homiletics at Union Theological Seminary from 1908 to 1915. He has been professor of Practical Theology at Union since 1915. He is minister of the Riverside Church in New York City, the beautiful new cathedral adjoining the campus of Columbia University.

Dr. Fosdick is widely known as the author of a series of little books which have been circulated throughout the world in hundreds of editions: *The Manhood of the Master*, *The Meaning of Prayer*, *The Meaning of Faith*, *The Meaning of Service*. His other volumes are *Twelve Tests*

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The present sermon was Dr. Fosdick's 1929 Easter message in the Park Avenue Baptist Church.

Immortality and Eternal Life

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

"This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

—JOHN XVII:3

LET us begin our thought by noting that Easter is not simply Christian. It does not come alone from that little band of disciples in Jerusalem who, dismayed by the crucifixion of their Lord, were re-created by their confidence that Jesus was alive. Easter in the early centuries gathered up also elements from the pre-Christian mystery religions with their dying and their rising lords, Adonis, and the rest, in whose trouble and triumph, defeat and victory, multitudes before Christ had symbolized their experience. And in subsequent centuries Easter has gathered up the spring festivals of Northern Europe, where our barbarian forefathers long had celebrated nature's victory over winter's death. The Easter festival, as we have it now, is a river into which many streams have poured their contributions.

That is to say, the experience which we celebrate today is deeply, significantly human. Good Friday and Easter, defeat and victory, trouble and triumph,

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death and immortality—every human being finds his problem symbolized in Easter day.

As the years pass, one finds that life tends to become either meaningless or meaningful, and no preacher is needed to point out that, so far as happiness is concerned, that difference is profoundly significant. Deeper than the contrast between wealth and poverty, deeper than the contrast between education and the lack of it is this: as the years progress does life grow meaningless or meaningful?

Let us visualize this contrast in the experience of two men who have left their record for us in the Scriptures. On the one side, the author of the book of Ecclesiastes found life growing meaningless. "That which befalleth the sons of men," he says, "befalleth beasts. The same to both. As the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast: for all is foolishness." And on the other side, the author of the Fourth Gospel finds his life growing meaningful. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

On Easter morning we ask ourselves which of these two represents the drift of our experience: "all is foolishness," or "this is life eternal."

Note the meaning of that phrase "life eternal." It does not primarily denote something after death. It primarily denotes a kind of life which we may live now. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast

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sent." But to know God and Christ is something that a man can begin now. Eternal life is not simply post-mortem: it is also a present possession. Always distinguish, therefore, between immortality and eternal life. Immortality is merely going on and on. Eternal life is having a kind of life so radiant in meaning that it is worth going on with. Immortality is mere continuance of existence. Eternal life is quality of experience.

Whenever in the New Testament, therefore, you find eternal life mentioned, it always involves present possession as a possibility. "He that hath the Son hath life." He hath "passed from death unto life." It is in us now "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." "This is life eternal, that they might know thee." Always in the New Testament eternal life begins here.

Of course, immortality without eternal life, so far from being desirable, is terrible. One stands in amazement before some folk apparently hungry for mere continuance of existence beyond death, as though, after all, this were a thing to be desired. The Buddhists, on the contrary, are in so far right, that having to go on and on in what they call the wheel of rebirth, never being able to stop going on, no knife keen enough to cut the cord, no poison strong enough to dissolve the bondage, is by itself the most appalling conception that ever haunted the imagination of man. No wonder that the orthodox Buddhist doctrine of salvation springs from a passionate desire to escape

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from immortality! There is only one condition under which *immortality* ever can be desirable: namely, that a man have *eternal life*, the kind of life, the quality of experience, so full of meaning that it makes going on worth while. The basic difficulty with Buddhism is that while it started with immortality, it shrank back because it did not have the idea which in the New Testament is called "eternal life."

This contrast clears up the difficulty that so many people have about Jesus' contribution in this realm. Many folk seem to think that because the New Testament says that Christ bestowed eternal life on his disciples, it means that he bestowed immortality. "But that would be nonsense," they say. "Men believed in immortality long before Jesus came. Read Plato's *Phædo*, for one of the most glorious statements of faith in immortality ever written. Christ did not give men immortality." To which, of course, the answer is plain. To be sure, he did not. Who said he did? What the New Testament says is that Christ led men into eternal life. That is not identical with immortality. That means that Christ led his disciples into a quality of experience so rich and radiant that it was worth going on with.

Moreover, the practical upshot of this distinction is clear. Quit postponing eternal life! Now is the time to go to heaven. Do not wait. As a Scotch Christian said, "That is where I am living now." Those first disciples entered into eternal life in ancient Palestine

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—a most unlikely place. We can enter into it in New York City just as easily. Eternal life begins here.

Do you remember that phrase, half slang, which in our youth we used when joy ran high? "This is the life!" we said. In a great sense the New Testament is always saying that. This is the life. "The life which is life indeed," they called it, and in the center of the book stood One who cried, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." In contrast with that radiant and tingling experience how different is the voice that says, "Man hath no preëminence above a beast: for all is foolishness."

Note, further, that as between these two attitudes toward life we are bound to drift one way or the other. We cannot avoid that. As the years pass, the events of life inevitably accumulate intellectual interpretations and emotional reactions. The differences between us do not lie primarily in what happens to us. Pretty nearly everything happens to most of us. Good fortune and bad fortune, success and failure, trouble and triumph, health and sickness, love and death—most things happen to most of us. The differences between us do not mainly consist in the experiences we undergo but in what we inwardly do with them by our interpretations and reactions.

Trouble comes to two men. Listen to them. One says, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are

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seen, but at the things which are not seen." That is Paul. The other one says that He must have been an ill-advised God who could find no better sport than to change Himself into so hungry a world. That is Schopenhauer. Now, the difference between Paul and Schopenhauer is not mainly in what happened to them. Some very fortunate and some very terrific things happened to both of them. The difference lies in what they did with them, in their interpretations and reactions.

Or, here are two men looking at mankind with all its good and evil. Says John, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." A modern novelist says that man "is only a bundle of cellular matter upon its way to become manure." The difference between those two men does not lie primarily in what happened to them but in what they did to it with their interpretations and reactions. In the long run, therefore, life does not so much make us as we make life by what we do with it. Inevitably we drift one way or the other: "all is foolishness" or "this is life eternal."

So often I talk directly to young people that they may forgive me this morning for talking about something that probably does not directly hit their present experience. I mean that young people naturally get their consciousness that life is worth while out of present pleasures. The first time I heard a comic opera I felt a thrill that lasted me a week. My first impression was that if I could hear a comic opera every

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night I should be entirely happy. That is natural. Youth characteristically gets its satisfactions out of immediacies. But an observing older man can tell youths what is going to happen to them: that as they grow in age, they are going to become progressively aware of an accumulating mass of interpretations and reactions, that gather momentum, that gain ascendancy, that dominate the direction and control the quality of their living, and in the end in one degree or another they are going to find themselves saying about life either "all is foolishness" or else "this is life eternal." Even at an early stage of their development they may well recognize that the first, the sense of futility and meaninglessness in life, is hell, and the second, that life is rich in meaning, is happiness.

Which leads us, as you see, straight into the question: what is the real road to happiness after all? One looks out across a city like New York, and the dominant impression is of millions of people trying desperately hard to be happy. One passes thousands of them on the street with deep chasms of difference between them in every item of outward circumstance or inward attitude, but all of them having this thing true: they want to be happy.

Well, we want them to be happy but if even on such a day as our festival of victory over death we should go to the generality of them and say, "Come, be Christians and be happy!" that would seem absurd to them. "Be Christians," they would say, "to be happy! Christianity does not make people happy.

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Think of all the intolerance, the bitterness, the strife that it has engendered and engenders still!" Or they might go on to say, "You must admit that this last week you have been singing,

'Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand.'

The symbol of Christianity is a tragedy. When you call yourselves most Christian you stand in the shadow of a Cross. Your very churches are built cruciform. You describe duty as bearing a cross. Christianity does not make people happy. Shall we leave all the gayety and delight, the transient pleasures which yet are sweet, to stand in the shadow of a Cross and expect to be happy?" You know how many people there are who take such an attitude.

Moreover, there is some truth in it. Christianity does sober life. As a friend of mine said, Paul might have died with his head in a bed instead of on a block if he had not been a Christian. David Livingstone might have died in peace in a Scotch home instead of in the heart of Africa if he had not been a Christian. Real Christianity does make life serious and sacrificial. It takes young women who might live in luxury at home and puts them into settlement houses in the slums of our great cities. It takes a young missionary like Henry Martyn, graduating from the university with the ball at his feet so far as worldly success is concerned, and sends him to India to burn out for God. Some of *us* might have lived easier lives if

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Christ had not touched our consciences, if we had not really cared about people and the future of mankind. Christianity does make life serious.

That is why this attack which Freud and other psychologists are making on religion, and which is bothering some of you, is so largely false. They say that religion is wish-fulfillment, that religious people run away from the stern facts of life and seek retreat in an imaginary world of peace and love, God, and immortality. They say that men, wanting to be happy and discovering that they cannot be happy with the stern realities of life, make up a fantasy world of their own, a comfortable, religious refuge to which they can retreat to find happiness, so that being religious is like reading detective stories: it is running away from actual facts to fantasy and coming back somewhat rested from your mental holiday.

Undoubtedly there is a great deal of that kind of religion, and more than once in this pulpit you have heard the dangers of it pointed out. But does one mean to say that when Christ tackled that problem in Jerusalem—the degeneracy of its religious leaders, the inhumanity of its attitude toward the outcast, the greed of its temple ring—when he made up his mind that he would clean up the situation or die, until, uncompromising and unafraid, he bore his Cross out toward Golgotha, he was merely trying to be happy and escape from the stern realities of life into a comfortable world of religious fantasy? Does one mean to say that when David Livingstone went out to Africa

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to wrestle with one of the most forbidding facts of his generation—the slave trade of the dark continent—that when he left his wife's body buried under a great tree on the coast and wrote in his diary, "Oh my Mary, my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home, since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng," and then turned his face toward the last terrific journey into the interior—all that was like reading detective stories to escape from the stern facts of life into comfortable religious fantasy?

No, real Christianity is not within a thousand miles of this thing that Freud is shooting at. Read the stories of the great Christians, of Paul beheaded on the Appian Road, of Augustine standing like a tower of brass unshaken in his episcopal city of Hippo in North Africa while the barbarians were hammering at the city gates—a long catalog of those fearless men who grappled with the dark and dirty facts of life and in extremities were of excellent hope. They were not retreating into fairy land. Christianity at its best has set men to facing life's real facts, has given them faith, courage, and radiance to meet them, has made men serious and sacrificial. But, strangely enough, that is why it has made them radiantly happy so that out of the heart of the best living in Christendom, as in the New Testament, there comes that cry, "This is life eternal."

The pathos of the situation is that of all the millions of people who are trying so hard to be happy, one knows that only a few of them will succeed. Do

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you remember what the dope fiends have named their dope—"happiness dust"? That is a significant name—"happiness dust." There are other forms of "happiness dust" beside dope. See the millions of addicts to their diverse forms of "happiness dust"! They all keep increasing the dose.

To change the figure, when they find that they are missing happiness they speed up their pace. Woodrow Wilson defined a fanatic as a man who misses his aim and then redoubles his energy. Multitudes of people all around us are seeking for happiness like that until, satiated but not satisfied (what a difference there is between the meaning of those two words from the same stem!), they sink down little by little to the common levels of modern disillusionment and cynicism: "Man hath no preëminence above a beast: for all is foolishness."

If this is the truth, let us come to personal grips with it. What is it that puts meaning into life? What is it that can reproduce in our experience that cry of the New Testament, "This is life eternal"?

Faith in something—always that. Nobody ever yet said, "This is life eternal," who did not find something in which he could honestly put his faith.

Those who call us modernists and dislike us accordingly, are constantly accusing us of trying to break down the people's faith. That is a strange accusation. The fact is that all around us we see people losing faith. That is the trouble. Their faith has been associated by artificial adhesion with things that they

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can no longer think tenable, and in consequence they go out into this generation trying to live without anything to put their faith in, until they end by debunking everything that is excellent and of a good report, and crying, "All is foolishness!" And what we, who constructively are interested in liberal Christianity, are driving at is to give people a faith they will not have to lose. After all, it is faith in something that makes life worth living.

Henry Van Dyke said of this age that "its coat-of-arms is an interrogation point rampant, above three bishops dormant, and its motto is *Query?*" Now, some of us have found something we do positively believe in. God, for example. "This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God." The alternative is plain enough.

The world rolls round for ever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill;
It has no purpose, heart or mind or will.

That is to say, ultimately all is foolishness.

Of course, there are great questions about God. How could it be otherwise? The idea of God is the most august conception that man's imagination ever tried to deal with. Of course there are unanswered problems. God is like the ocean—vast—wide areas of it cold, forbidding, but through it a gulf stream that is warm and fructifying. There are wide areas of His operation in the universe that I cannot understand, but there is a spiritual gulf stream there that

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evidences itself in man and his spiritual progress. It reveals itself in the Christlike possibilities of human nature. That cannot be an accident.

God is in all that liberates and lifts.

I believe in God, and in man as the son of God with capacities to become superman and then again superman, rising on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things, with hopes that death cannot stop. For any man who gains even that much honest faith in God and man, life has stopped being meaningless. It is getting meaning now.

Faith in something, devotion to something—always that. If ever anybody says, "This is life eternal!" he has found something greater than himself to which he has given himself.

Contrast a brush pile with a tree. What is the difference? Look at them—made of the same material, with the same chemical composition and the same wooden fabric. But the difference is immense. A tree is organized and a brush pile is not. A tree is integrated, unified, and alive, and a brush heap is only one detail piled on another. That is the difference between lives. There are many men who would give almost anything to be able to say, "This is life!" and they have tried to get it by piling one detail on another. They accumulate things, thrills, sensations. When they find they are missing happiness they speed up their pace and pile more details on more details until they get a brush heap of existence, very big, but

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miss the whole secret of life, which is something else: organizing oneself around devotions to which one gives oneself. Do not be a brush pile. Be a tree.

My friends, the debunkers of all the common deficiencies and moralities of life have had their innings about long enough. It is high time somebody began debunking the debunkers, and in particular how much one would like to substitute for that silly slogan, Let yourself go! that indispensable slogan, Pull yourself together! Let yourself go! disperses life into its details. Pull yourself together! organizes life into its unities. When we were very little boys and we let ourselves go in bad temper, a paternal voice would say to us, Young man, you pull yourself together! When we were in the trenches and, as the men said, were "getting our wind up" over some difficulty or danger, some voice, perhaps with expletives not quotable here, would say, You men, pull yourselves together! That word is indispensable for any real living.

Those first disciples heard it. They, too, were aimless. They too had not found out yet what their life meant, and then Christ came and you can see them pulling themselves together around him and his cause. That is also in our text. There is purposefulness there. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

Faith in something, devotion to something, hope for something—always that. Anybody who ever said,

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"This is life eternal!" had hope. One could not leave that accent out on Easter morning. Death is not the end. I honestly and thoughtfully believe that. Do you? I have as many unanswered questions as anybody here about the details that lie after death but I am confident that life lies after death. It did with Jesus. I have as many unanswered questions as anybody here about the physical details of those resurrection stories, but that is not the gist of the matter. He could not be holden by death. Death had no dominion over him. He is not dead. He is alive. I believe in immortality. But what I am concerned about for myself and for you is not immortality but life eternal. To have a quality of experience so rich and radiant, so full of meaning that it makes going on worth while—may God bestow on us that Easter gift!

PRAYER

Eternal God, our Father, we beseech Thee that Thy grace may penetrate to the inner life of some one here. Cross Thou the thresholds where we have forbidden Thee. Open Thou the doors that we have locked against Thee. Shine through the windows that we have shuttered. And let us, who have come up to a festival, go down facing our consciences. O God, Who hast surrounded us with such infinite privilege for richness and radiance of life, forgive us for our spiritual poverty. Lead us into life eternal for Christ's sake. Amen.

Belief in Immortality as a Spiritual Achievement

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH,
D.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

Lynn Harold Hough was born in Cadiz, Ohio, September 10th, 1877, and graduated from Scio College in Ohio, his further educational work having been taken in Drew Theological Seminary, with Post Graduate work in New York University.

He taught church history in Garratt Biblical School, and was for a year the President of Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill. While he remained the chief executive of this university for only a year he set in motion the machinery which looked forward to the lake front campus in Chicago which was probably the greatest forward move this school has had in all of its history.

Called from the presidency of Northwestern University to Central Methodist Church in Detroit, Michigan in 1920 he only recently left this great pulpit to accept the pastorate of the American Presbyterian Church in Montreal, Canada.

He is the author of a full Book Shelf of his own, numbering some twenty-five volumes, including the product of several outstanding college lectureships which he has been

chosen to give from time to time. He is one of the most popular preachers to college students in America, and is an authority on church history, and on the life and works of Dante and Browning. He is one of the few speakers who is invited year after year to speak before the most famous of all the Browning Societies that one in Boston, Mass. He is a popular preacher in England and for several Summers has supplied the pulpits of the City Temple in London and Carrs Lane in Birmingham, England.

He has been prominent in Masonic work and belongs to many clubs of a social and literary nature.

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By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, PASTOR AMERICAN PRES-
BYTERIAN CHURCH, MONTREAL, CANADA

"Our inward man is renewed day by day."

—II COR. IV: 16

"THERE," said the cynic as he looked at the saint, "is a man who believes." The spectacle of a great believer is a quickening experience. The man who has organized his life about a few high beliefs is an inspiring person. The man to whom the belief in immortality is not a difficult problem but has become a glowing assurance has all sorts of secrets of effective activity shining in his eyes. The man of great beliefs is the man of great achievements.

You can test a civilization by its capacity for tremendous beliefs. The civilization which has become unable to believe in immortality has ceased to deserve immortality. If an age cherishes values which deserve to sweep triumphantly past the menace of death that age is sure to believe in immortality.

You can paint a picture of human life which makes belief in immortality seem the veriest impertinence. And certain aspects of human experience go far to justify the picture. That master of swift and deadly

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irony, the second century Syrian Lucian who wrote so potently in Greek, was the author of an astonishing little dialogue entitled "Charon."

The ferryman of the underworld has gotten leave from Pluto to take a day off and has come up to see the world which mortals feel so sad at leaving. Hermes with the help of Charon piles a few mountains one upon the other and so they have a fairly wide view of the world which men leave for the place of the dead. Then Hermes arranges for a more intimate view and they look upon human folly and futility and vain ambition together. They look at Milo of Croton the athlete. He is mightily elated because he has just picked up a bull and carried it along the race course amid the applause of the Greeks. "Does it occur to him that he must die some day?" asks Charon. They look at powerful monarchs who are to come upon days of doom, and some of whom are to die violent or shameful deaths. Charon, the ferryman of the underworld, is vastly amused. Then they look at "the common herd." Charon sums these up in a couple of biting sentences. "Their cities remind me of beehives. Every man keeps a sting for his neighbor's service; and a few like wasps make spoil of their weaker brethren." The air around them is full of misty shapes—hopes, fears, follies, shames, greeds, hates, grudges, and the like. "My dear Charon," says Hermes, "there is no word for the absurdity of it. They do take it all so seriously, that is the best of it; and then, long before they have finished their schem-

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ing, up comes good old Death, and whisks them off, and all is over. . . . There are a few who see through the vanity of it all, but they merely stand aloof from the rest of mankind, and scoff at all that goes on." There is fatal folly and there is cold and terrible cynicism and that is all.

Now it is clear that if there is no more to say, immortality itself would be a rather sorry jest. One does not see quite why these lives so empty of deep and noble meaning should be prolonged. The real tragedy is not death. It is the sort of living which death brings to an end.

But this is not the whole story. There was a great deal going on in the world which Charon and Hermes seem to have missed that day. Of course one remembers that Lucian gave their eyes to Charon and Hermes. And Lucian was always stronger in caustic criticism than in hearty appreciation. All about the world, good was fighting with evil, love was coming into contact with hate. There were mothers who forgot themselves in the prosperity of their children. There were friends who put loyalty above life. And the deep spiritual realities were saliently active among the children of men. That day above the old Mediterranean world Charon and Hermes had eyes for everything except the redeeming virtues which give hope to the life of man.

The most significant fact about human life is just the emergence of values which give to the world a new meaning and in whose presence death is seen for the

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deceiver that he is. As the inward man begins to be renewed day by day you confront a new situation whose meaning cannot be interpreted in terms of mortality.

Clearly the experience does not have to do with things which can be handled. Yet something subtly potent does manage to enter into human life. Emily Dickinson was thinking of such an experience when she wrote:

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings.¹

So much for assertion. Now let us put our assertion into the form of a question: What values have emerged in human life which have in them the seed of immortality?

First there is the sense of truth as something to which you must be loyal at any cost. The moment you begin to think of truth as something which has a right to demand your allegiance, something superior to physical pleasure or pain and transcending physical comfort, you have already passed out of the world of mortality and entered into the world of eternal values. To suffer for the truth is already to reach a region

¹ Used by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers of *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*.

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beyond the clanging gates which physical death swings shut.

Then there is beauty as something greater than any particular expression of beauty. You thrill in the presence of the gold edged with purple which is a particular sunset. But at last there comes to you a sense of that beauty which lies back of all the sunsets which have been and of all the sunsets which will be. For a moment the physical is shot through with golden loveliness. That is tonight's sunset. But there is a beauty which shines in every lovely thing and yet is beyond them all, a beauty which gives a soul of loveliness to the material world. As you give yourself to the thought of this beauty, as you try to express it in lovely words, or to capture it in the net of mind, or to pour it out in the graciousness of daily living, you have already passed into a realm which mortality cannot touch. Your life is already renewed by deathless beauty even in the midst of a world of decay.

Whenever you meet goodness you confront another challenge to mortality. It was a fine tribute which was paid to the Bishop of London. " 'Look at 'em! Just look at 'em!' said the bus driver, training his whip toward the crowd gathered round the bishop, preaching from the open air pulpit at St. James, Piccadilly. 'There's something 'uman about 'im, I've 'eard 'im down East many a time, and I tell you, when you 'ave been a-listening to 'im for a bit, a kind of clean feeling takes 'old on you, same's if it was your day off, and

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you'd 'ad a bath and got your Sunday suit on.' ”¹ That something out of the very character of the Bishop of London which got into his words and moved men, was something we have all met at one time or another. And goodness always does put our minds into a region where it is always easier for us to believe all sorts of splendid things. Goodness transcends the material order. It is a value which belongs to eternity. And at once it makes immortality a new sort of belief. It now comes to be the belief that goodness cannot die. And the belief is all the easier because we have a curious feeling that you cannot exhaust goodness. So it has the seed of immortality in it. Not merely does it deserve eternal life. It is in quality itself eternal.

The experience of deep and genuine human fellowship often transcends the limitations which belong to mortality. To love men as Professor Rauschenbusch loved them is to enter a region where the biology of time becomes incidental. You can only love men with the greatest sort of love by assuming that they have a kind of infinite worth. You must lift them into the region of permanent values before you can give to them the greatest devotion. The great friends of men have been those who considered mankind to possess a value beyond price. Great saints like Francis de Sales were always seeing in men more than men saw in themselves. “Be worth saving,” cried Emmanuel Bayard to the drunken sailor whom he had saved from drowning, and who suddenly sobered and looked

¹ *Prophets, Priests and Kings*, by A. G. Gardiner, p. 167.

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with bewilderment at the powerful and magnificent young man who had rescued him, muttering that he was not worth such risks as Bayard had taken. The fiery confidence back of that phrase, "Be worth saving," has a noble world of beautiful fellowship in it. "Feed my lambs," said Jesus to the friend who had deceived him. The very offer of such fellowship takes us out of time and puts us into eternity. Death has no dominion in the world of moral fellowship. You have here a kind of value which death cannot touch.

And multitudes of men have gone further. They have found satisfaction in what they confidently declared to be fellowship with the living God. Jesus seized upon this in his imperial way. God is not the God of the dead but of the living, he declared. To know God is to share the triumphant life of God. Such was the faith of Jesus. Such was the confidence he bequeathed to the world. The Old Testament saint was sure of God even before he began to think of immortality. But at last he saw as some of the greatest of the Psalms make clear enough that to have such a God as a friend was to be transported to a realm where death simply could not have the final word. And the men of the New Testament quite simply came to realize that their fellowship with Christ took quite away the sting of death, and the power of the grave. All sepulchers are open sepulchers to those who know the meaning of that high fellowship.

Of one more value which transcends the limits of mortality we must say a word. This value is Sacrifice.

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"Nobody denies," wrote Dr. Horace J. Bridges, "that gallant gentlemen, whose talents and genius the world could ill spare, did a splendidly right thing, when in the wreck of the Titanic, they stood aside and accepted certain death to give a chance for life to stewardesses and immigrant women." We are fairly abashed by the moral magnificence of such actions. And whatever else they may mean, they surely do mean that here you touch values in whose presence death is without power. Such attitudes challenge eternity to justify them. Great self-sacrifice sets a standard to which the vast scheme of things simply must measure up.

All these far-flung values—the greatness of truth, the imperishable quality of beauty, the vistas of goodness, the abiding satisfaction of fellowship, human and divine, the strange wonder of sacrifice, are things we reach by taking adventures in their name. When we take risks for them they become our own possession. And if we take risks in the name of all of them we find that the inward man is renewed by a force which has its own vast power. To fight for these things and to make them our own is to come into a new world. And as we dwell in that world we discover that immortality has ceased to be a problem. It has become an authentic and undeniable experience.

The Easter Doubt

EDWIN HOLT HUGHES,
D.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

Edwin Holt Hughes is in the center of three generations of Methodist ministers, his father having been a famous Methodist minister, and his son, Edwin Holt Hughes, of the present generation, being also in the Methodist ministry, with a brother, Matthew Simpson Hughes, deceased, also a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Hughes was born in Moundsville, West Virginia, Dec. 7th, 1866, and attended college at West Virginia State University and Ohio Wesleyan University, from which he graduated in 1889; receiving the degree of D.D. from the same school in 1892 and an LL.D. in 1909. He graduated from Boston University School of Theology in 1892 and served for a few years as pastor of Methodist churches in Newton Center and Malden, Mass. from whence he was called to the Presidency of De-Pauw University at thirty-seven years of age, he then being the youngest President of a major university in the United States. In 1908 he was elected a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of forty-two.

He has served as Bishop in the

San Francisco Area, at which time he was Chairman of all religious activities at the Panama Pacific International Exposition. His next task was that of Bishop of the Boston Area, at which time he was Acting President of Boston University for a year, and now he is the Bishop of the Chicago Area. He has always been a leader in educational matters in the church world, and is the author of several books of sermons. He is known primarily, however, as a great preacher and it is an honor to present his sermon in this series.

The Easter Doubt

By EDWIN HOLT HUGHES, CHICAGO, ILL.

"They yet believed not for joy."

—LUKE XXIV: 41

HERE is the cause of this message! Years ago I concluded that many persons were failing to believe in our holy faith because it was so very wonderful in its promise. The phrase "too good to be true" kept sounding in my heart, even as I had often heard it uttered by others. I concluded to preach a sermon about it all. I waited long for a proper text that surely held the idea. Then one day these words flashed out of the holy page, and the following message came.

It is significant that a man can be blinded by light even as by darkness. The darkness that struck Paul on the Damascus road, when the excess of radiance fell on his eyes, was as dense as any that had blinded him at any previous midnight. And there is a pain that arises from happiness as well as from sadness. There is a grip that one feels at the throat, a pressure that one feels at the heart, when one comes home from afar as well as when one departs. Sometimes one mood borrows the expression of its opposite; we tremble for gladness; we weep for joy. It is as if we became con-

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fused in the deeper and more sacred moments, lost ourselves in a medley of feelings, and used the evidence of faith for the arousing of disbelief.

We all know that there is a doubt that arises from despair. Something has happened within our experience that led us to say: "It is too terrible! We cannot believe it!" Often indeed, after some great sorrow has fallen upon us, we feel as if the loved one gone must cross the threshold, as if the familiar voice must once more greet us. Each morning we have anew the doubt that arises from our grim sorrow. We awake to the light of the day only to live through the dreadful ordeal once more, only to compel ourselves into the awful realization. This is the doubt that grows out of pain. There are some things that we are slow to believe because of our sadness.

There is also a doubt that springs from joy. When we come up out of the burning delirium of fever and know that our life has been spared, we tend to doubt the reality of our health. When we emerge from the financial crisis and stand again in the midst of good fortune, we doubt the assurance of our success. When we see a dear one come back to us from the borders of the other country, the color flushing the cheek that had been so wan, the sprightliness dashing the manner that had been so subdued; when we hear the physician saying: "The worst is over, and all will be well now"—we doubt the reality of the unbroken home. Our joy cancels our faith. We say: "It is too good to be true!" How often we have heard that statement! It means

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that there are some experiences wherein we believe not "for joy," hours when the very skepticism of happiness takes hold on us and the glory of life leads us into a region of gloom.

Thus do we stand between our hesitation to accept the things that are fear-inspiring and our hesitation to accept the things that are joy-inspiring. This same spirit works in the religious realm. We are often skeptical about the tragic and glorious truths of the Christian faith. We believe not its warnings because they are too terrible. We believe not its promises because they are too gracious. We banish hell because it is so unspeakably awful; we banish heaven because it is so unspeakably grand. Unless we are careful, we come at last to accept only the small and commonplace beliefs. We fail to take warning from the fearful things; we fail to gain inspiration from the precious things. So life may become mediocre; for every man must see large losses to shun and large gains to seek ere his motives move on large planes.

Nor is this strange law of doubt one that applies only to the religious life. Its preëminent field may be there, but not its sole field. Religion deals with the unseen—an unseen God, an unseen hell, an unseen heaven. But, whenever we think of the thing that is hidden from our experience in any way, doubt is apt to arise. Apart from our actual vision there are many facts that we would find it hard to believe. If we had never seen fish, it would be incredible to our thought that life could sustain itself by breathing water. If we had

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never seen birds, it would be incredible that anything could carry itself in mid-air and use parts of its own body as propellers. If we had never seen flowers, it would be incredible that a dead-appearing seed could pierce the hard earth by its rootlets, and the air with its fingers, and so could fashion itself into surpassing vesture. The Easter lily, like the resurrection whose truth it symbolizes, is itself a miracle. It is only because some wonders fall within our constant experience that we credit them. Prior to our actual contact with them, what we call the Easter doubt would work its way into our minds and we would believe not for very wonder.

That skepticism follows us into quite another region. Our wonder may defeat our faith prior to our experience of the work of God in his natural world. But the same thing may be said about the accomplishments of men under the leadership of the divine providence. Prophecy as to what man may do in the future is apt to be heavily discounted. In the past it would surely have been doubted because of the wonder of the listeners. Suppose that you had stood two hundred years ago in the presence of men and had told them of the achievements of the next two centuries. You would have said: "Instead of yonder sailboat which crosses the ocean after a voyage of weary months, a boat veered by every wind and whipped by every tempest, there will be a vast ship, propelled by the steam that pours from yonder kettle—a boat that will take you over the waters in five days." They would have re-

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plied: "That fairytale is too good to believe. You are a dreamer." Suppose that you had said: "Instead of that stage which takes the whole day to run from Plymouth to Boston, we shall some day have steam cars that will carry the people back or to within an hour," they would still have doubted the prophecy on account of its beneficence. The story of the telegraph line, or the cable line, or the telephone, or the radio, or the moving picture, would have excited only laughter. Men would have answered your enthusiasm by saying: "All of these things would be monumental; but we shall not have them; such promises are too good to come true." All progress, prior to experience, is to the most of us incredible. If some man endued with prophetic power were to detail the changes in transportation and communication that are sure to take place in the future—no one of us would credit the good news. Should these changes be predicted as coming within our lifetime, we should know, in a lower way, the meaning of the Easter doubt and should not believe for joy.

In religion the doubt arising from joy plays its largest havoc. For here we deal with the unseen and eternal. The more thrilling any spiritual truth is, the more will our poor distrustful natures be prone to call it into question, even though it be likewise true that we still cling to it as too precious to be wholly surrendered. This quality of doubt especially attaches to the truth of Easter Day. We need not wonder if we have been affected by it; for the early disciples were its victims. When the risen Christ appeared to them and gave the

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evidence of his resurrection by showing them his hands and feet, it is written: "They yet believed not for joy." They were merely saying within themselves: "It is too good to be true." They did not quite analyze their own feelings; but they were actually doubting because of the radiant and comforting meaning of his presence. Unless we are careful the type of skepticism that met that first Easter revelation will put all the grand essentials of our faith under its peculiar blight.

Consider, first, the foundation idea—our faith in a good God. The most of us do not appreciate the meanings given to life by that great creed. We say: "I believe in God the Father Almighty." What a wonderful faith it is! Over us is One of omnipotent power, of unerring wisdom, of unfailing goodness! One who marks the falling of the sparrows and counts the hairs of the heads of His children! One who keeps an eternal and sleepless vigil above the subjects of His kingdom! What can be greater and more inspiring than to have such a God! We need to be careful lest we turn from this revelation because it is so good! In our best moments that faith takes hold of us supremely; our hearts are held by a subdued gladness; we actually lean upon the arms of the Lord. Then, almost ere we recognize the strange process, our joy leads on to doubt. We begin to question because of our very happiness. We, too, believe not for joy. We need to remind ourselves forcibly that the goodness and greatness of a truth constitute in themselves no reason for its rejection. The world cannot live without the

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sun. All growth would cease; all light fail; all warmth vanish; all life die. But the value and beauty of the sun offer no reason for denying its power. We should be careful not to blot out God from the heaven of life merely because He is so great, so wise, so loving. In spite of questioning joy He is still God over all, blessed forevermore!

Much the same thing may be said about Jesus Christ. If there be this gracious God, can you think of anything that you would rather have Him do than to come out of the world of spirit and show Himself to His children? The heart of man has been ever saying: "Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Could God better teach us how to live than to live on earth Himself? Could he better make us ashamed of our sins and woo our love than by dying for us? But is there not, likewise, a tendency to doubt the incarnation with its wonderful inspirations for life just simply because the record is "too good to be true"? Is there not a danger that our joy shall defeat our trust? Are we always able to overcome the foolish doubt that arises from the preciousness of revelation? Do we find it possible to stand in the presence of the incarnate God and still hold fast both to our ecstasy and to our faith?

This brings us forward to the special lesson as it relates to immortality. Christ came; that was much. Christ lived a spotless life on earth; that was more. Christ died on the cross for us; that was still more. And yet how incomplete the record would have been

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if that had been the end! In a certain sense it is the empty tomb that makes a full faith. So we see the form laid in the sepulchre, amid the last kindly offices of the burial spices. The brightest being that our world has seen has died a death of disgrace. No wonder that the disciples went sadly back to their old occupations. A little while later, drawn together by the tie of his discipleship, they are in a room. It is the evening of the first Easter day. Suddenly, without the opening of a door or a window, One stands before them. Their hearts are bursting with awful surprise. They hear the same old accents: "Peace be unto you!" They see pierced hands extended for their credence. They behold him as he persuades them into the faith of the resurrection. Still it is written: "They yet believed not for joy." This assurance is what their souls demand; it gratifies all their holier longings. But they actually doubt it because it is so good!

Why did not Thomas believe in the resurrection? Was it not because it seemed too good to be true? Should we not be heedful lest we fall into the doubt that grows out of joy? It may be that often we shall meet the risen Lord and fail to trust—because of the beauty and cheer of the Easter revelation. We may well guard ourselves against that recklessness of doubt that rejects a truth simply because the truth fills us with holy gladness.

When we run the Easter truth out into its conclusion for us, we may still be followed by the same form of skepticism. We repeat the glorious words: "If we

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believe that Jesus rose from the dead, them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." You may remember the legend of the insects that lived in the muddy pool. There came to them a "revelation from above," as they felt strange stirrings of prophecy within themselves, that some day they would be lifted out of their abode, would be given wings, and would fly from flower to flower in a strange medium called the air. The word seemed wonderful. So they agreed that, if that glorious change should come, those that were promoted would come back to assure the rest of the awaiting glory. The change did come to some of them. They flew in the azure; they passed from blossom to blossom; they floated in the sunlight. They wanted to give their message to the companions of the old life; but they flew over the surface of the pool and found that the conditions of the new life were so different from those of the old, that each must wait to experience the glad change for himself! The legend is true to our lives. We are shut up in this lower realm. We feel strange stirrings within us. We have received the word that some day we shall go out into a higher sphere, filled with endless beauty and joy. We, too, may be staggered by the greatness of this revelation. Our very joy may lead us into doubt. Those we love have gone away; our mothers, our fathers, our children, our friends have one by one slipped away from our side, and we see and hear them no more. Shall we meet them again? O Christ of Easter, dost thou say "Yes"? Is this the message for

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our broken homes? Oh, the glory of the revelation! What thrilling joy is this that lays strong hold upon us? Then the Easter doubt works its way into our hopeful mood. We say to ourselves: "My heart yearns for this truth; I see the delight of the promise; I long to see again my mother, my father, my little child, my old dear friend. But it seems too good to be true." Is it not a transcript of the disciples' experience recorded in the words: "They yet believed not for joy"? Let us not allow our gladness to deceive us into doubt. Let us follow Christ beyond the tomb; let us see him standing on the other side of death; let us hear his words with ceaseless faith: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, . . . and have the keys of hell and of death." Let us rise up to these great truths; let us live by them and in them and for them. Then shall the Easter Doubt be defeated by the Easter Faith and all our lives shall take on the radiant hope of the Festival of Immortality.

The Image of Immortality

JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D.,
Litt.D., LL.D.

John A. Hutton, for many years a famous Scotch minister, is now the Editor of the widely read *British Weekly*.

He has been a popular Summer preacher at assemblies and gatherings of church people in the United States for several years. He is especially popular at our American Chautauqua gatherings.

The author of several books, the first one to become a best seller in the religious field was *Guidance in Matters of Faith* from Robert Browning and this book went through many editions. He is a specialist in the field of the Russian writers of the last half century and is also well informed and writes most fascinatingly in the field of the English poets, his particular hobby being Browning.

Many of his books of sermons find large audiences not only in England where they are first published but in the United States, where Dr. Hutton has a vast following of friends.

Since becoming editor of the influential British weekly he has not had so much time for traveling and speaking in the United States but from time to time we still get his

viewpoints in such sermons and books as this one. No book of this description would be quite complete unless it had a sermon by Dr. Hutton in it, as a representative of one of the first dozen great preachers of Great Britain.

The Image of Immortality

By JOHN A. HUTTON, EDITOR OF "THE BRITISH WEEKLY,"
LONDON

"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

—DEUT. XXXIII: 27

THE belief in immortality is a belief not peculiar to Christianity. In fact "I believe in the immortality of the soul" is not essentially a Christian pronouncement at all. The Christian pronouncement which takes the place of a parallel pronouncement in various religious systems is something more concrete and decisive. As we have it in the Apostles' Creed, the Christian affirmation is "I believe in the resurrection of the body." That is to say, from the beginning, those who had learned from Christ had the daring to believe that, after the apparent triumph of death over us all, it was no mere vague and intangible essence which survived; it was the human being, the total personality, the recognizable man or woman, who passed on and encountered God!

I

Firm and unyielding as is the Christian proposition, it has never been denied that to hold such a confidence

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is a matter of Faith. It rests finally not upon argument. There is a sense in which, if you like to say so, belief in the resurrection of the dead "begs the question." If you like, you may say that in all reasonings upon ultimate matters there is a "pathetic fallacy." Christianity concedes all these things when it introduces its affirmation by the words "I believe."

Now on all sides I hold that it would be an immense clearing of the air were we to make this perfectly plain at the outset: *There is no coercive proof for the objective reality of anything that you and I believe.* If there were such an objective and coercive proof, what would result, so far as we are concerned, would be not faith but *sight*; and we live not by sight but by faith. As Pascal put the case: "The heart has its own reasons which the reason does not know." But that is another way of saying that the insights, the pressures here and there, the lights and shadows, of which the soul of man may be aware, all take place in a region *not contrary to reason*, but earlier than the intellectual faculty, and in the great issues of life and death more peremptory and decisive.

II

When Christians have been challenged on this high belief of theirs, they have, in the days of their highest wisdom, refused to haggle over the evidence this way or that. What then have they done? *They have simply fallen back upon the character of God.* They

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have taken their stand here—that, if God be thus and thus, certain things are morally inevitable; because the absence of such things would be the denial of His being, or of His sovereignty. And so, when driven into the last ditch, not merely by reasons which men in cold blood could bring forward, but by the apparent contradictions in their own human experience, great believers in God like Job have been content to fall back upon Him, and to say, “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!”

All this is not for one moment to concede that life itself, and that the documents of the Christian Faith, provide no *corroborations* of the great belief which, we declare again, rests finally upon the character of God. But those corroborations which life and the documents of our Faith provide are themselves not coercively decisive unless for those who have already, under the disciples of God, come upon *a tenderness of the spirit* which has given them the hearing ear and the seeing eye for the finer hints of truth.

III

The romantic literature of the nineteenth century which arose in a mighty protest against the insinuations, as they seemed at that time, of scientific categories, rallied at once, and by a sure instinct dug itself in, on this impregnable position. Arthur Hugh Clough wrote and sang

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars beyond.

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Tennyson everywhere! For example here:

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust!
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just!

Robert Browning in a thousand passages; but take this:

When I see day succeed the deepest night
How can I speak but as I know?—My speech
Must be, throughout the darkness, "It will end:
The light that did burn will burn."
So never I lose footing in the maze
No! I have light nor fear the dark at all!

Or again:

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a piece out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast
Oh thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp at length
And with God be at rest!

And so one might go on ranging great literature through all races, and through all times, in defence of the unconquerable confidence of man, rooted in something which he felt was of the very essence of his being, that "a cosmos" (to quote Lotze) "cannot have chaos for its crown!"

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IV

Now finally, and most astonishingly, you will find, in my own view, the best and most vigorous and most simple statement of all these things in a quite obscure, and most unlikely place in the Bible—away back, in fact, in the Book of Judges!

The words which I am going to quote, as embodying in simple naïve language, the irreducible and inexpugnable persuasion of the religious soul, were spoken by a woman who, I believe, had not any notion of what a sublime thing she had said!

And yet, I declare, she said something which anticipated the whole of Dante, and the entire output of the Romantic literature of the western world! She forestalled Browning and Tennyson, and had already said what every radiant spirit in its rapturous and creative days has ever tried to say!

The woman I mean, was the mother of Samson! The story all Biblical students already know.

Her husband Manoah rushed into her presence one day, as many a man has rushed into the presence of his wife since, in a panic. He doubtless had at the moment the face of a man who is at the end of his resources! I take it upon me, therefore, to suggest that his wife said, "What is the matter now?" And he replied in effect, "Oh, it is too terrible even to begin to tell you!" But at last he was persuaded to become articulate. And this is what he said: "We shall surely die, because we have seen God!" What did he mean?

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Oh, he meant just this. Something wonderful had happened to him. He had seen what he thought was an angel. And please do not allow any of us, in these so clever and superficial days of ours, to conclude that, because we do not see angels, Manoah did not see angels: that indeed he did not see anything!

The fact is that a man called Manoah said that he saw something which he declared was God. It was so good and so wonderful and so overwhelming! Taking too literally a belief of his own people, he supposed that, having had this tremendous experience, he should forthwith die! He had rushed, therefore, into the presence of his wife, and he had said, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God."

Now it was there and then that that wife of his said something so deep, and so final, that there is nothing more to be said for ever along that line! Not only did she anticipate the Dantes, and the Tennysons, and the Brownings; she anticipated all the Gifford lecturers, and all the Bampton, and all the Hibbert lecturers, who have ever lectured, or who will ever lecture! What did she say then? She said, simply speaking out of her own unsophisticated heart, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering, at our hands, *neither would he have shewed us all these things*, or would as at this time have told us such things as these!"

That I hold is an insight beyond which and deeper than which there is nothing to be said by the lips of

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man. It is a falling back upon the justice of God! It is as though that simple woman had said to her frightened husband, "Is *that* what you think of God? Do you think we are in the hands of a Being who lifts us up in order to fling us down? Who teases us with things beyond ourselves, so that He may mock at our pathetic ambitions? If the Lord had been pleased to slay us, it would have been sheer malice for Him to call us on, as He has done, only that He might thwart us, and humiliate us at the end! And more than that. He took a gift from us! He shared a meal with us! What would you think of someone, of anyone, who had entered our narrow little home, who had shared something with us, who had even taken something from us, and who there and then could plan our destruction, or look on while we were being destroyed?"

"Nay, that be far from Thee, Oh God! Shall not the Judge of all the earth be right!"

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power
expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as
before.

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound,
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good
more;

On the earth the broken arcs, in the Heaven the perfect round.

The God of the Living

CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, D.D., LL.D.

Charles E. Jefferson was born in Cambridge, Ohio, August 29th, 1860, graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1882, taught school for a short time and enrolled in Boston University School of Theology graduating in 1887.

He was ordained into the Congregational Ministry in 1887, the same year he was married, and has only served two churches, one at Chelsea, Mass., and the other the famous Broadway Tabernacle, in New York City, a church from which he has just recently resigned after a remarkable ministry of more than thirty years.

Dr. Jefferson is always selected when groups of the twenty-five greatest Protestant preachers in the United States are chosen. He is always asked by men who select such volumes as this one to contribute a sermon. He is noted first of all as a great preacher, a man who has specialized in preaching. Second, he is famed as a great executive, who for more than ten years in his first church, and more than thirty years in New York City, has kept the financial and executive affairs of a great city church in fine

condition. He is noted, third, as the author of many inspirational books of sermons which may be found in the libraries of young and old preachers all over the United States. He has been a preacher to preachers for years and his books on homiletics and ministerial problems have always been popular with the men of his own profession. If one were to add a fourth characteristic by which Dr. Jefferson is known it would be his passion for Christ. His preaching rings with this great Cathedral-bell note. He is truly a great Evangelist.

The God of the Living

By CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, PASTOR, BROADWAY
TABERNACLE, NEW YORK CITY

"God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

—MATT. XXII: 32

THE expansion of the physical universe under the eye of the modern telescope has weakened in many thoughtful minds the belief in immortality. In a universe so vast as ours is now known to be, it seems absurd to many to assume that a creature so small as man will live on forever. But this weakening of faith is of the nature of bewilderment, due to a sudden access of light, and is not the result of reflection. Maturer thought will dissipate the fog and restore our confidence again. The mind has a marvelous capacity to recover from the shocks which are given it by the attacks of those who make war on its fundamental beliefs. Through many centuries the doctrine of immortality has been assailed by doubts and misgivings. Every generation has had its unbelievers who have formulated arguments against life after death which have for a season been difficult to answer. But the eclipse of faith has in every case been transient and mankind has come back to take up again a belief which

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it seems incapable of permanently shaking off. One of the most impressive phenomena of history is the fact that the normal human mind is unable to get rid of the belief that when a man dies he lives again.

The universality of this belief is as impressive as its permanence. All races have instinctively believed in a spirit world into which men pass at death. The belief is not confined to one country nor is it peculiar to one race. Primitive man had it and civilized man still retains it as one of his most precious possessions. The animist of Central Africa and the scholar of London or Paris or New York both alike are convinced that death does not end all. If this is a superstition it is one of amazing vitality and grows even stronger in the home of refinement and culture. Many a primitive belief has been sloughed off by the expanding mind, but while "earth outgrows the mythic fancies sung beside her in her youth" this is a fancy which all the races of men refuse to surrender. Any phenomenon which is universal and also persistent earns the right to claim the earnest attention and high respect of all thoughtful men. It is not probable that the human mind is so constructed as perpetually to deceive us. Its constant lurch in the direction of a spirit world in which the soul finds its permanent abode is one of the strongest proofs that such a world is a reality. The chief reason for believing in the reality of the physical universe is the impression which it makes upon our physical senses. This impression is universal and constant. There is another impression made on the mind equally

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universal and persistent, the conviction that man lives after death, and it is irrational to contend that this conviction is the creation of nothingness, an hallucination or dream which has no vital connection with reality. No one is willing to believe that our eyes and ears and fingers are so made as continuously to deceive us. It is equally difficult to believe that our mind is so made as to lead us perpetually astray in regard to the future which is concealed from us by the tomb.

If man does not live after death then in death he becomes extinct. The idea of extinction sends a chill through the blood. In our weary and discouraged hours we may say we should like to lie down in an eternal sleep, but the mood is an abnormal one and what we say does not report the real conclusion of the mind. When we come to ourself we rejoice in the prospect of going on. It is not what we say when we are sick but what we say when we are well that must be reckoned with in our effort to understand life. As soon as we begin to think and refuse to allow ourself to be swayed by dark feelings, we say with Tennyson:

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him, thou art just.

It is at the grave of a man truly great and good that the heart speaks some of its deepest and most trustworthy words. It is then that the idea of annihilation becomes most abhorrent. At the grave of Jesus, who

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can believe that death ends all? If death is indeed the end then at the close of a certain day Jesus of Nazareth and Judas Iscariot became equal. Both of them had vanished from the universe in which they had played a brief and ineffectual part. One had been noble and the other had been mean; one had been unselfish and the other had been a traitor, but both received the same reward. There is something in the corpuscles of the blood which revolts against such a suggestion. How did it get there? Who put it there? What does it signify?

If in our darkened hours we hear a voice saying to us, "Believe no more," there is something within us which awakes and "like a man in wrath the heart stands up and answers, 'I have felt.'" There are at least a few men in history whom we will not willingly let die. To us they are alive forevermore. Washington is still living. The supposition that he and Benedict Arnold are nothing today but two hands fulls of dust or that Abraham Lincoln received nothing from God beyond what God granted to Wilkes Booth causes the soul to recoil as from the edge of a sharp knife. There are some things which are unthinkable. In his *Pages from a Journal*, Mr. Hale White relates his experience at the grave of Thomas Carlyle. "Was it possible that such as he could altogether die? Some touch, some turn, I could not tell what or how, seemed all that was necessary to enable me to see and hear him. It was just as if I were perplexed and baffled by a veil which prevented recognition of him, although

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I was sure he was behind it." We are so built that we repudiate the doctrine of annihilation.

It is against this impregnable instinct that all the billows of skepticism have beaten in vain. Here is a rock in the structure of man which can never be washed away. All fears of what science may be able to do are groundless. Science knows absolutely nothing concerning what lies beyond death. She has made wonderful progress in many directions within the last fifty years, but she has not progressed a single inch into that strange country from which no traveler returns. When a British scientist of repute says, "At death the spirit of man will be extinguished like a candle flame," he is not talking as a scientist but like an ignorant dogmatist who is asserting as a fact what is nothing but an idle fancy. A scientist, like every other man, has the privilege of conjecturing what takes place at death but no scientist has the right to palm off one of his conjectures as a fact which has been discovered by scientific investigation. There is not a scintilla of evidence brought to light by science to render improbable the survival of the soul. Science has accumulated an enormous mass of interesting and important facts, but not one of them throws light on what happens to the soul when the heart ceases to beat. The scientist possesses no instrument by which he can feel his way out into the darkness of the tomb. There is no microscope by which a scientist can see the soul. There is no telescope by which a scientist can look into heaven. The little telescope used by Galileo told him nothing

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of the home of the soul, and the new two hundred inch telescope will tell us no more. The anthropologist can tell us nothing, nor can the geologist speak an illuminating word, nor can the physiologist or the chemist or the physicist or the biologist give us authentic information concerning this dim region into which our eyes peer in vain. When a scientist speaks on the subject he must speak as a philosopher and not as a scientist. He has no data which the laboratory has supplied. He possesses no informing facts which his investigations have brought to light. He has nothing but a theory or a speculation, a guess or a wish. For the believer in immortality the latest science has not blocked the way.

The real obstacles to belief in immortality are not those offered by science but are of a different sort. It is difficult for many to believe in the spirit world because they are not able to picture it. Only the picturable to them seems real. The imagination is one of the feeblest of our faculties and when it stands face to face with the world beyond death it is impotent. The mind is abashed and overcome by the multitude of questions it can ask for which there is no answer. Where do our loved ones go at death? Where are they now? What are they doing? Do they know what we are doing? Are they made unhappy by our sorrows? Are they pained by our sins? Are they made glad by our joys? Do they help us in our work? Can we help them by our prayers? With what kind of a body are they clothed? What is the character of their life? These are a few of a thousand questions

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which surge up in the mind, and alas, no answers are forthcoming. It is because the other world is so silent and so unresponsive to our questions, that many persons are tempted to deny its existence. If it could be described in words they could understand they would believe in it.

But the unpicturableness of the future life is not proof of its non-existence. We are only children and children can always ask more questions than anyone can answer. It does children good to ask questions, and it also does them good to wait for the answer. Sometimes they must wait for years. It will do us no harm to wait until we pass through the gateway of death for answers to these puzzling questions. Paul did not know what kind of a body we are going to have. He called it a spiritual body, a body which would be an adequate instrument for the use of the spirit, but beyond this we know nothing. St. John had keen spiritual vision, but he did not shrink from confessing that it doth not yet appear what we are going to be. All we know is that we are going to approximate the ideal.

It is the foolish efforts of men to picture what cannot be pictured which has put new stumbling blocks in the way of those who want to believe. Pictures of heaven and hell have been great disturbers of the human heart. Descriptions of the home of the blessed have always been tawdry and cheap. In the best heaven ever painted one would not care to stay overnight. Pictures of hell have invariably been grotesque,

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and most of them disgusting. Men have turned away from them in derision. The incredibility of the pictures has shaken confidence in the spirit world altogether. Virgil and Dante and Milton were great poets but they did not know how to paint a picture of hell. They were dreamers and led men astray by their dreams. The Bible is a sane book. The Old Testament makes no effort to picture either heaven or hell. This helps one to believe that those holy men of old wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. Jesus gave us no pictures of hell or heaven nor did the greatest of his apostles, St. Paul. The imaginative genius who wrote the last book of the New Testament gives us in two or three chapters a fleeting glimpse into the eternal world but his words are all symbols expressing spiritual ideas. When he gives us his picture of the New Jerusalem it is not of a city in the skies but a city on this earth. He does not picture what is going to be on the other side of death. The glorious city is to stand on this side of the grave. The world beyond death is not to be pictured by even the greatest of the saints. Eye cannot see it and ear cannot hear it and heart cannot conceive it. All that we can do is to treasure and enjoy those intimations of it which God gives here and now to those who love him.

In recent years some have been caused to stumble by what certain psychologists have reported. The Witch of Endor has become in certain circles a popular figure and she is able to bring back from the dead

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not only Samuel but a great host of the departed. What the dead say is so puerile and their chosen methods of communicating their message to their friends in this world are so peculiar that many are led to give up all belief in immortality, convinced it is a doctrine taught by charlatans and believed only by dupes. Up to the present no revelation has come to us from the world of the dead which is of the slightest significance to our generation. Even men who while on earth were preëminent for intellectual power and wisdom, when they attempt to speak to us fall into habits of thought which suggest mental degeneration. If we are to accept as authentic the alleged communications which come from the dead through the most expert of the mediums, it would seem that the dead instead of rising at death to a higher plane of existence have gone down in the scale of being and that the next world is lower than this.

But here again the obstacle is one which the healthy human mind will sweep out of the way. The catastrophe of the World War left a multitude afflicted with shell shock and it is not to be wondered at that the awful grief occasioned by the digging of ten million graves should increase the desire to penetrate the world of the dead to an intensity never before experienced. In times of great mental tension minds often become credulous and beliefs are adopted which later on are cast aside. The fact of immortality cannot be permanently blurred by anything which the Witch of Endor can say or do.

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It is because of these obstacles to entire trust in our instincts, that we need the reassuring words of Jesus of Nazareth. In regard to the world beyond death he had no doubts. He was to live after death. He was sure of it. He did not argue it, he knew it. Not only was he to live after death, but his disciples were also to enjoy continued life. He would meet them again. And he did. They were all sure that he did. Because they were sure of this, we have the Christian church. The church is not a theory, it is a fact. It is not a fancy, but an institution. It has been in existence nineteen hundred years. The gates of death have not prevailed against it. It is founded on the resurrection of Jesus. All branches of the church teach the immortality of the soul. They do it because Jesus arose from the dead.

But the church does not build its faith solely on what is written in a book. It builds upon an indestructible instinct. It builds also upon a living experience. The spirit of God bears witness with its spirit that He is not a God of the dead, but of the living. Those who have the spirit of Christ are certain that they shall never die. It is Christ in them which is the hope of glory. The life that is in Christ courses through them. Because he lives they live also.

If the Father of Jesus Christ is indeed the Creator and Ruler of the universe, then extinction becomes unthinkable. If God is our Father He would not deceive us for a few years and then allow us to drop into nothingness. If we are His children and share

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His life, we must of course live with Him forever. He is not the God of dead people. He is the God of people who live. If man is annihilated at death then the human race will some day become extinct, and after all the struggle and anguish of human history there will be nothing left but an uninhabited cinder drifting through the deeps of space. God would be a God only of the dead! There would be no hearts to commune with Him, no souls whom He could love. The race for which His only Son died upon the cross would be blown as dust through the cosmic spaces, and God would be alone! It cannot be. Those who say that the soul at death is blown out like a candle are like the ancient Sadducees. They do err not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God. They do not know the love of God in their own heart. They are not living as Jesus lived and hence cannot understand Jesus' teaching. In our duller hours when the fire of devotion is burning low and our life has taken on a selfish tinge we may play with the ancient question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and possibly give a negative answer, but when we are walking in the light of the One who is the light of the world all our doubts vanish. When we are in fellowship with Him, we walk in the light and when we are crucified with Him we have no doubt that we shall rise with Him. To be sure of immortality one must live like an immortal.

The Logic of Immortality

BURRIS ATKINS JENKINS,
D.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

Burris Atkins Jenkins was born in Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 2nd, 1869, and is still living in that great mid-western city as a minister in the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church.

One could hardly name the two men who have had the largest continuous influence in this great mid-western continent and not name William Allen White and Dr. Burris Atkins Jenkins, both, in a way preachers, and both newspaper men.

Burris Atkins Jenkins has distinguished himself in many fields since he graduated from Bethany College in 1891 and took an S.T.B. from Harvard in 1895.

As a War Correspondent during the World War for *The Kansas City Star* he wrote some of the most quoted articles that were published in America. He has always been associated with newspapers, having from 1919 to 1921 been Editor and publisher of the *Kansas City Journal-Post*. Even now he is the Editor-in-Chief and publisher of *The Christian*, a journal representing the liberals of the Christian Church. He is primarily famous, however, as a great preacher. Since September of

1907 he has preached to capacity audiences in the Christian Church in Kansas City and three times in that period it has been necessary for this organization to build new edifices to handle the crowds.

As a writer Dr. Jenkins has been successful in more than one field. His journalistic bent, already mentioned, led him into the fiction field and he wrote two popular novels "Princess Salome" and "The Bracegirdle." His devotional books and books of sermons are popular with preachers and his column called "The Drift of the Day" which he publishes each week in *The Christian* has recently been put into book form.

The Logic of Immortality

By BURRIS ATKINS JENKINS, PASTOR LINWOOD CHRISTIAN
CHURCH, KANSAS CITY, MO.

"He is not here, but is risen."

—LUKE XXIV: 6

PEOPLE go to church on Easter who have not gone since the previous one. They decorate homes and sanctuaries with spring flowers, symbols of immortality. They may not know whether they believe in immortality or not; they may even think they do not; and still down deep in their consciousness hold to this larger hope. The Christian world is threaded through, like a tapestry shot with golden thread, with the expectation of immortality and eternal life. I know how many there are who say to themselves—and all of us, no doubt, do at times—"I think a man is a machine, living like the animals, dying like them and returning to the earth and to oblivion when what we call life is done." Nevertheless, underneath these superficial words there lies an inalienable hope which amounts almost to conviction, that if a man die he shall live again and that one day we shall see face to face those whom we have loved long since and lost a while. Most of us do not know how ingrained is our belief in immortality.

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Let a time come when death touches those who are most precious to us, wife or child, father or mother, and then that hope comes surging up in us like a powerful rising tide that all our little skepticisms cannot hold back. We do not realize that the idea of man being just a machine is really no different from the belief that he is a living soul; for a machine implies a machinist, and an automaton must have behind it somebody to make it go. It is short-sighted philosophy then to hold a mechanistic conception of the universe, because you have only pushed the creator of it a little further into the background. He is there just the same and has to be. Robert Ingersoll declared himself a skeptic and an agnostic, and no doubt rendered great service by stripping away many an old superstition; but his heart spoke sometimes more clearly than his head, and the most beautiful thing as well as one of the truest that he ever uttered was his little one-minute oration by the side of his brother's dead body in the Capitol at Washington:

"Life is a narrow veil between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights, we cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

What I want to do, then, is not to spend time proving or trying to prove immortality. Like God it is too great to be proved, or to require proof. What I do

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want to do is to assume that deep down in our hearts we all believe in it, with greater or less intensity of faith. We take Jesus at his word when he declared that it *was* so and we believe that somehow, in some form, he arose on that first Easter day and has been almightily alive in the world ever since. What effect does this conviction, conscious or unconscious on our part, have upon our lives? That is what I would like for us to ponder. I maintain that we believe it, whether we believe that we believe it or not. Now then, how does it affect us?

I think it gives us certain qualities, certain virtues. It gives us a certain courage. It enables us to meet the shocks and privations, the strain and the trial, the drama and the tragedy of human life with a degree of bravery, a sort of fortitude. One who is firmly grounded in the hope of an unending life is not so likely to put an end voluntarily to the life that is. It takes a certain courage to snuff out one's life, to be sure, but it takes a far higher courage to stay at his post till the sunset and the dark. Hamlet, in his immortal soliloquy, debates the question as to whether to live or not to live. He cries out:

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,

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To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Conscience may make cowards; but immortality, brave men. The old religions of fear acted as a deterrent from wrong courses, but the Christian faith in an unending life acts as an inspiration to do well for right's own sake. And I think all will agree with me that in this so difficult work of living we need courage. Anything that will give us courage, that will make us brave is worth its weight in gold, whether it be a person or an idea. The boys going into battle over on the other side were more afraid of being afraid than of anything else. Most of them, too, summoned to their aid, even though they had little to say about it, the faith of their fathers and the undying hope of immortality. To put it on the lowest ground, then, it pays to believe in a future life. It enables us to walk up to pain, to loss, to old age, to helplessness, to death itself and to say to all of these impostors, "You cannot conquer me; you cannot even get the best of me; your grip upon me is only temporary and passing; for I am immortal."

Again this faith and hope gives us a certain buoyancy, resiliency, a sort of sprightliness and verve, that I really believe characterizes Christian nations. We

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may be scarcely aware of it, but there is a certain lightness of step and of touch, a certain springiness of nerve and action which, to a degree at least, those who are without our everlasting hope may lack. It is hard to picture this buoyancy and grace; but it was evident among the allied troops in the world war. There were the Roosevelt boys, who as General Harbord tells us, went into Notre Dame Cathedral one day when many people were kneeling there and offering votive candles to different saints. The French churches were much frequented by anxious or hopeless people in war time. These American boys looked on for a while and finally one of them ventured, "Oughtn't we to do something?" They felt an obligation to join in with the French people in their worship and supplications; but they were unacquainted with the saints and scarcely knew where to turn. Finally one of them had a happy thought. Joan of Arc was a saint, she must have a niche or a statue somewhere around here. So they started out to look for it. An old woman volunteered to help and others joined in. They found Joan's niche, they sent for candlesticks and candles; and the populace outside, hearing that there were a couple of American boys doing something in the cathedral, came pouring in to watch, and were delighted beyond measure to see these young chaps lighting candles before St. Joan, who had not been recognized by anybody else.

Again, there was General Pershing who gave frequent illustrations of what I mean by buoyancy and spirited bearing. Whether that phrase, "Lafayette, we

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are here," is authentic or not, it certainly is true that when our General first visited the tomb of Napoleon at the Hôtel des Invalides, as he stood uncovered in that solemn resting place of the greatest soldier in the world, an old crippled veteran of 1870, keeper of the tomb, came bringing Napoleon's sword, borne tenderly upon his two hands, and extended it for General Pershing to take and handle. Ninety-nine military men out of a hundred would have taken it by the hilt and tried it in the hand. Not so this one hundredth man. Drawing himself up rigidly, his hands at his sides, he bent forward from the hips and reverently kissed the handle of the sword. The French people loved him for that. It was grace, buoyancy, resiliency.

Some say we are a sad people. If so we hide it well, under an exterior of mirth and joyousness. We give the impression to older nations of a vast supply of springiness and verve. According to Mr. Kipling, this American spirit says of the American citizen, "Mine ancient humour saves him whole."

Then this hope of immortality gives us an all-round faith in ourselves, in life, in the world in which we live. One cannot belittle himself when conscious that he is immortal. One cannot sincerely call himself a poor worm of the dust. On the contrary he knows that he is infinitely valuable to Him who made him. Jesus impressed that on us. Whatever else we can say about man, we know that he is the highest artistry of God, the most complicated and beautiful of all the machines that the great Machinist has made.

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And we have a profounder faith in life, mixed up as it is, and all at sixes and sevens. We know that justice does not reign in the imperfect circle of our years. We suffer as much for what we have not done as through any fault of our own. Few men get their just desserts in this world either for good or ill. Consciously or unconsciously, however, we cherish the belief that some day all sixes and sevens will be straightened out, and that justice shall reign, that right shall be all in all, and that perfect peace and perfect happiness we shall surely attain. We cannot conceive of an endless life that is imperfect, open to injustice, filled with evil.

We can but trust that good will fall
At last far off at last to all
And every winter turn to spring.

This hope, too, gives us faith in the world. It has a purpose; there is a plan back of it and a planner. I have already hinted how hard it is to believe that there is no such personality back of all—much harder than to believe that there is. Is there evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it? This philosophizing of the old Hebrew saint and sage is good straight thinking. We know there is evil in the world and we don't know why. We shall never know why until some day we see face to face and eye to eye and understand. We shall never solve the problem of this evil, but assuming that we are immortal and shall live eternally at home with the Father, the Creator, the Force, the

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Personality back of it all, we are willing to wait for the solution and able to wait.

Greater faith in one another too, follows hard upon the endless hope. As we are immortal, dignified, valuable, so we know that our fellow human beings are the same, precious in the sight of their God. We cannot, therefore, hold lightly or cheaply the personality of an eternal life, that walks by our side. Humanity may seem to us at times never so unlovely, so stupid, so perverse. We may cry out with Puck, "What fools these mortals be!" None the less, with all their foolishness they are immortal lives, undying souls. They seem to us stupid, foolish or vicious, just because we do not know what goes on within their breasts. "To know all is to forgive all," says an old French proverb. It is fair and full of wisdom. Every individual human being wants to do right, wants nothing else quite so much, wants to develop to the highest perfection of which he is capable, wants to live out a worthy destiny. He thinks he is taking the right means to this self-expression and self-development. He may be taking just the wrong one, but that is the fault of his judgment and not his will to do right. We cannot, therefore, hold a low estimate of our fellowman and at the same time hold the belief, no matter how dim and uncertain, in the immortal destiny of that fellowman.

Then it gives, too, a faith in God. People are uncertain, very uncertain, about God and their ideas of Him, their view, their thought of Him. This is cer-

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tain, that if we hold hard to the faith in immortality, indulge ourselves in this so strengthening and inspiring bright hope, we shall enable ourselves the better to understand our Heavenly Father and to trust Him and to surrender to Him. As a little child believes implicitly in his mother and his father even though he cannot understand them, what they say, what they do, what they are driving at, so does a child of the Eternal believe that He does all things well, that He has a definite purpose, and that purpose a good and beneficent one. "Thy will be done" becomes the prayer of surrender and unfaltering trust which is linked up with the faith in an endless life.

I have already anticipated the next result of a belief in immortality, and that is the increased valuation placed on human life by those who indulge in this hope. The one who sees no future beyond the grave, to whom death ends all, will logically end in holding human life cheap and all but valueless. He will not hesitate to override another and to grind him down, to make cannon fodder of him or factory fodder. He will work little children at the spindles of great cotton mills and let them grow old before their time and die in herds before middle life to forward his own selfish purposes. He may even think that he believes in the eternal destiny of each one of these little children. He may say the creed in his church service Sunday after Sunday, but his faith is very shallow and his hope is very dim. An abiding conviction in the immortality of every child, no matter how humble and

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obscure, results inevitably in a high valuation of that little life. Nations which throw men's lives away by the millions to gain empire and dominance and trade have simply allowed their hope of endless life to grow dim. The higher that hope burns, the farther its light will be shed into the homes and the hearts of the humblest citizens for they are children of the Most High and destined to everlasting life.

A final effect of our belief in immortality is the kindling of aspiration in the hearts of men and women. The more we believe that life begins here and goes on and on and has no end, the more we shall desire to live the finest and the best life of which we are capable here and now looking forward to a growth and an expansion throughout the endless reaches of eternity. A hopeless man just naturally can't be an aspiring man. The less hope he has the more will he sink down into a slough either of contentment or of despond.

And aspiration it is after all that saves us men and women. It is not so much what we are as what we want to be that counts. As a matter of fact, just as a father takes the will for the deed with his child, so does our Heavenly Father take our aspiration for achievement. This is only putting into more modern language St. Paul's old doctrine of justification by faith. He tells us that God takes the faith of Abraham and counts it to him for righteousness, and that so He takes the faith of each one of us, and reckons it to us as performance. By which I think he means, of course, that God counts our will for the deed, that He

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accepts our aspiration as if it were success; for as some modern poet has said, "What we honestly and sincerely aspire to be, that in some sense we are." The more we look upon life as an immortal endowment, the more we shall seek to improve the time that we have here to fit ourselves to the best advantage for a good start in what we call that other life. Ambition, aspiration mark the devout believer in the Lord Christ and in his doctrine of immortality.

It is for us, then, to cherish that hope, to fan the flame of it, to build it up with all possible fuel until it shall rise higher and higher, clear and plain and strong. As we do we shall grow in courage, in buoyancy, in faith in ourselves, in life, in one another, in the world and in God. We shall value human life for what it is, the highest and finest work of God; and we shall aspire to make that life as far as in us lies a thing of beauty and of joy. He who was raised on Easter day has given us this firm hope. He and no other has taught us without the shadow of doubt that we shall meet again after separation and shall enter into endless peace. Thank God for this bright message, this happy truth.

If I Had One Sermon to Preach on Immortality

HARRY LEVI

Harry Levi is one of the most famous of Jewish preachers in the United States. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, August 7th, 1875, graduating from the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1897, the same year he was ordained to the ministry. He was a Rabbi in Wheeling, West Virginia, from 1897 to 1911 and since then has been the pastor of Temple Israel, Boston, Mass.

He is a Mason and a member of B'nai B'rith, belongs to the Boston City Club, and is the author of *Jewish Characters in Fiction*.

Harry Levi is, in addition to being a most distinguished clergyman in his own church, popular as a lecturer in college circles, Lyceum and Chautauqua. He is one of the best known clergymen in the city of Boston, where his great church is crowded

with people Sunday after Sunday,
winter and summer.

He is frequently quoted in the
newspapers of his city and in the
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tions. He lives in Brookline, Mass.

If I Had One Sermon to Preach on Immortality

By HARRY LEVI, TEMPLE ISRAEL, BOSTON, MASS.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

—JOB XIII: 15

NO ONE has ever returned from beyond the grave. All through the ages men have tried to pierce the veil of the further world, but unsuccessfully. A whole host of writers has described in detail the conditions supposed to obtain in heaven. All this has been imagination run riot. Spiritualistic mediums have asserted that they could communicate with the dead. But most of them have been and are frauds. As for the rest, belief has outstripped evidence. When a Sir Oliver Lodge and a Conan Doyle tell us of their experiences, we must perforce listen reverently. Who dare say they are deluded or that their conclusions are impossible and incredible? When that which is ridiculed one day becomes the reality of the next, when we think of the manner in which so many fanciful dreams have been realized, and so many prophecies fulfilled, which long seemed the expressions of disordered minds, when we think of steamships and submarines and aeroplanes and wireless and radios, who dare say anything is impossible?

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There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy . . .

So long as faith was mere credulity, a capacity to believe anything, not only that which is unproven but which cannot be proven, that which contradicts reason and violates the canons of intelligence, anyone could accept the belief in immortality. Nowadays however, men are not content to accept dogmas just because their parents stood loyally by them, nor because their particular church preaches them. They demand proof. But what proof have we for immortality? And how explain the fact that in the face of this meager proof we still believe in immortality? Is it merely a matter of the wish being father to the thought? We want to live on. We love life. We dread the feeling that death ends all. Do our yearnings compel us to a hope which at best remains only a hope? Have we no ground for our faith, nothing to offer which will lift our desire to the realm of reality? Why do I believe in everlasting life?

First because the belief is so old. Of course age is no proof of truth. There are lies which are hoary with years. Sometimes knowledge grows from more to more slowly. There are still those who hold and teach beliefs that are wholly contrary to fact. It is difficult if not impossible to read books like Dorsey's *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, or Robinson's *The Mind in the Making* or Seabrook's *Magic Island* without realizing how many superstitions which can

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have no basis in fact, people still entertain. But if there is anything to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, then while some lies and mistakes may linger long before they go, it would be inconceivable that such a belief as that in everlasting life should have persisted through the ages without warrant. Grant that as the ages have come and gone we have learned much which the people of long ago did not know, that in some respects our children are better informed than were our ancestors. Yet these people of all the by-gone ages were not illiterates, ignorant men and women, easily deceived. Nor were they all uneducated. There were wise men among them, and thinkers and philosophers. And they too believed in immortality. An old teacher of mine once remarked that "what the world in general believes to be true is apt to be true" and that is so.

Nor is this attitude merely a matter of yesterday. Do we live in an intelligent, educated day? Are we less easily deceived or persuaded than were our progenitors? Do we decline to believe unless we have proof, some evidence that satisfies not simply our emotional but our intellectual needs? Yet most people even of today believe in immortality. And once again, not merely the unlettered, nor yet pious, trusting, unquestioning church-goers, but the thinkers of our day. Here is a recent volume, *We Believe in Immortality*, edited by Sydney Strong, and published by Coward-McCann Inc. The volume contains the statements of some one hundred men and women de-

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fining their attitude toward the question of immortality. All prominent men and women, conspicuous men and women, men and women known for their independent thinking, for the intellectual positions they occupy, business men, philosophers, poets, educators, writers. Here are the confessions of intellectuals like Roger Babson, Alice Stone Blackwell, Henry Churchill King of Oberlin, Charles Thwing of Western Reserve University, David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Charles Little, until recently of Michigan University, John Hibben of Princeton, Mary E. Woolley of Mt. Holyoke, Elbert Russel of Duke, Daniel Marsh of Boston University, Elmer Brown of New York University, W. H. P. Fawcett of Brown, Margaret Deland, Dr. Cadman, John J. Tigert, Commissioner of Education, Edward A. Filene, S. O. Levinson of Chicago, the great authority on international peace, Robert Milliken, Vida Scudder. No mean or inconspicuous names these. Yet with hardly an exception, the whole list admits its beliefs in immortality. They differ in details of course. Nor do they agree in the reasons for their belief. But the point is they agree in holding the belief. If such distinguished men and women are persuaded of the reality of immortality, must there not be something to the belief, something to warrant our own interest and acceptance?

Most of us believe in God. But if God is, then He must be just. And if God be just, I cannot conceive that He would permit men and women, of every

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generation and age, from the most primitive times to our own day, to share a belief of this character, to retain a passionate loyalty to it, unless somehow it bespeaks objective reality. We may "fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time, but never all the people all the time." And "God is not a man that He should lie." "On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round." Wherefore Arthur Smith could properly ask "can it be fancied that deity ever vindictively made in His image a mannikin merely to madden it?" Can our belief in everlasting life be only self-deceit? If so, where is God?

"To pitch this life high," said Samuel Crothers, "does it not mean to develop all the nobler powers and trust them to the uttermost? Thus the man has lived. At last the moment comes when life strikes hard on death. For that moment, too, comes the word, 'pitch this one high.' That means that he is to summon his best, that he is to keep on as aforetime with his face toward the light—he is to keep on—hoping, loving, daring, aspiring. And then comes the sudden silence, and to us who watch the brave ongoing all things seem possible. All things seem possible save that there should be no path for these patient feet."

If God be just, it is incredible that here on earth we should know so much of spiritual life, so much of aspiration and idealism, so much of love, the desire to serve, the capacity for self-sacrifice, so much of courage and heroism, expressions which grow in in-

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tensity and adequacy as the years advance, it is incredible that all this should find such development while we are here, to issue suddenly in nothingness, in futility, just because our bodies go into the grave. It may be difficult to believe in immortality. But how much more difficult to believe in complete, human, spiritual, annihilation?

We believe in evolution. We accept as a working hypothesis the theory that all life has gradually, definitely, inevitably evolved from the simplest and humblest beginnings. Certain details may still be lacking. Complete proof may not be at hand. But practically all thinkers agree that evolution represents a fact. We feel assured of physical evolution, and of mental evolution. We have before our eyes proof of moral evolution. Why not spiritual evolution? If the soul has evolved through the ages, why should this evolution suddenly come to an end? Why should it not go on even beyond the grave? Drummond writes of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Why not? Why doubt that there is a spiritual world? And how can spiritual life come to an end?

Science assures us that nothing ever can really disappear. It may pass beyond our physical vision. But it can never cease to be. Water may evaporate. Coal may be dissolved into its constituent elements and become invisible. It simply changes its form. That is true of everything in the universe. Why should it be, how can it be true of everything in the universe save that which represents the highest expression of uni-

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versal life, the soul of man? If the whole of life is merely a series of transformations, why is not, why must not what we call death, be but a part of the series?

The changes of nature which thrust themselves upon us wherever we turn compel us to this conclusion. Winter is always followed by spring. Death which hovers over all of outdoor life during the wintry months becomes new life as the cold season goes. Night always gives way to dawn. Here is no end, only change. God is true to physical nature. Shall He be less true to man, as yet the highest expression of His creative power and will and wisdom? "There is no death, what seems so is transition."

Once again, if God be just, immortality must be reality. While we live we encounter so many instances of apparent injustice. Good men die young. Vile men live to a ripe old age. Little children are carried away before they have had a chance to achieve, before they have known youth, before they have really lived. Men of ability go long ere they have been able to exhaust their talent, often indeed on the verge of doing greater things than they have ever known. Virtue here often finds only poverty and vice wealth. Courage is often rewarded with misunderstanding and hatred and abuse. If there is a God, and God is just, as we all believe, then the life we know here cannot be all. Somewhere, beyond the grave, must be opportunity for the fulfillment we could not find here. Somewhere children and men must have the chance to

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complete that which here they left incomplete. Somewhere beyond the grave we shall all find that which we are denied here. Wisely John Fisk once remarked "I believe in the immortality of the soul as the supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."

All of which of course is mere inference. We cannot prove immortality as one proves a mathematical proposition. But then how little proof we have for any belief. We live in every direction by faith, that faith which I like to feel is not credulity, but inference based on experience, our experience or that of the race. We actually know so little, yet we venture so daringly, building our towering structures on a faith we trust will not disappoint us. Who can prove the stability of the earth? Yet contractors and architects are not deterred from rearing their sky-scrapers by the meagerness of their data. Who can prove the inevitability of the laws of nature? We have seen nature express itself in certain ways, we have generalized from this evidence and for the rest have hoped that our conclusions were correct and that nature would not fail us. And thus far it has not failed us. We believe in God, but no one has seen God "face to face." We believe in Him because of the work He has done, because of all He has left behind Him. We cannot otherwise interpret the universe. All that we see about us, all that we experience, compels us to the belief in God.

And so we believe in immortality. No one has ever returned from the grave. But wherever we turn we

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come upon scenes and situations, we come upon experiences, we come upon evidences that have no meaning save as we believe in immortality. Life is chaotic, unreasonable, unintelligent, without rhyme or reason, unless we live forever.

But while hearsay may make for belief, it is personal experience that determines conviction. I have been a minister thirty-two years. Over and over again I have been called to the bedside of those passing away. I have never seen a dying person afraid. When the World War was on, Temple Israel sent one hundred three young men to the front. While they were away I corresponded with them regularly. How danger wrought changes in these young men! How it altered and matured their beliefs and convictions, their vision! I am persuaded that when we come into the presence of death we develop a sixth sense that helps us see far across the great divide, that gives us a vision we never know under normal circumstances. The nearer we come to death, the more we find of eternal life, and the more certain we may be of its reality.

So nothing that I have ever read or been told, nothing that I ever thought, gave me such assurance of the certainty of everlasting life, as this close, intimate touch with men and women who stood on the verge of the great beyond. Washington Gladden once urged that the best way to prove the truth of immortality is to live as though it were a fact and everything we do will demonstrate the validity of the belief. So life may justify our hope. But the hour when life ends

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justifies it even more. How often men are at their best when their days on earth are numbered! The body is almost ready for the grave when the soul knows its furthest reach and its finest vision. At best the body keeps poor pace with the soul. Grant its marvelous capacities, how inadequate it is as an instrument for the expression of all that the soul plans to do and aspires to be. How our ideals outstrip our capacity to realize them. And then there comes the time, when we are relieved of the hampering means through which, while we live here, we have to make known our desires. Stripped then of all that checked and inhibited it, the soul, freed for finer and larger work, gives itself more efficiently than ever to its divine tasks. That is what we call death. We should call it life. For it is the beginning of the larger life.

Why should death be the end? We may destroy a magnificent canvas upon which a great artist impressed his soul, but we do not disturb the artist. We may even give his brushes and colors to the flames without affecting him. We may burn the manuscripts of a great composer, and the composer may never know it. We may reduce to splinters the instrument of a great virtuoso, without in the least touching his genius. We may batter into bits a wireless outfit, a telephone, a radio, and leave those who use them, those who own them, the inventors who conceived them, the men who made them, wholly unharmed. The body may return to the dust whence it came, and the soul

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be none the worse, nay even the better for the separation.

I believe in personal immortality and therefore in personal identity beyond the grave. What gives us our identity here on earth? Our bodies? Not at all. What distinguishes each and every one of us is our personality, that spiritual entity that makes us what we are, stamps us, marks us as individuals. If this invisible, spiritual something, which for want of a better term we call individuality, personality, soul, if this being can make for identity here, can indeed know identity here, why should it be otherwise beyond the grave? Why must spirit lose its individuality simply because many of us find it difficult to visualize it in disembodied form? And if the soul retains its identity, why may we not entertain the comforting hope that one day we shall again see and know the companionship of those we have loved and lost?

What becomes of the soul after death, of course no one can say. For all we know, the souls of all who have gone, are hovering about us, trying vainly to communicate with us by way of a spirit language we have not as yet mastered. Strange? Why? Musicians, philosophers, poets often speak a language unintelligible to most of us. God speaks always and yet few of us hear and understand. Why should we not some day learn to converse with our dead?

We know nothing of heaven. But wherever it may be, and whatever, surely heaven must mean an opportunity not only for larger and better work and larger

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and happier life, but for a continuance on a higher level of the better interests we know here. Mary Austin never doubts the certainty of a future life, yet sometimes she does fear that in the hereafter she may not know the green fields, the dear old house and the old friends she loves so well. What were heaven without the love, the loved things and the loved men and women who make life even here, so sweet and satisfying?

But if everlasting life means beyond the grave a continuance of the life we know here, then it were well that while we are here we should prepare as well as we can for what is to come afterwards. "The commandments of God were given us to live by and not to die by," said a wise sage of the long ago. Let us live well by them, that the hour of death may find us ready.

It is well that now and then we give this whole matter our earnest consideration. The thought of death may help us pray "Teach us so to number our days that we may get us a heart of wisdom." And it is well that we strive to develop some definite attitude toward the whole question, attain to some settled conviction on the subject. At any rate, even though we come upon no assured opinions, the subject is too important for us to refuse to concern ourselves with it. Only we must not become dogmatic. The wisest of us knows so little. And we who feel we know so much, may be altogether in the wrong. Under no circumstance, if we can help it, should we worry or fear.

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E. S. Kiser, the poet, gives us wise counsel when he says:

Why should I sit in doubt or fear? If I
Awake some morning from that dreaded sleep
To find myself new-born and lifted high
Then I will turn, and, looking o'er the deep
That lies beneath me, shout for joy and throw
A last good-by at Pain and Fear, below.
But what if, at the last, no light shall break—
If this is all—if when I fall asleep
No angel's voice shall sweetly cry, "Awake,"
And there shall be but Nothing, dark and deep—
Oh, well, I shall not care if it be so,
I'll triumph still, for I shall never know.¹

But whether we know or not, whether when we go we find light or darkness, while we live, let us so live, that when the hour comes, we shall go unafraid, unashamed, comforted by the consciousness that we deserve well whatever we receive, that we have lived to the best of our ability, that we leave all who belong to us here a heritage that will give them pride and not disappointment, and that all who know us and have been served by us, will have reason to rise and call us blessed.

¹ Used by permission.

Intelligible Immortality

FRANCIS J. McCONNELL,
D.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

Francis J. McConnell, now President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, was born in Trinway, Ohio, August 18th, 1871, graduated at Ohio Wesleyan University in 1894 and at Boston University School of Theology in 1897, taking his Ph.D. from the same University in 1899 under the famous Philosopher, Dr. Borden Parker Bowne, a biography of whom he has just published during the past year.

He entered the Methodist ministry in 1894 and served several small churches, being elected President of DePauw University, a small mid-Western college in 1909. He served here until 1912 when the Methodist General Conference at Baltimore in 1912 elected him a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He has become famous as the editor of the United States Steel Strike Report which brought about the eight hour a day wage scale, as a battler for social and industrial justice, as one of the keenest minds in the church world, as a great college executive, a strong Bishop, a prolific writer of books, a lecturer of repute, deeply emotional in his public utter-

ances, one time Bishop of the Denver Area, then of the Pittsburgh Area, and now of the New York Area.

He has represented his church in Porto Rico, Mexico, and France. During the World War Bishop McConnell served as a Y. M. C. A. speaker along the English, French and American lines. He spoke in the American Church in Paris the first Sunday the "Big Bertha" began to fire on Paris.

He is the author of *Public Opinion and Theology*, *The Preacher and the People*, *Is God Limited?* and other popular books. His present address is 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Intelligible Immortality

By FRANCIS J. McCONNELL, NEW YORK CITY

IF I had only one sermon to preach on immortality, I do not think I would trouble myself much with the formal scientific or logical considerations for or against the belief. Members of various psychical research societies have now and again told us of scientifically verifiable testimony as to the persistence of life after death, but the evidence is scanty at best,—and even if it could be accepted at face value, would often leave us with the question as to whether such continued existence would be desirable. Some twenty-five years ago, when spiritualistic phenomena were attracting large attention in Boston, a medium declared that he was materializing Phillips Brooks. The great preacher's salutation to the audience was: "How are you fellows out there?" which would seem to indicate that the transformation in the Brooks style of speech had been quite complete. Most of the more credible and worthy evidence of survival advanced by the psychic research societies is of such a nature as to be explicable on other suppositions than that of the survival of the persons who have passed from us. I do not by this intend to disparage scientific research through intelligent and responsible channels. All that

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I am saying is that if I were to preach on immortality, I should not think it worth while to spend much time on scientific proofs.

And I certainly would not give much time to scientific disproofs—for the simple reason that there are not any such disproofs worth the paper on which they are written. The most that can be said is that the mental activities are dependent on bodily activities, for it cannot be said that there is any way of explaining a thought-process in terms of body process. Everything material moves, or is, in space. A thought may not be possible till a particle of brain-tissue moves up or down, to the right or left, or forward or back, but thoughts themselves are not up or down, to the right or left, or forward or back. A thought has the power to hold things together in a logical fashion which has nothing to do with space terms. We say of one man's argument that it is more forceful than another, but the force we are thinking of is not to be measured in foot-pounds. We are thinking of another order of energy—that of ideas. No rearrangement of brain particles could ever necessarily give us thought. The arrangement might be the condition on which thought took place, but the arrangement moves according to its own laws and thought according to its laws. Suppose messages from the material world outside of our bodies could be actually printed on our brain substance. That would be just the beginning and not the end. Progress toward the end desired—the understanding of the message—could only arise as some agent began to read

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the message. The outside world does not print itself directly on our brains, and if it did there would have to be some set of measures used for true estimate. To use the old saying, "the thought of a mile is never a mile long." The outside world could only print itself on our brains in miniature, and then would have to give us a key by which to interpret the outside distances aright. All I mean to say is that the connection between body and mind is not such as to make us believe that mind could not conceivably go on without bodies as we see them in this earthly existence. Science cannot prove that thought is necessarily caused by body. The door is open for us to believe in another life so far as anything science can say,—not a wide door, but wide enough,—and open.

The formal logician comes and tells us that the great argument for immortality is that souls are simple substances and therefore indestructible. All the materials that we see around us are combinations. Their destruction means pulling them to pieces. The child gets hold of the father's watch and destroys it by taking it apart. Even after we reach the chemical elements like gold we have not reached final simplicity, for an atom of gold is a little solar system, so to speak, with negatively charged electrons flying around a positively charged proton. If we could knock one of those negatively charged electrons out of the little solar system which we call an atom of gold, we could destroy that particle as gold,—conceivably making it into something else. Now the soul, the logician tells

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us, is no such complexity. It shows itself in many ways, but it cannot be taken apart. It is indestructible.

But even though it is simple why might not its powers die down? Simple though it is, why might it not get tired and quit? If it had a beginning, it may conceivably have an ending. "Ah," says the apostle of logical exactness, "there's the rub! Or there isn't the rub,—whichever you like. The soul will have no ending because it never had a beginning. It is simple, indestructible, eternal." Well! Well! Then what was I, a little over a half-century ago before I turned up on this bank and shoal of time? Our logical reasoner answers, legitimately enough, that such a question is none of his business. I fear that it is none of mine either, for if I have been existing from all eternity without being aware of the fact what is the difference between such existence and none at all? Self-consciousness and memory are the heart of existence for me, and without those I don't see what advantage there is in my having a core of metaphysical indestructibility. It will be remembered that some years ago Dr. McTaggart, an able philosopher, argued for immortality of just this barren sort. The soul in any stage of existence lives according to the laws of that stage, without ever becoming conscious, except through logical reasoning, that it has ever lived through any succession of stages. Which is about what the ordinary man would mean by personal annihilation at the close of a particular stage. Still, I am not

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railing against the McTaggarts. I am merely saying that I don't think they would help much in my single sermon on immortality.

We may get an angle of approach to the sermon by asking what conditions would make immortality desirable. I heard a reputable thinker say recently that it is not necessary to believe in God in order to believe in immortality. I doubt if immortality apart from God would be attractive to many of us. Of course, if by some inescapable law of its own nature the universe is just moving on-and-up in an increasingly glorious evolution without the help of a God, and without the need of one, immortality might be worth while, but what reason have we to believe that such an impersonal evolution would be on-and-up? On-and-up is all right, but what about around-and-around? From what we see of the forces of the world which seem most to suggest the impersonal, they are more prone to go around-and-around. Now going around-and-around, even if it is free from positively disagreeable features such as pain of body or spirit, becomes an unspeakable bore. Who craves for an eternity of boredom?

Coming to close quarters with the problem, the only basis for belief in an immortality worth while is belief in a moral God,—the God revealed in Christ. It is the glory of the Old Testament that the writers no sooner got hold of a new moral insight binding for man than they held to that insight as binding for God also,—and thus they set forth through the cen-

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turies an increasingly moral conception of God,—a conception in which prophets, lawmakers, poets, seers, and the corporate life of devoted groups, each played their part. On all this as a foundation was revealed the final glory in Jesus Christ.

Before we come to the climax in Jesus, however, suppose we look at some of the more elementary features of the moral in God's character wrought out in the Old Testament. We would not for an instant set moral qualities over against one another, or arrange them higher or lower in a scale. Nevertheless, the Scriptures make it plain that the love revealed in Christ, which God gives to men and seeks from men, is based upon moral fairness and justice. The pivotal question in the Old Testament is that of Abraham: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" The spirit of a ruler can never be proved in any formal sense. It has to be taken on trust. If the trusting mind finds that the total experience following such trust leads to fuller life,—to mental peace and increased power of will,—the trust will continue. Now the primary consideration in thinking of a moral God is justice. On that basis where does a denial of immortality for men leave God? Taking the race as a whole, throughout its entire history, the majority of men who have lived on earth have never had a human chance. Probably the most of them have never known for any considerable periods the satisfaction of enough to eat. Now one type of mind will say in the presence of this race-old tragedy that the facts which I

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admit are the most cogent possible proof that there is no God, but another type is not thinking in terms of proof, and holds on in trust awaiting more light. There is nothing especially scientific or reasonable or sensible in passing sentence against God, or against belief in **Him**, till we have heard all **He** has to say.

It may be alleged that I am chiefly concerned here with the character of God. I am. I freely admit that there are many persons who say that they are not interested in the question of eternal existence. They say that they have had enough of life at its best. "The fire sinks low and we are ready to depart." Judging by their own experience they avow that they cannot find any race-wide demand of humanity for immortality. Even the longing for loved ones, acute at the moment of separation, softens at last to a hallowed memory which the resumption of actual living contacts might disturb. Let us do the best we can, call it a day, and go to sleep.

The avowal of such an easy-going attitude, however, does not release the Almighty from the obligations of creatorship. An old-time Methodist theologian, who was preaching divine mercy, was once reproached with the remark that if he did not cease talking so much about the divine mercy, he would make hell tolerable; whereupon he replied that he was not especially concerned about making hell tolerable but that he was mightily concerned about making the idea of God tolerable. I assume that these sermons are being written for readers who believe in God. If

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that assumption is correct, it becomes of vast importance to them as to what kind of God they believe in. Christianity believes in a moral God. That belief is the distinctive mark of Christianity. Morality, in Christian terms, demands that power be used under a sense of responsibility. Now if God brought men into this world without their consent,—and obviously they could not be consulted beforehand,—He is under obligation to give them every chance at the fullest and best life possible. That earthly conditions fall far short of giving such chance is apparent at a glance. If this earth is all God can do for me, then the question—not at all irreverent—becomes pertinent—why do anything at all? If God has the power which He is conceived of as having in Christian thinking, He can give men fuller and better life than this. If He does not have the power, He has to meet the Christian question as to how He could send the race forth into a gale like this earthly existence without enough power to carry men through to something better.

I know there is a type of believer to whom all this will seem very offensive. To such believers faith comes easily and naturally. Any questions of this order seem irreverent and even blasphemous. We are under obligations, however, if we are taking the idea of God seriously, to draw out the moral implications of the idea,—and that is all I am trying to do. Let us not forget that the challenge of God by moral standards has been one of the most powerful agents for Christian progress. Such challenge meant the

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death-knell of the old Calvinism,—as it means, on the other hand, the death-knell of all those amiable, easy-going conceptions of God which represent Him as smilingly indulgent toward all the stupidities and monstrosities of our present so-called self-expression. I am not saying that any human being has a right to declare just what in detail a chance at the fullest and best human life involves. All I do say is, that taking the history of the race up to date, it calls for more than any large number of men—large, I mean, as compared with the total of the earth's population—have ever had on earth. I insist that I am keeping close to the Christian idea of God. I am not writing for atheists, or for those who believe in a finite God of such a type that He himself has not yet got himself pulled far enough loose from limitations to be of much service to anyone else.

Enough of the Christian obligations of justice as binding as the Christian God. Suppose we think now of the Christian scheme of values as holding good for God. What are the values which we on earth hold supreme? I suppose I shall not go far astray in listing them as goodness, truth and beauty. Probably few avowed atheists would today deny that these are the chief values, though they would insist on defining them concretely in their own terms. For the Christian the values are these virtues as made actual in the lives of men according to the life in Christ. The glory of men, according to the Christ-ideal, is that they are capable of being endlessly improved. It would

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seem to be a strange universe, to say nothing of a strange God, that would make it impossible for them to fulfill their possibilities of development.

It is a commonplace in Christianity that men are the ends-in-themselves, so far as earthly creatures are concerned. We have heard time and again that we can think meanly of man as science describes him, or as history records his deeds, but we can never think meanly of man as Christ looks at him. As a matter of fact a considerable volume of the thinking of the past hundred years or so concedes the value of man as an end-in-himself. Going back no further than the eighteenth century we find Kant teaching in imperishable utterance that a man cannot be looked upon as an instrument or tool,—that he has final value on his own account. The French Revolution, irreligious as it was, stood for the same ideal,—though using the more abstract term “humanity.” Even materialistically inclined movements like Marxian socialism have practically made men ends-in-themselves. Today laborers are willing to strike not merely for higher wages, but for a more human relationship in shops and factories which will treat them as men rather than as “hands.” The current humanistic movement likewise makes men the supreme values,—even though by curious and freakish logic it seeks to make man mean the most for this life by denying the possibility of another life,—and to make him supreme by ruling out God.

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Present-day tendencies apart, however, Christianity unmistakably puts man at the center of all earthly values. This does not mean that the physical universe was made solely for man but it does mean that man is of more value than anything physical. Those humble souls, who, following the lead of Herbert Spencer half a century ago, tell us how superior the speed of light is to any human activity, seem to forget that the light apart from a human activity is a mere physical vibration "in the dark,"—that what gives light its glory is the mind of man,—and that the mind of man is the only earthly creature that has the power to measure the speed of light. Man is of more value than many sparrows,—and than many light rays.

On the assumption that the earthly life ends all, what becomes of these human values? One man tells us that they have value to themselves,—that life is supremely sweet. Which raises the question as to why it should stop just about the time when we have begun to appreciate its sweetness. Another man might say that the values are for others as well as for the living men themselves,—but those others also pass away. It is true that the record of the achievements of successive generations becomes more impressive as we go along, but each generation has only time for a glimpse at these glories and then it too must fail. The last generation, before the curtain finally falls, will presumably get a chance to see the whole picture, but who knows but by the time that generation arrives earthly

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conditions may have become so severe as to leave no time for looking at pictures? If the human values are all treasured up in the vision of God and endure there as memories,—well, all we can say is that such a God is not the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. If men are the fairest fruit earth can produce, we can hardly think of the God of Christianity as allowing that fruit to fall to the ground and rot. This would argue an obliviousness to values which we cannot reconcile with the character of the God of Christ.

There is space for just a word more, but that word is the most important. I am convinced of the validity of what I have thus far said, but what I have said has not reached the highest Christian plane. We reach that plane when we think of Jesus' thought of God as father. Who of us that is a father would, if he had the power to keep his children living, allow them to sink into nothingness? The question answers itself. If this life is all, we may as well say that we cannot use the word "father" as applied to God in any intelligible sense. Of course, there are devout souls who avow that they are so consecrated to the will of God that if that will calls for the loss of their personal identity they are content. An old teacher of mine,—a high authority in his line,—used always to be saying that with moving unction. It is only fair to comment that his line was not one which called for close reasoning about moral principles and their implications. Such a remark may indicate a degree of grace on the part of the one uttering it, but where

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does it leave God? As for the remark itself,—it is not over-intelligent. It declares in effect that one can love God so completely as not to care whether one has an opportunity to love him forever or not. Which is about as if I should say that I love my friend so deeply that I do not care whether I ever see him again or not. All this stands on about the same intellectual level as those utterances which tell us that a desire to live beyond this existence is selfish. Suppose a man desired to live on for the sake of unselfish service?

I leave it all with the thought of the God revealed in Christ. Assuming such a God, it seems to me that we have to hold fast to human immortality to preserve the Christ-revelation of God. If we have not a God Christlike in moral qualities our reflections about immortality will not be worth much.

A few minor questions arise. One objector asks, if men mean so much to God, how could He have let ages upon ages pass before He created them. We do not know,—but we do know that that is altogether a different matter from calling men into existence and then jerking the cup of life from their lips just as they have begun to sip its sweetness. Another protests that fatherhood may not be the highest characterization of God. Perhaps not, but what is higher? Remember that we are speaking of fatherhood at its best,—not the fatherhood which gives children a start till they can go by themselves, and then lets them go, with diminishing interest in them. President Eliot once spoke a profound truth when he declared that in a

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true family sons and daughters grow more interesting to parents as the years pass. Still other critics will have it that we have not told what an eternal life would be like. Heaven itself forbid that we should make the attempt, for heaven would inevitably be caricatured by any of our imaginings. We do hazard one suggestion, however. Suppose we think of a state in which all human evils,—selfishness, envy, insincerity,—are done away. All manner of problems might remain to tax human resource to the utmost,—but with every ground for suspicion removed, what human energies would be released! Suppose we could have a stage of existence in which every man's yea would be yea and his nay, nay. That would be enough for a start. The rest we could leave to the unfolding possibilities of the human spirit working with the Divine Spirit revealed in our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Life Eternal

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By EDWIN D. MOUZON, METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH SOUTH

"And this is life eternal, that they should know thee the only true God, and him whom thou didst send, even Jesus Christ."

—JOHN XVII: 3

THE Christian doctrine of life eternal finds its ground and source in Jesus Christ. It is built upon Christ and springs from him—from what he was, and what he taught, and what he did, and what he still does in the world.

It is remarkable that in all lands and in all centuries men have believed that the soul outlasts death, and in some form lives beyond the grave. And the more we think of it the more remarkable does this seem. Among various peoples, separated by race and language and distances which they have never passed, the belief in immortality is found. There were no contacts whereby the belief, having originated among one highly privileged people, might have passed over to another. Moreover, faith in immortality does not seem to be an article in a creed that could be handed down by tradition. It is more than that. It seems to be an original insight of every people and indeed of every individual. As a matter of fact, the conscious-

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ness that I am now alive carries along with it the feeling that I shall live forever. In spite of the universal fact of death we persist in believing that we shall not die. Against hope we still believe in hope.

But at best this hope was vague and misty before Jesus came, just as still it remains a hazy belief among non-Christian peoples and just as it is wanting in power to move men mightily when arrived at only as a corollary to a reasoned theistic faith. Beyond doubt, we do find satisfaction in the philosophical arguments for life beyond the grave. But this faith has been clear and distinct and powerful only in the Christian religion. With Christ and after Christ, immortality became something other and more than the hope and fear of the masses or the philosophic faith of men like the mighty Plato. It came to be the inspiration and passion and the dominating conviction of tentmakers and tradespeople and slaves and fishermen and publicans.

Faith in some sort of everlasting continuance of the soul seems, indeed, to have been present from the very beginning among the ancient Hebrews. But there was little joy in their faith. One of the psalmists sighs:

For in death there is no remembrance of thee:
In Sheol who shall give thee thanks.

Here and there were certain men of daring faith who felt sure of victory over the grave, as the writer of the Sixteenth Psalm:

For thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol:
Neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

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But in spite of occasional utterance of victorious faith, the fact remains that belief in immortality had little in it to inspire and transform until Jesus came, the Lord of Life and Death. In his light do we see light.

It was sunrise in the spiritual history of our race when Jesus came. "I am the light of the world," said he, "he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." With Jesus came a great floodtide out of the Infinite pouring in upon our world, and every river was full to overflowing and even the little streams were out of their banks. There was never another such time in human history. It was springtime in the history of faith. Everywhere flowers were in bloom and the wood resounded with the music of singing birds. In the presence of Jesus life was at the full. "I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Among the early disciples eternal life was a present experience and faith in immortality was gloriously triumphant. The fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians comes to a conclusion with these exultant words:

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Let us see just how this triumphant faith took its rise.

And first there came Jesus himself.

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As St. Paul says, "He brought life and immortality to light." In all the history of the world no one was ever so thoroughly alive as was Jesus. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." Said he, "I am the way and the truth and the life." We talk much about our kinship to Jesus. But what most impresses one is the immeasurable distance between us and him. We are but broken arcs; he is the full circle. We have brief moments of inspiration; in him the Spirit of God dwelt continually and fully. There are times when we feel that there is essential unreality about this world of sense and things that presses in upon us every day; he lived so close to the border of the other world that it was inevitable that an experience such as took place on the Mount of Transfiguration should be his. He made on his disciples the permanent impression that he was a visitor from another sphere. Before their very eyes he lived the life eternal. In his own person and in his daily way of living he bore victorious witness to the abiding reality of the spiritual. The impression he made on the men who had fellowship with him from the first finds perfect expression in the language of the First Epistle of John: "That which was from the beginning, that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld, and our hands handled, concerning the Word of life (and the life was manifested, and we have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you the life, the eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us)." The "eternal life" that

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he lived here in this world did not have its origin in this world nor its ending here. It belongs not to time but to eternity. He came from God and went to God. To borrow an illustration: "One evening you find among the reeds of your lake an unknown bird, whose broad breast and powerful pinions are not meant for this inland scene. It is resting midway between two oceans and by tomorrow will be gone. Does not that bird prove the ocean it left, does it not prove the ocean whither it has flown? 'Jesus, knowing . . . that He came from God and went to God,' is the Revelation and Confirmation of Ageless Life."

We believe in the life eternal because, as a matter of historic fact, the life eternal has been manifested to men. Jesus lived the life eternal.

And Jesus talked about life all the time. He at no time talked about death.

To be more accurate, Jesus did once speak of death. He said to his disciples, "Lazarus is dead." The report of Lazarus' sickness had come to Jesus. Then a little later Jesus said, "Our friend Lazarus is fallen asleep; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep." He had carefully avoided the word "death." Rather he used the word "asleep." It was only because the disciples did not understand, that Jesus said, "Lazarus is dead." Jesus preferred the word "asleep"; for sleep means rest and recuperation and a waking-up in the morning. When Jesus had come to the sorrowing sisters, he spoke out of the fullness of life that was his and said, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that

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believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

Jesus was as sure of immortality as he was of God. His fellowship with the Father was forever unbroken. His consciousness of God was a deep, underlying reality. And just so with his certainty touching the life eternal; it underlay all his teaching because it was with him an abiding and all-controlling experience. The Eternal World was his native country.

We need not now recall the many things Jesus had to say about immortality. It will be enough to mention two memorable sayings. When the Sadducees who were skeptics concerning the doctrine of immortality came to Jesus with their stock-puzzle touching the much-married woman, as to whose wife she would be in the other world, Jesus answered, "Is it not for this cause that ye err, that ye know not the scriptures, nor the power of God? . . . But as touching the dead, that they are raised; have ye not read in the book of Moses, in the place concerning the Bush, how God spake unto him, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? He is not the God of the dead, but of the living; ye do greatly err." All this is to say that the personal relationship established between God and his children outlasts time and continues into eternity. God's friends are his forever. Therefore, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are not dead but alive.

The other reference is to the great words found in the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John,

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“the dearest words that ever rang their sweet peal across the centuries”—“Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know the way.” There are not many words in this great saying. Details are not entered into; nothing is said to satisfy the imagination. But there is everything here to satisfy the heart. The saints’ immortal hope is not a fond fiction. Jesus would never have permitted his friends to hug a delusion to their breasts. “If it were not so” he would have told us. In the “Father’s house” there is room, abundant room; there are “many mansions.” And whatever else may be there, Christ himself is there—“Where I am, there shall ye be also.” The fellowship begun with him on earth shall be continued forever. That hope fills the heart with wistful longings, but for the time being we rest in this:

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim.
It is enough that Christ knows all;
And I shall be with him.

And this marvelous thing happened: Christ rose from the dead.

I am not now venturing to say what would have happened to Christianity if Christ had not risen from

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the dead. For to me that is unthinkable. It was impossible that he should die and lie forever in the grave. For he was the fullness of life and he spoke only of life. It was natural and inevitable that he should rise from the dead. And he did rise.

Adolph Harnack, whose philosophy of the universe will not permit him to believe in the miraculous, nevertheless writes as follows: "Whatever may have happened at the grave and in the matter of the appearances, one thing is certain: *This grave was the birthplace of the indestructible belief that death is vanquished, and there is a life eternal.*" He then goes on to say: "Wherever, despite all the weight of nature, there is a strong faith in the infinite value of the soul; wherever death has lost its terrors; wherever the sufferings of the present are measured against a future of glory, this feeling of life is bound up with the conviction that Jesus Christ has passed through death, that God has awakened him and raised him to life and glory." Beyond a doubt, Harnack is right in what he says in these strong words. But to my mind it is a queer freak of the human intellect that it is able freely to admit a miracle in the spiritual realm, while at the same time refusing to allow a miracle in the physical world, forgetting utterly that if the reign of law stands in the way of the supernatural in the physical world it must do so also in the spiritual. For the spiritual is as truly subject to law as is the material. And after all, why try to cut the universe in two? To admit all that Harnack admits is to allow free room for the ac-

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tion of the living God in His entire universe. But I did not mean to argue the point: I meant only to affirm the fact. Beyond a doubt, Christ rose again from the dead. The Church is built on that fact.

The importance of belief in immortality to the early Church is seen clearly in the large place it fills in the Apostles' Creed—"I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting." And this strong faith rests on this mighty fact—Christ rose again from the dead after he had been "crucified, dead, and buried." And we shall not stumble over the simple faith that found expression in such words as *carnis resurrectionem*. What the great creed affirmed was belief in life beyond the grave in all the fullness and perfection of human personality, not a shadowy existence such as Greeks and Hebrews had thought of; but life actual and real and satisfying such as the life of Jesus had been with his disciples during the forty wonderful days. It is exactly this that we affirm when we say, "I believe in the resurrection of the body"; namely, "I believe in the persistence in the eternal world of the human soul in its entirety; I believe that the personality in its totality shall live forever with God."

And let it be kept in mind that Christianity is an experienced religion, that the great truths of our faith are truths made real in the actual experience of Christian men.

The facts of experience are the facts that count. And the realities of our religion are tried out in the daily lives of the followers of Jesus. This is what

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keeps the faith alive and vigorous after all these centuries and in spite of all the doubters. The best of Christians in all lands and in all ages have testified that they had personal experience of the Living Christ. "This is life eternal, that they should know thee the only true God, and him whom thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." Eternal life is in an experience of Christ; to know Jesus Christ is eternal life. And it is a fact of history that holy souls have continued to know Jesus although long ago the clouds hid him from the sight of the multitude. Standing midway between "the days of his flesh" and the present time was Bernard of Clairvaux with his tender testimony:

Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his lovers know.

And at the present hour there are millions who bear witness to the same satisfying experience of the Christ who lived and died and is alive forevermore.

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And this experience bears fruitage in quality of character. Eternal life signifies much more than mere length of days; it means above all else quality of life. We have seen that the incarnate Christ was the revelation of the life eternal. None so fair as Jesus ever walked the earth. There was about him a celestial atmosphere. His very presence among men bore witness of the spiritual world that was his home, and whence he came. And something of the same quality of life is seen in those who have come under the influence of Jesus and whose lives are spent in communion with him. St. Paul speaks of our having the "earnest of the Spirit." Already there has been given to us an advance payment, or shall we say a pledge, of that immortality which is to be ours. As the gentle south breezes tell of the coming summer; as the flowers that cover the peach and the apple trees tell of the fruit that is presently to appear, so the quality of life that is seen now blossoming in God's children tells of the full fruitage that is to come later in the fair fields of Paradise.

It is frequently said that immortality is a doctrine that cannot be demonstrated. Well, the very same thing can be said about the existence of God. And all will depend upon what one means by the word "demonstrate." Let it be fully understood then and gladly affirmed that our main reliance both for our faith in God and for our belief in immortality is not upon philosophy, but upon experience. God does prove Himself overwhelmingly to the Christian experience. So

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much so that for religion men will suffer and endure and do what they will never permit or undertake for anything else whatsoever. And to the man who lives like an immortal, immortality is self-evident. The universe backs the Christian experience. Victorious and other-worldly living is the demonstration of the hope of immortality. Meantime the Christian journeys onward to God's shining City, singing as he goes:

And this I do find:
We two are so joined,
He'll not dwell in glory
And leave me behind.

The Immortal Life

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON,
DD., LL.D., Litt.D.

Joseph Fort Newton has, for many years, been the editor of just such a collection of sermons as the one on which we are engaged. He was born in Decatur, Texas, July 24th, 1876, graduating from the Hardy Institute in Texas and the Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky.

He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1893 and was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Paris, Texas, from 1897 to 1898. He first attracted national and international attention when he was a pastor of the Liberal Christian Church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, from 1908 to 1916, because he was called from this comparatively unknown mid-western church to the famous City Temple, London, during war days. Here he served with great distinction during the most difficult period of all English and church history. He came from the City Temple, London, to The Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City, where he served from 1919 to 1925, when he was called to The Memorial Church of St. Paul, Overbrook, Philadelphia.

He has distinguished himself in

several fields, the first, of course, being the preaching ministry itself, in which field he is looked up to by his professional brothers of all denominations as one of the greatest mystical preachers of this generation. He has also distinguished himself in the field of Masonic literature, being the author of several Masonic books. He was at one time Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Iowa. He is the associate editor of *The Christian Century* and the author of a large library of sermons and books dealing with biography and literature.

The Immortal Life

By JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, MEMORIAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL,
OVERBROOK, PHILADELPHIA

"Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection, and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

—JOHN XI:25, 26

AGAIN the tide of Eternity, by men called Time, has brought us to the day of all days the best, the crest and crown of the Christian Year: the Day of Eternal Life. The sweet order of Easter Day is blended with a beautiful confusion, in which the mysteries of religion are mixed with the mysteries of nature; and that is as it should be, because it is the day of the Cosmic Christ—the mighty Lord of Life and Death and all that lies between and beyond.

Out of a red sunset an Oriental poet once saw a friend riding over the desert toward his tent, wrapped in glory like a heavenly halo, and the poet exclaimed, "Glory to the Almighty, the sun has risen in the West!" Out of the crimson sunset on Good Friday, its horror and its heroism, the Risen Christ comes riding in majesty today, the best Friend of the human heart, and we cry out, "Glory to the Almighty, the sun has risen in the West!"

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Out of death comes Life; out of agony comes joy; out of defeat, victory; out of sunset, dawn. Where we had least hope of sunrise, "the Son of Righteousness arises with healing in His wings," in fulfillment of his own tremendous words:

I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this?

How often, alas, we have heard those words as a part of the Office of the Burial of the Dead; and it was so I first heard them as a tiny lad when my father was buried. Clinging to the hand of my little mother, on that snowy day I looked for the first time into an open grave, and it seemed that everything was lost—as if the bottom had dropped out of life. Then the kindly old country preacher began the service: "I am the Resurrection, and the Life,"—never shall I forget the thrill of those words! It was as if a great, gentle Hand, stronger than the hand of man and more tender than the hand of woman, had been put forth from the Unseen to help and heal—from that day to this I have loved Jesus to distraction! Forty-six years later I stood on the same spot, when the little mother whose hand I held in days that come not back was laid away; and again the words, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life," spoke to me out of the depth of death—nay, out of the heart of God!—and there was sunrise in the west!

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Of all expositions of those words the noblest is the picture, by Browning, of the death of St. John the Evangelist of Love, the last of the glorious company of the Apostles, and the only one to die a natural death. The little knot of disciples stood round watching the great head sinking lower and yet lower, until at last the flame of life flickered, and, as it seemed, went out. Loneliness, like a cold, crawling sea-mist, filled their hearts, for there was no one left who had seen the face of Jesus; no one who could say, "I heard his voice,"—and how much had been left untold! Desperately the little group tried to coax back a tiny spark of life, but in vain, till a lad ran for a copy of the Gospel, found the page, and read, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life." Hearing the Voice of his Lord, the seemingly dead man sat up and poured out his soul in one last luminous talk.

What stupendous words, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life," and how utterly empty and unreal, if not wildly insane, upon the lips of the gentle, winsome humanitarian Christ who, however heroic and fascinating, is only one of ourselves—purer, braver, more unearthly—yet guessing at the riddle of life as we have to do, knowing nothing certainly of his own destiny or ours, himself a victim of muddy, all-devouring Death, which seems to divide divinity with God. No! No! Here speaks the Master of Life and Death, the Lord of worlds other than this orb of dust, the Revealer of the meaning of life, a Voice out of the heart of things—a Voice not simply of com-

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fort, but of command. Here shines a Light that never was on sea or land, fairer than the prophet-vision, brighter than the poet-dream. Nevertheless, this Being who towers so far above us is still so close to our humanity, his whole life so entwined with our piteous, passionate, and pathetic life on earth, that we somehow feel that what is true of him is in some degree true, potentially, of ourselves. How these two truths can be united may be hard to know—save in a paradox profounder than thought—but they are equally vivid, equally valid, and equally blessed in our historic Christian faith; and to lose either truth is to lose the other. Here, to say it once more, is the highest reach of holiness in man answered by a Voice older than the earth and deeper than death:

Before Abraham was, I am—life endless at both ends, moving with a higher rhythm, stretching away into unfathomable depths and distances; one vast Life that lives and cannot die, gathering all our broken lights into its eternal radiance.

I am the Light of the World—the sun is up; shadows of death and dark fatality flee away; blind thoughts we know not nor can name are forgotten like fear in the night. It is daybreak; life everywhere is radiant—earth is a valley with a lark-song over it.

I am the Way—the path marked out for the soul; the way without which there is no going, to lose which is to wander in a wilderness, or end in a blind alley; the Way which, if we follow it faithfully, shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

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I am the Truth—the truth about life and death, which breaks through language and escapes; the truth that makes all other truth true; nay, more, the Truth that can never be uttered, but must be acted, incarnated; the truth that sets life to music.

I am the Life—the Life that interprets life; no mere story of life, but Life itself intense, creative, palpitating, prophetic; life in a new dimension, with a new radiance, overflowing, sweeping dim death away as in a flood of light and power and joy.

I am the Good Shepherd—the Shepherd of ages and journeying generations, whose heart aches with compassion for the multitudes who wander afar, seeking without finding; the mighty Shepherd in whose bosom the lambs find a haven and a home.

I am the Door—the Door out of night into dawn; the Door into Another Room in the House not made with hands, "our dwelling place in all generations"; the sheltering home of all souls, however far-wandering, where we shall see "that one Face" and be satisfied. "Behold, I have set before you an open door, and no man can shut it."

I am the Resurrection, and the Life—death is abolished, as the radio abolishes distance; it no longer exists, save as a cloud-shadow wandering across the human valley. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,"—death is other than we think or fear.

Behold, I am alive for evermore—the word of One who has death behind him, never to face it again—a

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thing left below, defeated and outsped—having passed through its shadow, making a path of light “which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

Now, consider. No one else has ever spoken such words to humanity; no one can do it. Never once does Jesus say, “I believe,” as we must needs do, praying help for our unbelief. No. “*I am* the Resurrection and the Life,”—it is not merely an anthem of affirmation; it is a revelation of another order, rhythm and cadence of life. He does not argue; he unveils the truth. He does not promise immortality in some dim, far time beyond; he illumines it, bringing both “life and immortality to light.” It is not only a prophecy but a possession—such a reversal of faith, such a transvaluation of values as baffles thought and bewilders imagination. “*I am* the Resurrection”: God is here, Eternity is now, Death is nothing to the soul—it is a staggering truth, so vast that our minds seem unable to grasp and hold it. Once we do grasp it, once we do lay it to heart and know its power, then we know the meaning of the words, “Behold, I make all things new.” Life everyway is infinite; the sky begins at the top of the ground. O my soul, remember, consider, and rejoice in God thy Saviour!

Here is the song of the immortal life, breaking in upon our broken days and years, gathering our fugitive and fragmentary lives into its sovereign harmony, if we have ears to hear and hearts to heed and understand. Slowly, upon our dim eyes, blinded by dusty death, there dawns the vision of a Spiritual Order

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in which all the holy things of life—its higher values, its haunting prophecies—have their source, sanction, security, and satisfaction. To the reality of that realm all the noblest creative life of humanity bears witness—dimly or clearly—and from it the purest souls of the race have drawn inward sustaining. Of that Order “the Lord of all Good Life” was and is a citizen; its laws were revealed in his life; its meaning spoke in his words—pitched not in the past nor in the future, but in “the mystic tense”;—its light became incandescent in his personality. By its serene power he was Master of disease, discord, and dark fatality—nay, more, of Life and Time and Death; in its fellowship he still lives and serves humanity, a thousand times more alive than in the days of his flesh. By the Power of Spirit his swift and gentle years moved with the lilt of a lyric, and even the tragedy of his death—in which he faced the worst and found the best—became the epic of the life everlasting.

As Dante said, Jesus taught us “how to make our lives eternal,” and if we learn his secret we shall know neither fret nor fear. In prayer, in glad obedience, in high adventure—giving all, daring all—he drew the fullness of God into his life, fulfilling what others had dreamed. By the wonder of his personality he released a new power in human life—“the power of an endless life,”—power over sin, over sorrow, over brute matter and black despair. Here lies the secret of social stability and nobility, no less than of tri-

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umphant character. Half a life ago Dostoievsky foretold the orgy of modern Russia—anarchy running mad and running red—when, in *The Possessed*, one of his characters cries out, prophetically:

Listen, I've reckoned them all up: a teacher who laughs with children at their God is on our side. The juries who acquit every criminal are ours. Among officials and literary men we have lots, lots, and they don't know it themselves. Do you know how many we shall catch with little, ready-made ideas? The Russian God has already been vanquished by cheap vodka. The peasants are drunk, the churches are empty. Oh, this generation has only to grow up. Ah, what a pity there is no proletariat. But there will be, there will be; we are going that way.

What happened in Russia will happen among us, when we let the altar fires of our fathers go out and our faith fail. All the dear interests and institutions of humanity have their basis in the eternal life, else they cannot abide. Our human world is kept in place and urged along its orbit by unseen forces. Thence come those impulses to progress, those insights and aspirations, which impel man to vaster issues—they are the pressure upon him of the endless life. Liberty, justice, love, truth are things of the eternal life, without which customs are cobwebs and laws are ropes of sand. Toward the end of his life Dostoievsky divided the race into two classes, those who know the eternal life and those who do not, and the fate of civilization, he said, will rest with those who are citizens of eternity. The power of an endless life is thus the

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creative and constructive force of humanity, and when it is lost society becomes a pig-sty.

Here, no less, is the secret of spiritual character and personality, the two loveliest flowers grown in these short days of sun and frost. Only recently a great physician said that subconscious health cannot be obtained in one who has lost faith in immortality. Without it the noblest powers of the soul are inhibited, its finest instincts are frustrated, having no happy release and no promise of fulfillment. When we know the Eternal Life, all doors are open and the great aspirations of the heart take wings. The impingement of Eternity upon us gives to the moral sense an august authority, and makes religion not a dogma, but an Eternal Communion. Life everywhere grows in dignity, meaning, worth and grace when it is lived in the fellowship of eternal things. The Power of an Endless Life—it is the life of faith, of love, of fellowship, of joy. It makes a man stand up like a tower, four-square to all the winds of the world, a defense to the weak or the weary. It is one with all dear friendships, with every tender tie which unites us with those nearest to us, with every bond of sympathy binding us to humanity—aye, with those whom we have loved and lost awhile.

What life really is, what it prophesies, what it may actually become even here on earth—transfiguring all “our fleshly dress with bright shoots of everlastingness”—is shown us in the life of Jesus; by the truth he taught, and still more by his personality. He was so

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aglow with the power and joy of life, so in tune with its vivid, creative urge and insight, that his words seem to have a life of their own, and grow. He was a spiritual biologist who thought of religion in terms of life—not of life in terms of religion—and he hardly used the word death at all; since death is not an event but a tendency, and true life is the death of death. By his death Jesus gave life to his religion, and by his resurrection he made religion a life, even the Eternal Life in Time, free, radiant, abundant, creative, victorious—a quest, a conquest, a consecration.

In literature there is an exalted zone of song wherein if a man step his footfall echoes forever, defying time and change and death: and thus the echo of an hour of prayer among the Judean hills, or a lyric sung at a Greek festival, becomes a part of the eternal speech of mankind. Just so, there is in the life of the spirit a level of loyalty, of luminous lucidity, of immaculate perception, of all-giving love, which joins the mortal to the immortal, and death is seen to be only the shadow of life as it spreads its wings for flight; only a dark room in which life changes its robe and marches on. Others enter that realm, briefly, in rare hours of insight and understanding, when the mood is pure and the vision is clear; but Jesus lived in it, obeyed its laws, unveiled its reality, and revealed its emancipating truth. Hence the strange, searching, haunting, healing quality of his words, which seem like birds let loose from a region above our reach of which we are dimly aware, and toward which both wisdom and faith

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point. Hence, too, the refrain that echoes through his teaching: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

From that radiant realm, in the rhythm of its profound and transcendent experience of God, Jesus spoke the words, *I am the Resurrection, and the Life*. Such words are notes in an eternal world-song, a Divine Symphony which began when the morning stars sang together over a new-born earth, and which runs through all things. It is the Song of Life itself, underflowing all the tumult and tragedy of time, upbearing the life and death of humanity—its sins and woes, its griefs and heartaches—and lifting all at last into the rhythm and cadence of an Eternal Life: an august undertone prophetic of a final harmony of all things with God. All religions, all philosophies are but broken echoes of one everlasting music, prose versions of a Divine Poetry singing even "in the mud and scum of things,"—an all-sustaining, undefeatable melody:

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all.

At last, rising above all discord and seeming defeat, it will break in triumphant anthems of adoration upon the throne of God, proclaiming that "life is ever lord of death and love can never lose its own." Believest thou this?

By the same token, if we would know the power of an endless life, defeating death and dull dismay, it must be by contact and fellowship with the Lord of Life. Ever the path lies at our feet, if we follow on

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to realize the life that is triumphant, and the road mounts steadily: "And this is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." For thou, O God, art Life, Thou art Reality, and Thou art our Father.

Safe in the care of heavenly powers,
The good we dreamed but might not do,
Lost beauty magically new,
Shall spring as surely as the flowers
When, 'mid the sobbing of the rain,
The heart of April beats again.

Celestial spirit that doth roll
The heart's sepulchral stone away,
Be this our resurrection day,
The singing Easter of the Soul:
O gentle Master of the Wise,
Teach me to say, "I will arise!"

The Pressure of Immortality

FREDERICK WILLIAM NOR-
WOOD, D.D.

Frederick William Norwood, a minister of three continents, having started his brilliant career in Australia, being well known and popular as a preacher in the United States, and finally having attained a maximum amount of success in the great White Pulpit of The City Temple in London, is one of the best known preachers in the English speaking world.

He graduated from Ormond College, Melbourne, Australia and received the honorary degree of D.D. from Oberlin College, Ohio, and from Ursinus College, Ursinus, Pennsylvania. He has been the minister of churches at Canterbury, Brunswick, North Adelaide, and was an Honorary Captain of Australian Forces in the World War.

He is not only a most popular preacher before American audiences, but his books are also well known to American readers as well as to

English and Australian readers.
Some of his books are *The Cross and
the Garden*, *Sunshine and Wattle-
gold*, *Mood of the Soul*, *The Gospel
of the Larger World*.

The Pressure of Immortality

By F. W. NORWOOD, CITY TEMPLE, LONDON

"How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

—I COR. XV: 35

IF I had but one sermon to preach, and its theme had been fixed as Immortality, I should choose as text these words of Paul's, but I should alter the punctuation marks. Instead of two notes of interrogation I should insert two notes of exclamation! Instead of asking incredulously or timidly "in what way" or "by what means are the dead raised?" I should want to cry out in amazement at a fact which few appear to observe, that the raising of the dead and their reappearance in new bodies are the most common of all phenomena.

When the news of the death of Jonathan was brought to David, he exclaimed, "How are the mighty fallen!" That was not a question. It would be absurd to treat it as such. He was not wanting to know by what particular instrumentality Jonathan had fallen; it was an exclamation of amazement, "How are the mighty fallen!"

In like manner I should want to cry out, using Paul's words but not his punctuation, not asking cap-

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tious questions but exclaiming in surprise: "How are the dead raised! With what body do they come!" How insistent is the pressure of immortality upon us mortals!

I should not be doing wicked violence to Paul, for of course these words are not strictly speaking his own at all; they are merely the questions of some hypothetical person, drawn in by the hair of his head for the sake of argument: "Some man will say, 'How are the dead raised? With what body do they come?'" What Paul thought of that man is indicated by his next words, "Thou fool!" I need have little ceremony for this lay figure, this devil's advocate, this blockhead. I rather appreciate Paul's temporary departure from politeness. There are times when it is justified, and I think it is justified not merely in the case of incredulous, sceptical people, but also, alas, in the case of very good and sincere people such as preachers and scientists who presume to tell us, reasoning from analogy, either how the dead are raised or else how they cannot possibly be raised.

It would be quite right if some one said to any one of us at such times, Thou fool! What else is he who has an ocean of talk and but a thimbleful of knowledge?

And yet I am sure that humanity is not left confronted with an insoluble enigma. The correct attitude of man towards this problem is not one of timid questioning. Of course if we mean, by what means are the dead raised, or in what manner are they raised,

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we have to confess our ignorance. But that is not so very unique in life. We should not believe in many things if we refused to believe except where we had dissolved away the last film of impenetrable mystery.

The tail of the question mark is rooted deep down in the abyss. We discover the sequence in which things happen, and in our loose way we say we know "how" they occur merely because we know the order in which they occur. Every man's final mental decision is a venture of faith. The denial of the sceptic is as likely to be an act of faith as the credo of the believer.

We are guided through life by a recurrence of phenomena so unvaryingly repeated that we accept it without further question. "Probability," as Bishop Butler used to say, "is the guide of life."

I say there is nothing that we know more certainly than that the dead are being raised, and evermore appearing in new bodies. If you will look I will show you "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands" of corroborating phenomena. Surely it is some obscuration of vision that makes Death seem to us like the inscrutable Sphinx. It has its own brooding secret as everybody knows, but it is a secret that is more than half divulged by every flower that lodges in some chink in its colossal frame and every bird that pausing for a moment perches upon its gloomy brow.

A great part of the reason for our mental distress upon this question is that we never think of it except when our hearts are sore. We only ask about im-

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mortality when Death with his baton has commanded the missing of a few beats in the chorus of life. When we preachers preach about it we do it in an atmosphere of sorrow. Our very phrases are portentously solemn, from the midst of which a stray smile would slink away like a convicted trespasser. This very chapter from Paul which is in far too happy a vein to be an apologetic, we only read at gravesides, where grief is too stony eyed to see, or too conventional to feel.

I am sure no one will misunderstand me if I seem to be callous concerning our common human woes. I just ask you to consider that the emergence of the dead in ever-changing bodies is the most ordinary thing in the world. Re-embodiment, reincarnation, resurrection, call it what you will, is so familiar that if ever we do discuss the matter when we have passed over the silent river the angels may smilingly say, "Look back and see. All the way you have been walking amidst myriads of manifestations of the very thing you were so constantly questioning."

Look at nature. There is not a flower that blooms, nor a tree that lifts high its leafy stem nor a bird that cleaves the air nor a creature that inhabits the forests or plains that has not left behind it a long trail of so-called death reaching back and back and back to a distance so remote that the mind sinks before its contemplation; yet every living thing at this moment is the million-fold embodiment of a reincarnation.

The man is surely morbid who goes out over the fresh yielding turf, stooping over the flowers, lifting

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his eyes to the trees, listening to the whirr of wings and the voices of field and woodland and can see and hear nothing but death.

Where is this death? Can you find it? How many dead flowers have there been? How many dead trees? How many dead birds and creatures have cumbered the soil? Where are they? Can you find them? You may find them at the moment when some plant or some creature has lately made the act of renunciation, but where is all this death? Is it not a living world? Has not this thing we call death reissued in life, and has not the very essence of it been dissolved into invisible potency wherewith the veins of life are perpetually throbbing?

It is not a dead world, it is a living world, and every living thing seems to exclaim, How are the dead raised! Indefinite reincarnation is the only explanation of this teeming world we are inhabiting today.

I am amazed at my own embodiment. Before I could stand here with this "one sermon" I am to preach, there had to eventuate millions and millions of renewals of life, reincarnations, resurrections. They lie behind me somewhere in the invisible, stretching back and back and back I know not how far.

I saw an article in a popular journal the other day, one of those snappy clever articles which constitute too much of our mental pabulum. I failed to retain it so I can only refer to it by an indistinct effort of memory, but it made the assertion that there is not a person living today who, if he traced back his ances-

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tors to the days of Queen Elizabeth, both his direct and collateral ancestors, would not find he was the representative of millions of people. Every single person is in himself an epitome of a myriad resurrections wherein the dead being raised have clothed themselves with new bodies.

It is happening all the time. I do not suppose for a moment that I am the first preacher in the line that produced me. I seem to see some ancestor, skin-clad and belonging to the Stone Age of whom I am a partial re-embodiment, with striking enough physical and mental resemblances which even the centuries have not obliterated. In our family, so far as I can learn, the effort to produce preachers has been incessant. They keep on reappearing, never in the same, but always in a different body. I feel the latest results ought to have been much more satisfactory.

How are the dead raised! With what body do they come! Of course I know what will be said of this. You will say that we are still in the realm of the physical. There has been actual contact between these ancestors of ours, the intercommunication of a material life-fluid. But in death life seems to stagger down into a cul-de-sac.

A hundred years ago very few people thought far back into the past. They supposed that the earth was only some six thousand years old but they had great faith in the eternal future.

To what a past eternity we have now surrendered. The sturdiest materialist never ceases to tell us that

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we can trace our traits and characteristics back to the prehistoric jungle. We have loaded eternity upon our heels and taken it off our wings! But one way or another it seems as if eternity is "set in our heart."

Now I do not dispute the necessary connection of the physical but it does not seem to me to endanger the validity of the spiritual. Men live again and yet again in the works of their hands. I should think the greatest man who ever lived, judged upon the material plane, was the man who first invented the wheel. Nobody will ever find out who he was; no doubt it was not one man but a number of men. Somewhere there must have been a man who first made the amazing discovery that one could do marvelous things with a sledge if one could construct a circular disc with a rod through its center. If that man could look now upon the innumerable adaptations of his thought, and see how this thing that came to him with glad surprise in those early primitive days is now the most marvelous mechanical feature in our modern be-wheeled world how amazed he would be at its ever-recurring, ever-varying re-embodiment. After all, the power that created the wheel was mind-stuff, soul-stuff. Something dwelt within that man, however primitive he may have been, that never was in any other creature less than man.

I admit that the Almighty uses material means for the re-embodiment of life, for the reincarnation of thought and of truth and of ideas. But I cannot persuade myself that all I have received from the past is

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physical. Anybody will agree that there cannot be one particle in our bodies which belonged to us, say seven years ago, and yet I think almost certainly we are repeating in our thoughts and in our characters things that were in our ancestors before the name of our nation was ever upon men's lips. I feel perfectly sure there is not a physical particle in my frame that was of my mother's body when she first held me in her arms and kissed me, and yet I know there is a lot of my mother in me! I cannot persuade myself that it is only by physical means that God works His miracle of resurrection, rejuvenation, reincarnation, call it what you will. It grows upon my soul with amazing wonder that this thing we are always asking questions about is just the thing that is beating in upon us like the waves of a limitless sea. It is not a new thing at all, it is of the very stuff and texture of life.

Man lives again and again in the contrivances that his hands fashion, but after all the best kind of influence is too subtle to be called physical. This old city in which we dwell is not inhabited alone by its present day population. They are the least important portion of the vast fraternity that gave this city its character. Late comers we are. We have just hurried in through a mysterious door that shrouded the past and in a little while we shall be passing out of another door that hides the future. We have not done much for our city yet. What have we done? Built a warehouse perhaps, done a little thing here or a little bit there.

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I have come into this pulpit for a few short days which in a generation or two will seem no more in length than the time occupied by the passing of a band in the street. I have said a few things but I have not done much. They have done it! they whom we call dead!

Mostly I have been reading the words of the dead from this old Book. Mostly I have been recapturing the thoughts of the dead. Mostly I have been telling over and over again the pathos and the adventure, the hopes and the fears of the dead, and just because I have done that with some verisimilitude, I suppose I have found some echo in the lives of the living. Take away from me the influence of those you call dead, and I am nothing but a leaf, driven by the wind.

Dead? It is the dead who live! With what body do they come? Watch the progress of truth all down the centuries. See how men have snatched up a torch and run with it a little way before they fell; see how another and yet another has carried it on still farther, how the old ideas have been again and again re-embodied. "How are the dead raised! With what body do they come!"

The higher we climb in the scale of life the more subtle, the more spiritual and the more eternal are the influences that find perpetual re-embodiment. There is nothing so immortal as truth. There is nothing so endlessly repeated as life.

The most we need admit in the presence of death is that we have lost sight of the material nexus. A

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many sided personality has subsided into silence. There seems nought left but the memory of it and some vague thing we call his influence. We suppose that will lessen as we forget him. But is it necessarily so? There is an infinity of influence in the world the origin of which has been forgotten. Not the famous but the forgotten and the unknown are the real arbiters of destiny. I repeat it is the dead who sway us much more than the living. And as for the great and famous dead, will any say they live less than when they were the tenants of the flesh? Is Shakespeare less or more than when he reached the height of his social ambition in Stratford-on-Avon?

There is another Name one almost shrinks from mentioning as a mere example in an argument—but did Christ die on Calvary or did he enter into life? Was the Incarnation a terminal point or has he not been reincarnated innumerable times in the hearts of the lowly? It is a world that is peopled and not alone by those who are in the flesh. Of course for most of us today, indeed for all of us, life is not lived on the scale of the infinite but on the scale of the finite. It is one little plot of earth that we live upon and our boundaries are not far away. We love and we lose. We have our dead and we sorrow over them. But we know how they still live, how they are raised, and with what body they come. It is not just memory; it is more than that. How many things they say to us now that they never actually said when they were with us. There are many people to whom the dead

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are more important than the living. They do not talk much about such communings because others do not see what they see and feel what they feel, but they have their own private gardens in which they walk in renewed fellowship with those who have risen from the dead, they reappear to them in bodies which are at once familiar and yet new.

These things no one can deny. The marvel is that we do not see them in perspective. But once seen we know that we ought not to be content with a timid question upon our lips but to exclaim with genuine wonder in our hearts, "How are the dead raised!" "With what body do they come!"

The pressure of reincarnation upon us is amazing. The reappearance of the dead in new bodies is the most common of all phenomena.

But we have to confess that we have lost track of the physical nexus which alone to many of us seems to guarantee survival after death. Could we but find the soul as our fathers thought must be possible even were it in the pineal gland as they supposed, or were it anywhere else, how comforted we should be.

We are so pathetically mere mechanics. We never doubt the mystery of the birth of a baby because not alone is it a fact of experience, but because we can localise a tiny drop of fluid, a microscopic ovum. Heaven knows they seem inadequate enough to account for all that follows,—growth, constant change and yet persistence of type, but we are satisfied because we are mere mechanics. And we suppose

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that even the Almighty can do nothing without mechanical appliances.

Yet we must know that everywhere there is something over and above that for which physics can account. The most thorough-going materialist has never yet accounted for his own actual thought which surely means that he has not really accounted for anything.

When you have catalogued all the impediments of life you have still to begin to explain life itself.

It is life for which death is a mere anticlimax. A rational world at least must not end in a trivial conclusion. Is it possible to deny immortality and still believe in a reasonable world? I do not mean in a law-controlled conditioned world but in a totality which has made adequate use of its materials. A world that leaves the worms rioting in high carnival and can give no account of the intellectual, moral and spiritual qualities it has so recklessly expended is, to say the least of it, vastly inferior to its own offal. It has made garbage of all that alone gave it dignity.

This ever-labouring effort to reincarnate life which throbs through every vein of the world from the amoeba upwards would have reached its gehenna of repulsiveness if it left Jesus Christ in the whole meaning of him to fatten worms! Before the significance of a possibility like that the whole universe must come to judgment at the bar of reason. Were it true, no decent man could respect the world or the fate that sent him to live in it.

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There is but one thing which forbids us to write futility over our frustrate purposes and our cut-off days; it is life so long and so expanding that Love may finally be all in all.

Through all the ascending cycles of life nature persists in raising the dead and clothing them in new bodies and at the apex of experience, stimulated by these witnesses but believing beyond the letter of their evidence, a reasonable man would say with Jesus, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living!"

Had I but one sermon to preach upon immortality I would not let it trail off into the inane question of an apprentice mechanic, "How are the dead raised?" I would close it with a ringing exclamation, "How are the dead raised! See with what new bodies they do come!"

It is the everlasting motif which in Christ becomes vibrant, personal, compelling. Its significance in him is not quantitative but qualitative. I believe in the Life Everlasting.

Sorrow the Way to Immortal Life

CARDINAL WILLIAM HENRY O'CONNELL

His Eminence, Cardinal William Henry O'Connell, was born in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 8th, 1859, receiving his A.B. at Boston College in 1881, graduating from the North American College in Rome, Italy, June 8th, 1884, being ordained a Priest in the same year in Rome.

His first public recognition was his appointment as Rector of the North American College in Rome, Nov. 21st, 1895. Two years later, June 9th, he was named domestic prelate, and appointed as Bishop of Portland, Maine, in 1901.

In January of 1905 he was named Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, and special envoy of the Pope to Japan in 1905. He was named Archbishop of Constance and coadjutor with Succession of Boston in March of 1906, succeeding to the See of Boston on the death of Archbishop Williams in August of 1907, being elevated to the Cardinalate Nov. 27th, 1911.

Cardinal O'Connell is the author of more than a dozen volumes of sermons, addresses and proclamations to his people, and is called upon in Boston to represent his great church on all public occasions.

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By HIS EMINENCE WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL,
ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Behold! this child is set to be a sign that shall be contradicted, and a sword shall pierce thine own soul."

—LUKE II: 34

IN CELEBRATING the feast of the Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady, how strange it seems that she who was destined by the Eternal Father to rise to the highest place of honor among His creatures should be also the one who, after Himself, should taste the bitterest fruits of sorrow, and drain with Him that cup even to the very dregs. How strange that she whom we honor by the great title of Mother of God, should be also styled by us Mother of Sorrows. Yet so it is. Side by side with the picture which represents Mary enthroned amid the angels of God's court, is that other piteous sight which the Church unveils for us today, the Mater Dolorosa of Calvary. She stands alone in the gathering darkness. The sun refuses to lend his light to the awful spectacle; thick clouds gather in the heavens that make a gloom horrible and appalling. An awful silence reigns, broken only by the sobbing of those beneath the Cross.

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Even the strongest bend their heads and avert their eyes from the heart-rending spectacle. Not so His Mother. Weak and broken-hearted, spent and wasted with grief she may be, but there at the foot of the Cross she stands, with face uplifted to that of her Son, that His last gaze may rest upon her; that He may see at least that she understands it all; that she is resigned to it all, and that she is the true Mother even to the end. Let us still look at her and learn from her. Her heart beats as if it would break. A well of sorrow rises to her eyes; the tears flow unheeded down her pale cheeks, but not a moan escapes her. She only repeats the words she uttered to the Angel when he announced to her her great honor at the annunciation: "Let it be done to me according to Thy will." Who can look upon that sight and remain hardened? Who can gaze upon that Mother and not weep? Who can see this sinless Virgin, this holiest of women, standing there bereft of the only love of her pure heart, of the sweet solace of her life, of the honor of her age, standing there gazing steadfastly upon the fast-closing eyes of her Son, as the death pallor spreads across His features, as the eyes grow dim and Jesus dies,—her Jesus, her God, her Son, her All.

Yet it is not simply to move us to compassion; it is not simply to make us weep that this picture of the Mother of Sorrows is held up to us today. However much we might sympathize with Mary's grief, if we stopped there our sympathy would be poor indeed. From the foot of the Cross she speaks to all the world,

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“—I am the Mother of Sorrows. Let all who mourn come to me, the chief of mourners, and let them learn that in the midst of suffering God is nearest; and that if we but keep our faith and eyes fixed upon Him, our sorrow will be but a stepping stone to eternal joy.”

Let us then contemplate this scene today with liveliest faith; and side by side with Mary at the foot of the Cross, let us try to understand seriously the place that pain, sorrow, and grief have in the make-up of our human lives.

Wherever we look in the world we behold suffering. We need no great argument to prove the truth of this statement. The history of human nature, our knowledge of the world about us, our knowledge of our own experience teaches us that this is a truth beyond any possibility of doubt.

Some there are who go upon their way rejoicing in the sunshine of life, plucking the flowers as they pass. The air for them is filled with the song of birds, and every breeze comes to them laden with fragrance. Day after day goes by repeating the same pleasant experience. We look at them and in the healthy bloom of their faces, in the joy that glistens visibly in their eyes, we read the happiness which as yet alone has been their lot. But alas! Who does not know that soon, very soon, all this must change? Some cloud will arise to cast a sudden gloom across this sunlit path. A loving relative, or still dearer friend has gone never to return; and then the roses go from the lip and cheek and the joyous light from the eyes, and life is never

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again what it was before. The bitter sting of pain has left its trace.

Some there are who from their earliest years are shut out from every human joy. Perhaps disease fastens early upon the poor victim, and year after year rolls in, each one bringing with it only another burden of pain and grief. Dire poverty may come, even in the very morning of life, to wither with its touch the simple joys of childhood. But whether it be by an occasional sting or by continuous pain that it makes its presence felt, one thing is sure, sooner or later, grief, sorrow, suffering must come to all—to the king, to the poorest peasant and beggar alike. How true, alas! is that text, with which we are all but too sadly familiar—"Man born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of many miseries."

Suffering is a reality. It is something that happens to all the world, and therefore to us. If hitherto it has not crossed our individual path it is only deferred. But the chances are that to every single soul here present sorrow has come in one form or another, and we know, we are sure, that it must come again and again even till we stand upon the edge of the grave, even until at last we lay down the weary burden of our lives, and pass to judgment. A fact faces us which we must meet and from which there is no escape. We sometimes feel impelled to cry out, Why, oh why is this? Was I born but to suffer? Did I come into the world only to weep and groan with burdens? Is life at best then a torture? Have I been created only

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to meet disappointment and poverty, or sickness and pain? or bereavement, or disgrace, or dishonor? Why am I doomed to all this? Why should life be but a place of anguish? Is God merciful who allows all this? Is he my Father who can see me thus afflicted?

Let the atheist answer. Let him explain if he can the presence of suffering. Let the philosopher answer, and explain why human life is so full of misery. They cannot. They must both shake their heads and reply that it is fate. Religion alone is ready to respond—the Christian religion—the religion of the Crucified, of the Son of the Mother of Sorrows! Pleasure, joy, prosperity are treated and discussed in the learned books of the infidel. But of the use, the benefit, the necessity of misery, wretchedness, adversity, Christianity alone is eloquent. She alone knows their origin; she alone has the secret of their mission; she alone knows that though they be called evils, by men, they are often blessings from the loving hands of a merciful God, favors from the bountiful heart of a kind Father to enrich and ennoble and elevate those who in prosperity might forget the true end of life and the fact that “here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.”

Oh, yes, the infidel can understand the suicide who, too cowardly to face misfortune, ends life with a bullet; but only the Christian can understand the heroism of the man who seeing naught before him but adversity and sorrow, still manfully refuses to turn his back upon it but meets it calmly, content to stand on his

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guard till his Master calls and his General sounds the signal for retreat.

It was Christ alone who taught the true office of pain; it is only his religion that understands the true value of suffering.

By pain and adversity, God chastens and purifies the soul. He sends us grief that He may make us think less of the world and more of Him. He sends us sorrow, to weaken the hold of sense, and strengthen the power of the Spirit. It is as necessary as the bitter medicine to the sick child, as the surgical operation to the diseased frame. As the mother who loves her child best will administer the bitter draught, or hold with her own hands the struggling arms of her son while the surgeon applies the lancet, even though all the time her own heart is tortured; so the Eternal Father Himself grieves for the necessity which compels Him to send us pain and sorrow in order to make us think of what we are, to make us realize for what we were created.

How often have we seen God's natural blessings, health, wealth, physical strength, personal beauty—things in themselves good and desirable—perverted to all manner of evil, operating to the destruction of the soul. It is too often the experience of life. In prosperity we see things in a false light, we think always of ourselves. We forget God; we run after the baubles that fortune holds out to us; we forget the real treasures which are above. But pain dispels the dream. It wakes us with its sharp pang to the reality. From

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being almost gods, as we think we are, we fall to our proper place, as miserable, dependent creatures, whose very breath and existence is the free gift of the Creator.

Yes, sorrow, grief, pain, beget humility before God, and humility is the first step to eternal salvation.

Naturally, pain, sorrow, ill-success are hard to bear while they last, but when they are gone, when the misery and grief have passed, they leave behind them the bright sunshine of God's grace and pleasure in the soul, which compensates it a thousand times for all that it has undergone. It is St. Paul's teaching: "Now all chastisement for the present indeed seemeth not to bring with it joy but sorrow; but afterwards it will yield to them that are exercised by it, the most peaceable fruit of justice."

This is the true effect of sorrow, it sets us free from earth, lifts us up to heaven and unites us even to God. Oh wonderful mystery! Oh incomprehensible economy! This is the lesson of the Crucified, this is His message from the Cross. This too is the secret of Mary's strength, that makes her so like her Divine Son. Through Cross and Passion to the Resurrection: through pain to eternal joy; through suffering to everlasting peace. Alas, for the man who does not grasp these sacred truths.

This is what our holy religion teaches: Manfully to bear the burden that is sent to us in whatever form it comes, knowing that it is meant to bring us nearer to God, and to draw us farther away from evil. What though we do not see how it is to accomplish this. We

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never know our nature as God knows it. We never shall know how many men have been saved forever by patient bearing of life's ills for God's sake. We never can know how many have been eternally lost by refusing to recognize behind the rod that chastens the loving hand of our Heavenly Father.

Some Saints there have been in God's Holy Church who realized so well the dangers of prosperity that they have prayed for sorrow and adversity. St. Ignatius prayed that his order of the Society of Jesus might always be persecuted, and St. Teresa used to cry out in the midst of her agony, "More, God, still more! Let me suffer, not die!"

We cannot hope to aspire to such perfection. If we can but school ourselves to be calm in adversity, to be patient in suffering, to bear the ills and stings of life with a noble Christian equanimity we shall have learned the Christian's lesson of the Mater Dolorosa. Our nature shudders at the sight of grief. But what we can do is to teach our poor nature to bear it all for God. To make our own the prayer of Christ in the midst of his awful Agony, "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done." We are not called upon to seek disappointment, dishonor, sickness, poverty, and want; God has raised up His Saints to give the sublime example of such heroic virtue. But we are daily called upon, and must be ever called upon, while we live here below, to meet all misfortunes, when they come to us, with Christian fortitude; not to rebel against

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the hand that sends them; not to do as Job's wife advised him, "curse God and die"; but in sickness as in health, in adversity as in prosperity, in pain as in joy to look up in the midst of our grief to God. It may be hard to bear it; we may have to look through blinding tears up to the Cross as Mary did. But the faith that is in our hearts, our confidence and hope in God will help us to stand as Mary did. Weak and sore and grieved our nature may be, but inwardly we shall find Peace; for not all the pain of illness, nor the bitter pangs of loss or bereavement can rob us of our trust in God, who chasteneth whom He loveth, "and scourgeth every son whom He received"; so that after the bitter ills of earth are at an end He may lead them into the Paradise of Eternal Joy where there is "no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Five Facts for Failing Faith

DANIEL ALFRED POLING,
D.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

Daniel Alfred Poling is better known to his host of friends all over the United States as "Dan" Poling than by his more formal name or degrees.

He was born in Portland, Oregon, Nov. 30th, 1884, and graduated from Dallas College in Oregon in 1904. Taking his A.M. in 1906, he has continued his student life in Ohio State University and Columbia.

He is known widely for his life of service in several fields. First, he is a preacher and a great one, now being pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue in New York City. Second he has been for years President of the Christian Endeavor Society of the United States and is now the editor of *The Christian Herald* of New York City, besides carrying on a great radio service for young people every Sunday afternoon in a National hook-up which reaches all over the nation.

Not content with these wide fields of service, Dr. Poling has written several books a year, including books of sermons, devotional books, two novels, and two war books, all of which have a wide reading, particularly among young people. He served

for a year as special war-work speaker under the Y. M. C. A. and was at one time Prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio.

One of the youngest ministers in the United States to have occupied so many important positions in the church world, he has time to give himself in consultation to thousands of young people through his prolific correspondence in response to his radio addresses. He is one of the younger group of ministers whom we are glad to have represented in this series on Immortality.

Five Facts for Failing Faith

By DAN POLING, NEW YORK CITY

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

—HEBREWS XI: 1

WEBSTER gives us a definition of "fact": "anything strictly true; a reality; also sometimes applied to even general and abstract truth." Our subject—"Five Facts for Failing Faith," implies that there is such a thing as faith; implies at once the fact of faith, which no man will deny; and also implies that faith may fail. Faith in God, faith in man, and faith in one's self. Faith in faith itself may fail!

A greater tragedy cannot be imagined than the failure of faith. No other failure is absolute. Men rise from business crashes to achieve even greater success than they knew before financial calamity overtook them. One plan proven faulty results in another being tried, which succeeds. Nations pass from triumph to bondage, but emerge at last from slavery to reach positions of political distinction far beyond their previous stations. Truth crushed to earth will rise again—will rise again upon the hands of faith. But when faith fails, the captain of industry surrenders; acknowledges himself beaten; retires from the field.

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When faith fails, there is no other plan. When faith fails, nations go not into temporary eclipse, but perish. When faith fails, truth, sore beset, sinks in her wounds without defenders, and the soul puts out his own eyes.

Faith is defined by Webster as a "firm conviction of the truth." Theologically, faith is the assent of the mind to the truth of what God has revealed; "a hearty reliance upon God and His promise of salvation through Jesus Christ." When faith fails here, death becomes a haunting terror, and life remains not worth the living. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" is Paul's sublime definition. "Substance of things hoped for"—an inspired paradox. Faith and substance; mind and matter; spirit and material. And a fact again and again demonstrated, we have found it to be, that without faith substance fails and the material disappears.

Does our subject also imply that the times in which we live are times of failing faith? Well, for some, I fear for many, they are. Within the week I have talked with a woman who bears high recommendations from institutions in a foreign country. Particularly competent she has been when entrusted with children. But, as the result of an accident, she no longer has the old confidence with which she once went about her profession. When she is invited, even urged, to fill the position she has been fully trained to fill, and in which she has had wide experience on two continents, she trembles from head to foot, and becomes practically helpless. At the moment she is working as a

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domestic under hard circumstances when in her own field there are many unfilled positions. Lacking faith in herself, the substance of her learning, the material of her training, avail little. And often mental, and even physical misfortunes are responsible for a spiritual collapse that leaves a once imperial life shorn of its authority. "He can, because he thinks he can"—is tremendously true.

Years ago a young attorney came to the minister of a great city parish and said, "Doctor, I have lost my faith. Can you help me? More than anything else I need it now. I have already a measure of success, and the future is full of promise, but I have lost my faith. I lost it somewhere here among the books and questions of men and universities. Doctor, I must have it, or all will be lost. Can you help me?" And again and again the story of the young attorney is being duplicated in this highly organized, hurrying, questioning day.

Young people are particularly involved. The advanced study, once entered upon by a limited number, now engages practically all youth, or influences them through popular, however superficial, magazine and periodical discussion. Sharp distinctions are made between conservative and radical thinkers in all groups of society—economic, social, political and religious. Too often, these distinctions, which actually involve only minor matters, are lifted into the prominence of major events. Young people are bewildered by the involved and acrimonious debates of their elders.

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What to mature minds may be little more than an intellectual diversion, becomes to minds less mature, cause for doubt, and sometimes the invitation to denial. Youth is naturally the age of faith. When youth becomes cynical, the event has a particularly tragic significance.

The world needs today what another has called the "unreasoning enthusiasm of youthful devotees"; needs this ardor and abandon to sweep away the suspicion and cruelty and denial of the years. Let us then, we who hold the high places of scholarship and moral authority, think not so much of ourselves and those with whom we match our theories—rather less of ourselves and of these and more of our sons and daughters.

One evening I found myself face to face with a young Ohio collegian, the president of his class, and an officer of the college Y.M.C.A. He was terribly unsettled. A distinguished leader of religious thought had challenged his sense of fair play; had, as he keenly felt, insulted his intelligence. He came to me saying, "If that man is right, then I am not a Christian." Almost he was ready to renounce his faith. The wrong attitude on my part would have completed a moral catastrophe. God gave me the intuition of his true status, and the answer for the question of his soul.

Again and again with others in a similar crisis that Ohio experience has helped me to be measurably helpful. "Whether you are a Christian or not depends upon no man but yourself; yourself, sir, yourself with Jesus Christ," I said to him. "The man may be right,

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or the man may be wrong. You should worry about him. Jesus said—*'Come, follow me. I am the way, the truth and the life,'* and as for knowing whether you are in that way or not, Paul's standard has never been surpassed. *'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against these there is no law';* with that high command of Jesus—*'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'* "

The Christian life is not a matter of definition, right or wrong; intellectual affirmation right or wrong; scriptural interpretation right or wrong. The Christian life is an experience in, with and through Jesus Christ. Give youth a reasonable chance, a sympathetic opportunity—give youth your confidence, and youth will emerge from the fog of uncertainty and superficiality, the twilight of doubt, aye, and the darkness of denial that we, youth's elders, are too often responsible for.

There was a time in my life when, had a man said to me of those principles which in my soul are now supreme, those articles of Christian faith which are now dearer to me than life itself—when, had any man said to me, *"These you must believe,"* I would have replied, *"Then I am not a Christian."* It was the Isaiah spirit of *"Let us reason together"*—it was the *"Come and see"* invitation of Jesus himself that brought me through the darkness into the marvelous light and liberty of sonship.

This, then, is the background for the message of the

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hour, and for all who find faith failing there are five restoring facts.

First, the fact of man. Whatever man is, he is. The temptation is strong to exalt him; to see him through the eyes of a worshiper; to see him at his best—the conqueror of continents, the master of the ocean and of pestilence, shaper of racial destinies—to see man struggling and overcoming. But it is not this view of man that strengthens my faith particularly. It is rather man the hopelessly inadequate; man the fallen creature of the Godlike race. One of the first discoveries made by the infant is the discovery of human limitations. Your baby is forever reaching for something just beyond him and howling at the top of his lungs with chagrin and disappointment over his failure.

There are many pictures of man—in some he rides at the head of victorious armies, or stands upon frontiers of physical and scientific discovery. In others he riots with the strength of youth, plays with love and beauty, courts the muses, lolls upon couches of voluptuous ease. There are pictures of sin, and there are pictures of sacrifice, truth, error, shame and glory but the picture truer than any other is this picture of his babyhood, where his arms are too short to bring him to his heart's desire. There are times, sir, when this fact of man's inadequacy drives one nearly mad. Your dearest treasure lies with breath half throttled in his throat and turns appealing eyes upon your burning, anguished face; or your son comes with the fresh

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terror of some disgrace to plead for relief from the shame; or debt closes slowly in upon you, grinds away your freshness, leaves you flimsy and threadbare like the old coat on the broken man; or disease strikes you down and you feel its remorseless, wasting progress.

I stood one afternoon in the spring of 1913, and watched the rising waters of the Scioto river eat through the embankments that keep it from the homes of West Columbus. I saw steel rails snap like pencils of slate, and a bulwark thrown up to last a century, falter and disappear like sand. Then houses crumpled like cardboard, and spread out like thick cream upon the waters, and men and women and children bobbed about in the maelstrom like fisherman's corks—men could not save them. And yet, sir, the final checking up after that experience, revealed a rising tide of faith. As the river subsided and returned to its course; as the people buried their dead, and sought for their silt-covered property lines, they turned their eyes outward and upward, and their voices lifted again the cry—"My help cometh from Thee," "Our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth." Always in such times of man's inadequacy, faith strengthens.

Faith strengthens in such a time because of the tremendous fact that companions man's inadequacy—the *fact of God*—God who is adequate. A sister church in America has been discussing a rather unusual question—"What is God?" Such a study cannot be without great profit. And when all other qualities and at-

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tributes of God have been considered, the adequacy of God might well be selected as all-inclusive—omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent—adequate; adequate for man the inadequate. Adequate for us all in all things.

We reach out to take possession of life's dearest prize and find ourselves still with the shortened arms of childhood. We stand by and watch the floods of adversity sweep over the things of our heart's desire. We feel the creeping palsy of the years, the withering blight of adversity. In our extremity, we cry—"Whither shall we flee?" and in our extremity lies God's opportunity, and He answers, "My grace, my grace is sufficient for you. Come unto me." He knows, and knowing understands. He is present and ready to help. He is able and places Himself at our disposal. Our God is sufficient.

"Yes, ah, yes," I hear you say, "but God is your assumption, not necessarily a fact." Not necessarily a fact? Let us see. Above the great concourse of the Grand Central Station is a tiny engine and several obsolete coaches, forerunners of our twentieth century giant Moguls of the rails. What does that tiny engine prove? Many things, to be sure, but chiefly this—the fact of an engine maker; the fact of an engine maker who knew the genius of his creation, who was its master, who was its creator, who was sufficient.

The most sublime fact of human life is the fact of personality; the fact of you. *You*, not your eyes and hands and voice, but *you*. That which we miss when

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you are gone—gone though for a little while we still may touch your hands and caress your face. Reason leads me to God. Behind every visible manifestation is cause, and at the beginning is First Cause. First Cause would satisfy me were I dealing alone with continents and oceans, stars and planets; aye, and bleating flocks and the winged creatures of the air. But you baffle me until reason rises to another level and I see "*in the beginning God*," God who is the greater. God who is the Creator, to be sure, but God who must be Personality; Personality omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

These are facts for failing faith. The fact of man—man the inadequate; and God—the fact of God,—the adequate.

A third fact for failing faith is the fact of Death—the universal fact of death. Death which Horace declared is "the ultimate boundary of human matters," death which comes equally to us all and which makes us all equal when it comes.

The Prince who kept the world in awe,
The Judge whose dictate fixed the law;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
All levelled; death confounds them all.

There is no arguing against the fact of death—for, as Bryant says in "*Thanatopsis*,"

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,

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Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep . . .

And now on Long Island the man who wrote exquisite
lines sleeps with the millions of death's solitude.

But what is Death? One has written:

'Tis slumber to the weary;
'Tis rest to the forlorn;
'Tis shelter to the dreary;
'Tis peace amid the storm;
'Tis the entrance to our home,
'Tis the passage to that God
Who bids His children come
When this weary course is trod.

Such is death—Yes, such is death.

But no poetic passage can remove the natural antipathy that the normal man has for death. It is quite unnatural to welcome death. The philosophy that cultivates such an attitude in men and women is neither human nor Christian. God created man to live and not to die, and God's will for us all is that we should live well and long—as long as we can and as well as we can by His grace. But with so personal and so appalling a fact as death; appalling, I mean, by mere human and natural conception—with so appalling a fact as death, so constantly crowding up to us

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—what is there in this fact that strengthens failing faith? What is there in this fact, I say—"The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave, the deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm." What is there in this fact that strengthens faith?

The first instinct of a human being under attack is to defend himself. He looks for a weapon, or a means of protection. Eventually he plans a campaign of defense. Man regards death as his greatest natural enemy, and fights against him with every resource of his mind and will. And yet after all the æons of time that have elapsed since God set the forces of life in motion, man has discovered only one way to conquer death—only one way—not by the waters of a magic spring; not by the curative powers of a mysterious drug; not at last by the husbanding of strength, the conserving of physical resources; but *by loving beyond it*. *By loving beyond death* we conquer death. Because man instinctively loves beyond death, irresistibly loves beyond death, death strengthens faith.

Let the stark and naked arms lift a darling baby from its cradle and weeping eyes lift then to the un-failing hills whence cometh their strength. Strike down the strong man in his prime and his friends find their consolation in "I am the resurrection and the life." Invade the sacred precincts of a home; break up with unexpected blow the happy family; leave tears for laughter there, and above the weeping you will hear the song of rapture.

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Glad I am to know the crossing,
In the sullen tide between ;
Hither banks that fade and tarnish
And the fields of living green.

Tear a brother from the side of a self-styled infidel and the infidel will turn from blatant denial to cry—
“But in the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.” Faith baffled becomes faith strengthened. It is in death, in the stern, cold, unrelenting fact of it that I have seen the fires of hope rekindled and felt again the immortal flame that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Death strengthens faith because instinctively, irresistibly, omnipotently, we love beyond it.

My most convincing human reason for belief in immortality is personality. Personality already referred to, but joined now to life's fulfillment. Nothing is ever annihilated. No form of life ever dies without some form of resurrection. The oak has its acorn and for every sunset there is a sunrise. Forms may change but life itself moves with a tide as irresistible as the recurring seasons. My reason tells me to apply the principle in all of this to personality. Personality may change its residence and lay aside the flesh that clothed it, but never is destroyed.

And for me the immortality of personality involves future recognition, recognition beyond that which we call death. Accepting personality as I do, future recognition is inevitable, for recognition is a fundamental part and quality of personality. Personality is you.

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Recognition distinguishes you from me and each of us from all others. Yes, my convincing human reason is personality and with it goes future recognition. Logically, personality, in whatever form or manner, must survive and with personality must go recognition.

Yes, death, the fact of death strengthens faith. With the fact of death walks, hand in hand, the fact of life. Twin sisters dark and fair they move together in the souls of men.

Without opportunity for a doubt, life is a fact. "What Life Is" has been the subject for many a wise debate and learned dissertation, and will continue thus to serve so long as life itself shall survive. But the fact of life is at the very beginning of wisdom. Why then do men question—"What Is Life"? Why? Because no man has yet satisfactorily answered the question. Because no man has ever explained life. Because no man knows what life is. Reason has yet to solve life's riddle. Science has yet to explain life's reason. Not until you are able to reduce God to the component parts of a laboratory demonstration will this problem be completed. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that life which we cannot explain, but which unmistakably is, we must accept by faith. Inevitably life, until you deliberately, finally deny it—until you destroy it, strengthens faith. What a theme!

And what is it about life particularly that strengthens faith? The beauty of it? Verdant, flowered, well-watered, singing nature; green in the springtime,

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radiant in summer, flaming in autumn, and frozen in winter. But no beauty of nature is permanent. Indeed no attribute of life save one is permanent. Beauty, strength, joy, ambition—all pass and passing leave behind their disappointment, their disillusionment, their question—What is life? But one attribute of life does not change; does not pass; does not fail—life's resurrection—life's rebirth. From acorn to tree, and back again and on forever, with God forever at the beginning, is the way of the world! I have said that reason has yet to solve life's riddle, but, sir, it is the logic of events that leads even a savage to chant songs of immortality. The desert blossoms and dies to flower again with another springtime. The humble worm sleeps through a season and then awakes in colors that match the rainbow—am I not more than these! The fact of life strengthens faith. Life which is forever renewing itself. Life which we have now and which is but as an infant's span to that glorious immortality our faith lays confident hold upon.

The fact of man; the fact of God; the fact of death; the fact of life—five facts for failing faith. Failing faith! What is this fifth fact that strengthens failing faith? Why, faith! Faith strengthens failing faith; faith that struggles with itself, but struggling grows. Faith that staggers like a drunken man, but staggering staggers on. Faith that doubts. Faith that questions. Faith that cries in mighty travail, sweating drops of blood: "I believe, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Faith is an instinct, but it is also an exercise. Its

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origin is divine, but even divinity must serve to survive. Do you say, "But I cannot believe." You may say it, and you may believe it, but you are mistaken. Reverse the order! Shift from negative to positive. Rise in the morning declaring your faith and not your doubt; praying Paul's omnipotent prayer; shouting to all the winds that blow "I believe!" If you do, I pledge you my word, I give you the word of God, you will find faith mightier than denial.

Man, God, Death, Life, Faith—these five! And the five are one! They issue in life conquering death and in man forever hid with Christ in God.

The Death of Death

MERTON STACHER RICE,
D.D., LL.D.

"Mert" Rice, or "Mike" Rice, as he is called in Detroit by most people, is the pastor of the largest white Methodist Church in America with a membership of over four thousand and perhaps the most perfect combination of the beautiful and the practical in church architecture ever erected in Detroit.

He was born in Ottawa, Kansas, September 5th, 1872, and graduated from Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas in 1893. He was ordained a Methodist minister in 1894 and served in several small Kansas towns before going to Duluth, Minn., in 1904 where he remained until 1913 when he was called to the North Woodward Methodist Episcopal Church. He began his ministry here but the church burned down and he continued his pastorate in an old Tabernacle for many years, when his devotion and willingness to serve in this ramshackle old church was rewarded with one of the most beautiful church edifices in America, costing over a million and a half dollars.

In addition to being a great preacher Dr. Rice has written several books in recent years which are num-

bered among best sellers in religious books. They are *Dust and Destiny*, *The Expected Church*, *The Advantage of a Handicap*, and a biography of William Alfred Quayle, whom he knew from boyhood, perhaps more intimately than any other human being. His book is called *William Alfred Quayle—The Skylark of Methodism*. Dr. Rice has been considered as the most outstanding material for the Bishopric of the Methodist Church for several years but has each time refused this election saying that he would rather remain in the pastorate than to be an executive officer in his church.

The Death of Death

By MERTON S. RICE, PASTOR METROPOLITAN METHODIST
CHURCH, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death:
because it was not possible that he should be holden of it."

—ACTS II: 24

THIS very striking verse, selected for my text now, is a part of the reported sermon of Peter. His preaching was powerful. The immediate results were overwhelming. He had a rugged challenge in the way he said things that made always of his contention an immediate appeal. The root reason doubtless being, that his preparation for such preaching was founded in convincing experience. He had swept about every note on the gamut of experience. He was preaching upon the import of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord, to those who had in themselves a measure of relationship to the death, that would justify him accusing them. It was so soon after the supreme tragedy, that we cannot bring our minds to imagine, how folks would even tolerate such criticism for what they had done, had it not been known to be true that a resurrection of the one they had crucified had taken place.

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How can we account for this bold preacher? He is the man who but a very few days before was fearful of being classed as even an acquaintance of this Christ. This is the slinking fellow of the darkness, who even by the taunting finger of a servant girl, pointing him out as he stood with some others warming his cold hands at a little fire, grew so cowardly as to deny, and deny, and in mad fear to deny again his Lord. But here now in daring defiance of criticism, he is challenging to serious blame, a multitude.

Hear this bold preaching. "Ye men of Israel, hear these words [of mine]: Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know: him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain: whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that he should be holden of it. . . . This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses. . . . Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

Thus preached the now emboldened man. The coward of yesterday, the daring challenger of today. The denier of yesterday, the very earnest preacher of today. What could have produced such a complete change in his conduct! Something must be found that will offer a reasonable explanation of this reversal. It

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cannot be some mere mental shifting. It is not to be accounted for by some change in theology. A whole life has been redirected.

I hail you, and greet you, my Christian friends in the faith we hold, that I am sure is the only plausible answer to the transformation of the Apostle Peter. The resurrection of Him whom they crucified will alone explain it.

I sometimes think we have become so accustomed to the conduct of our now well-settled faith, that we do not in slightest measure comprehend how essential to the Christ we know of the Gospels, is the tremendous meaning of the facts that come pouring forth from the enshrouding darkness which settled like a pall over Calvary that awful dying day. If you take away from what we hold of the life of our Lord, the fact of the resurrection, then are we left with nothing at all about this Lord of ours today, other than ordinary biography written with some chapters in somewhat involved mystery. But where is the life that can be written with every stroke of mystery erased?

We of this Christian era, however, stand possessed of a Christ who did not fade from the world in the enveloping gloom of Calvary. There must be brought forth some explanation of the Christ today. Ordinarily the burial of a character is a biographical close of his career. Either the Christ of history is a creation of the wildest imagination mankind ever knew, or else he did break through the bonds of death as the Bible declares, and establish in the convictions of those who

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by his death had been utterly broken and scattered, the new confidence greater than any they had ever had before they had seen him die. This great Christ of ours has made for himself too great a place in the world, from Bethlehem until now, to allow a borrowed grave to be the closing incident in his career.

Recognizing such a fact as that has of course been the prompting reason for all those who have endeavored to deny the resurrection, to refuse the Gospel story, and in its place to build them a new sort of a Christ to whom no resurrection would be an essential. The resurrection, like Phidias' name on the shield of Minerva, has been so completely interwoven into the whole story of Jesus, that you cannot take it out without destroying the whole structure. Unless Jesus Christ in his own dying actually slew death on its own ground, his death brings to a close a misspent life, and writes its finish in terms of its own inability to accomplish that toward which his whole career naturally tended, and in exploitation of which his history ever since has been triumphantly declared.

I was much interested in the thesis and treatment of a sermon preached and published by Dr. Morrison, of the *Christian Century*, which he titled, "Easter, Inevitable." It is a contention for the presumptive evidence of the great event. "He was born a man at Bethlehem. He was born the son of Man on Easter Day." It is the recognition of the place among us of what the great fact has come now to be, "made manifest of the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who

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hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." The very confirmation of the claim of the resurrection of Jesus, is Jesus himself, as we know him in the gospel record, and as he has made his conquering way on into a whole world's attention and life. "It was not possible that he should be holden of death." What words these! saturated indeed with meaning that even yet awaits their fulfilling evidence, for this Christ came forth then, and is alive now with the death of death, carrying dead death in his triumphant hands. Bringing death a trophy in his resurrected return. There was never a moment of uncertainty in his divine soul as he saw the Cross appear before him. Though to us it may even yet present conditions we cannot fathom, yet to him there was never a hesitant moment. "I lay down my life. . . . I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." Thus he speaks in the very midst of whatever we dare call the gloom of Calvary surely meant to him.

It was beyond, and through, and out of all such struggling experience as came to the troubled disciples from such an unexplainable event, that Peter knelt before the death-triumphant Lord while across his tumultuous soul surged the trying memories of his own personal failures in the crucial hours. There was born the preacher of the irresistible Christ, which must be the conviction henceforth of everyone who dares proclaim this Gospel. Always and everywhere henceforth this Christ is the inevitable Lord. Having loosed the

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pangs of death, he comes now bringing death in his pierced hands. He comes the hero of the grave. He comes the slayer of death, King of Kings, Lord of Lords. Dead, but alive forevermore. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? We have grown bold to shout our challenge before this death-bound world. Thanks, thanks, thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. The death of death! The death of death! We raise our monument to death, buried forever behind the daylight of our risen Lord. We would build a monument of death, out of the symbolisms of life. We would brush back all the mantle of darkness that has been heretofore draped about the thought of the grave, and there instead, the immortal light of the Kingdom where the sun never goes down. We would remove all the broken columns, and quenched torches, and sealed urns, and weeping willows, that have crowded their sad and defeated symbolism into our graveyards, and in their places we would erect our new symbols of victory. Instead of broken columns, we would set erect and perfect pillars in the temple of our eternal home. The quenched torches we would kindle with a fadeless flame. The sealed urns we would open with the deathless fragrance of life forevermore. The weeping willows we would replace with the glad trees of life that grow on either side of the stream that flows out from His eternal throne. And life forevermore shall become our anthem to displace the sobbing strains of the sad miserere.

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There used to be a strangely powerful idea that grew more and more as the career of Napoleon spread its flaming way across all Europe. His soldiers, with an ever increasing loyalty to him, and in a sense of complete confidence, came to believe he was resistless. They carried that belief, as a contagious feeling, with them into battle. There went swelling along the long lines of the troops a strange thrill whenever the great general rode forth on his famous white horse. They called him, "The Ten Thousand." They did believe he was irresistible.

That tradition went down one most defeat-ridden day, and the final chapter of such an ill-founded human measure was written in a dark dreary story of a restless, comfortless prisoner. Yonder on a lonely island prison shore, alone, alone, alone walked the restless form of the dethroned hero. Through long, weary days he walked the lonesome shores with his impotent hands clasped behind his back. At times in the sudden grip of memory, he would call out orders to his troops marshaled by his memory alone, only to be answered by the measured tread of the watchful guard. And he died, alone in a storm. Today his impressive tomb, holding the great sarcophagus in which his body lies, affords an ever attractive center of interest in Paris, back to whose confines they brought him long after death had won over him that common victory from which no mortality can escape.

That which was only a shattered tradition about Napoleon, has become a veritable fact in Jesus Christ.

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The Captain of our Salvation rode forth to conquer, and rides now a conqueror. Death sealed Napoleon. Death was the sure plan the enemies of Christ selected as the riddance of him. If we can but kill him, said they. If we can but see him dead. Death is the end of folks. That has always been the closing note of life as we know it. I have just finished reading one of the most famous of all the recent biographies, and it ends abruptly at his bed with this, "The members of his family with handkerchiefs held to their eyes, went sobbing out of the room." That is the way we conclude human biographies.

They killed him. They tauntingly killed him. They killed him in mockery. They degraded him in death. They made roughly sure he was dead, by the thrust of a great tearing spear into his side.

He is dead! That is the end of the ordinary. No matter how very extraordinary any of these ordinary mortals may have become, death strikes them dead. There lies the great Elizabeth, the proudest and perhaps the greatest of the queens. Canon Farrar tells us in one of his chapters about Westminster, that one day a ragged, dirty, little urchin from the streets crawled with boy curiosity, down along the side of her tomb that had fallen into disrepair, and reached in his dirty little hand and laid it on the dead breast of the long departed proud queen. That is what death does for the mighty. They killed Jesus. They buried him. They sealed his grave. Then they went with deter-

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mined satisfaction back to their ways. He is dead! That is the end of that.

The whole history of the Christian Church, however, is the comment on their plans. They reckoned without their reasons. They had not calculated on the loosening of the bonds of death. Crucify Him! What of it, O Cross! We call back now into the face of that infuriated mob that lifted him on that trembling hill. We shout now our defiance to those who were sure they had that day closed that story. The story of Jesus Christ does not close at a grave. Death cannot be the final chapter in the life of our Lord. Life must be the final chapter in life, and it is a continuous chapter. Had death but had hands strong enough to hold him, it would have long ere this hour have held him, in all the deadness that death can mean.

Julian, the old apostate of Rome, in the mockery of his bitter hating unbelief had a coffin made for the Nazarene. But they never put him in it. And when the trembling old hater came up to die, fear-struck and defeated utterly, he cried as terror seized his soul, "Thou hast conquered; oh Galilean!" Everything the ingenuity of Hell itself has been able to devise, has been done across the centuries to fasten a death grip on this living Christ of ours. Through it all he lives and grows in his influence and power.

Christianity as it lives today throughout the world, and as it moves steadily onward to its God-determined triumph, is not a mere abstract thing comprehended in a few formulas of belief, and framed in a lovely col-

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lection of theoretical ideals. Christianity is an omnipotent personality. Christianity is Christ, the living, inevitable Christ. Death could not hold him. He is death's conqueror.

There is irresistible power in that defiant fact today. It is felt, too, in a whole world's life. It has pushed back prejudice and hatred. It has commanded attention. It has transformed the symbol of shame, which was chosen as the crushing instrument of his death, and made of it the whole world's most impressive and universal symbol of service. It has made vile men clean. It has transformed weak men into giants. It has brought light into the world's darkness. It has sent hope singing its glad way into every discouragement. It has set a quenchless torch beside every grave, and poured divine balm upon every sorrow. It has turned triumph into a whole world's song, and wreathed every shadow with a promise, and struck death dead.

My heart is glad in my faith. I stand at the empty grave of my resurrected Lord and preach our deathless Saviour. What a welcome word for such a world as we know this world to be! Not a hidden cottage where death will not come. Not a humble tribe in the densest forest of darkest life, but death has found. Not a great mortal on the topmost crest of the highest-hung wave of civilization who can escape death there. There stands death! You, and you, and you, are stared at by it. Who can break this tyrant? Who can bring us hope? Who can set a song of victory in

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the human heart? Is there any voice that can be raised in all this deluge of death?

It is to answer that human plea the Christ of Easter has come. He died to answer it. He arose from the dead to answer it. He is alive forevermore to answer it.

Our faith is not troubled today. Some day, that which he himself wrought out in his own tomb, shall run triumphantly into every tomb everywhere. The omnipotent shoulder will lift every barred gate from the long-holden hinges, and the broken bonds of death will be shattered at the triumphant feet of immortality, and we from whom the hold of death shall have likewise been shaken, will unite our eternally thankful songs to acclaim him, The Almighty! King of Kings! Lord of Lords! All in All! Blessed Forever! Jesus Christ, the Lord of Life, alive forevermore!

The Things of Time and Eternity

LEYTON RICHARDS, M.A.

Leyton Richards was born March 12th in Sheffield, England. He received his early education in Sheffield, England, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in Glasgow University, and Mansfield College, Oxford.

Dr. Richards preached during his college days in Richmond, Maine, and after leaving college has been minister of the Peterhead Congregational Church in Aberdeenshire; College Street Independent Church, Melbourne, Australia; Bowdon Downs Congregational Church, Manchester; temporarily the minister of The Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Pembroke Chapel in Liverpool. During the war he was the Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in London.

Dr. Richards is familiar with the United States of America, having spent several summers here speaking

in various parts of the nation. Since being called to the famous pulpit at Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham, he has especially attracted the attention of the church in America.

The Things of Time and Eternity

By LEYTON RICHARDS, PASTOR CARR'S LANE CHURCH,
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

"Our light affliction which is for the moment worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

—II COR. IV: 17, 18

THIS affirmation by the Apostle Paul seems to justify a reproach often levelled against Christianity; which is that it is so concerned with a world to come that it is heedless concerning the needs and problems of the world that now is; or it is so intent on Eternity that Time is of no account. The reproach appears to be warranted to a still further degree if we give the Greek of the text its full value, which does not appear in any of our recognised versions of the New Testament; for the promise is not (as usually understood) that bodily affliction in every case issues in spiritual blessing but that it does so only for those who have a consciousness of eternal values. From this point of view the text may be paraphrased thus: "The passing afflictions of earth yield a glorious compensation in the world to come for those, but only for those, whose chief concern is not for the things of Time but for the

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things of Eternity.” As such the text seems to identify Christianity with what has been contemptuously called “Otherworldliness.”

In recoil from this reproach therefore, modern Christians and Churchmen have been desperately anxious to prove that the world-to-be is of quite secondary importance; what matters, in other words, is not a heaven beyond the grave but heaven on earth; and so the prime interest of modern religion is not the “many mansions of God” but houses for the millions; not the blessedness of Eternity for immortal souls but happiness amid the things of Time! Yet with all the modern emphasis on “things seen and temporal,” and with all our concern for the well being of men’s bodies, we are all conscious that “the times are out of joint”; for there is some fundamental distemper in the world’s condition in the presence of which economists and politicians and social reformers and even violent revolutionaries are as helpless as the churches are alleged to be.

It is of course obvious that if this brief “three score years and ten” is the only life there is, then our first and only task, as was seen ages ago, is to make it as comfortable as possible; and the only common sense is expressed in the familiar motto “Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.” But if this life in Time is but a preliminary for a larger life in Eternity, then it may well be that we have all lost our bearings by surrendering too lightly our interest in “otherworldliness.” There is certainly no doubt that a con-

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cern for the hereafter is a prominent, if not the dominant, interest of the New Testament writings. For instance Jesus urged his followers to live a Christian life for the sake of "their reward in Heaven"; his frequent references to "eternal life" as the goal of existence point to the same direction; so also do his parables of judgment with their promise of heavenly bliss for the righteous. Consequently it is in full harmony with this emphasis on Eternity when Paul declares that "affliction" is of spiritual value for those whose gaze is fixed on something other than the world of time and sense. In a sentence, take "otherworldliness" out of the Christian gospel and it forthwith ceases to be the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Then what is the explanation of this frank appeal to the fact of Christian immortality, with its emphasis upon the life beyond? We shall find an answer if we consider in the light of this "otherworldliness" first certain problems of our personal life, and secondly some problems of the social order.

I

THE PROBLEMS OF OUR PERSONAL LIFE

The problems which arise in this connection are those which come from contact with our Christian faith, and it is only to these that attention is directed. The problems are seen when sorrow or struggle or suffering is viewed in the light of the Divine Providence affirmed by Jesus Christ; indeed apart from this

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faith in Providence there is no problem to consider, for it is only the seeming contradiction between the hardships of earth and the Love of God which constitutes a problem to be solved. Or to put it otherwise, if the universe were governed by an almighty devil the things which now distress our minds might still afflict us, but they could not raise the disturbing questions which emerge when affliction is brought into contact with our Christian faith in a divine beneficence. So it is that Christian people are perplexed whenever joy is shadowed by loss; or life overwhelmed by death; everywhere about us is the "still sad music of humanity"; and in the presence of experiences like this a Heavenly Father's providence often seems a mere fiction of the theologians. We see this when we turn to the practical activities of our Christian life; the Way of Christ often seems so futile and ineffective, a mere case of "much ado about nothing." For instance, let a man follow the way of Christian love when all the world is given to violence or hatred, and as a reward he will be brushed angrily aside! Or let him take the way of service when the world is governed by selfishness, and his reward will be to be deemed a fool and ignored! That is, Christian effort in the world as it is seems doomed to failure and futility.

It is admittedly difficult to escape such a conclusion if our experience is viewed within the limits of this world's life, where the Sin of Man thwarts and qualifies the Will of God. But if, as our Christian faith affirms, there is another world where the Will of God

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is triumphant, and where the supreme reward of His children is to share His Life and to be in fellowship with Him and His saints, then we can regard the sorrows, the sufferings, and the defeated efforts of earthly life not as divine inflictions but as defects and handicaps imposed on a world where Man is free by his sin to defy the Divine Purpose; and yet since the Christian life is immortal, therefore to persist in the Christian way despite the handicaps of earth is to prepare the soul for an eternal glory which will far outweigh the brief tribulations of Time.

The modern mind with its concern for material values is repelled by this appeal to the future life; also it has to be admitted that such an appeal has often been stretched further than faith requires, and has been made the pretext for an unchristian acquiescence in things-as-they-are. But because "otherworldliness" has been abused that is no reason for discarding it; for the only thinkable alternative to the compensations of a future life is blank despair, the pessimism which denies the Providence of God and leaves Mankind helpless and hopeless in the grip of earthly circumstance. If therefore we would preserve our faith in God as we face the problems of our personal life, we must focus the emphasis of our being "not upon things that are seen but upon things that are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The need for a Christian emphasis on Eternity is fairly obvious when we consider the things of our

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personal life; for earthly life is short—a mere three score years and ten—and we consequently need another life to complete it, and to fulfil its meaning and purpose. But this is not the case when we turn to the things of our social life; for society lives on after the individual dies, and therefore among human concerns the ordering of society seems least of all to demand care for a world beyond the grave. Yet even here things go wrong unless our chief concern is not for the things of Time, but for the things of Eternity. Let us then consider further from the standpoint of Christian “otherworldliness”:

II

THE PROBLEMS OF THE SOCIAL ORDER

It seems axiomatic that economic justice, social good, and political ideals are the business of THIS world and not of the next; for they arise out of, and are directly concerned with, “things seen and temporal”; they concern matters of wealth and wages and capital, the organisation of the state, of industry, of labour, questions of production, distribution, consumption, and other aspects of our material activities. But the Christian view is that life HERE is a preparation, or an education, for life HEREAFTER; on any other terms indeed it is difficult to find a rational significance in earthly existence. It therefore follows from this that the way in which we order our economic and social and political relationships is of vital importance,

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not only for the world that-now-is, but also for that-which-is-to-be. It is very much like the education of children. Schooldays are entirely without meaning apart from a subsequent manhood or womanhood, and it is the requirements of adult life which determine every academic curriculum. It is the same in regard to that "eternal life" whose characteristic is a conscious fellowship with God, begun in Time and continued in Eternity. On any sane view of human destiny that Life is the thing of supreme importance; but our place or condition in that Life is of necessity determined by the way we react to THIS Life of Time and Sense; or, in other terms, our personal well being in Heaven turns upon, and is conditioned by, our social behaviour on Earth. For instance, if we are selfish HERE, how can we expect to be selfless THERE? If for us the Will of God in Jesus Christ is secondary amid the social relationships of earth, how can it ever be primary amid the spiritual relationships of Heaven? Or if here and now we fail to "love our brother whom we have seen, how shall we ever love God whom we have not seen?"

A true Christian "otherworldiness" therefore, so far from inducing indifference to earthly things, actually enhances the value of right social relationships on earth, just because such relationships find their fulfilment in the social life of heaven; and this intimate association between the social and the spiritual, the temporal and the eternal, is of the essence of a Christian approach to the problems of the social order.

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Consequently if we would solve these problems we must first of all learn to fix our gaze "not on things seen and temporal, but on things not seen and eternal."

The value and necessity of this "otherworldliness" is seen when we consider the fact of trying to maintain human society without any lively sense of God, or any serious concern for the life to come. Look at Western civilisation as we know it today, where Christianity over large areas has lost its hold as a conscious sanction for social relationships; and however we explain it, social ethics with its eye on the things of Earth is proving no substitute for religion with its eye on the glories of Heaven. The dominant motive, for instance, in the economic world, whether we think of it in terms of capital or of labour, is not "treasure in Heaven," but what Mr. R. H. Tawney (in his *Acquisitive Society*) has called the "incentive of private gain." But note the result;—when "gain" is not in view service is withheld, men are unemployed, the world's resources are idle. Or it may be that the "incentives" clash, and then we get industrial disputes, social disturbance, and in the last issue international war. Is it a mere accident that a society which dismisses with contempt the idea of a "Hell" in the world to come should by its own irreligion produce for multitudes a veritable hell in this world of Time and Sense? Then what is the remedy? And the answer is in the Apostle's injunction that we should "look not upon things temporal but upon things eternal." So then, as with our personal problems, so with our social

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problems; earthly life must be regarded as a preparation for that fellowship with God which is the prime purpose of our being, and which is begun **HERE** and perfected **HEREAFTER**.

But that involves the application of a new motive to the problems of the social order; thus the modern insistence on a social gospel means generally that the function of Christianity is to create a better social order; and in such a view the test of religion is this: Can it, or does it, solve our social problems? Can it abolish slums, get rid of war, bring order out of chaos, mitigate the extremes of wealth and poverty? In a word, can it make Earth into Heaven? If not, the modern mind is inclined to dismiss religion as just so much useless lumber. But to expect religion to serve the social order is to put the cart before the horse; for if Man's fellowship with God is the supreme purpose of existence, then even the social order exists *for the sake of religion*, and not vice versa. That is, the final value of any social system is to be judged by this criterion—does it lead men to God as seen in Jesus Christ? Is it designed to make men fit for the fellowship of Heaven?

It is there that we find the Christian motive for social betterment. It is not merely a desire for economic justice, for we do not know what justice is apart from the Will of God; it is not even pity or sympathy for the poor, the oppressed, or the dispossessed; for such motives may lead us sadly astray, as anyone can testify who has experience of public charity. The Christian

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impulse is nothing less than a passionate desire to give a foretaste of "Heaven" to all the sons of men in this world of Time, and so equip them for the relationships of a world that is timeless and spiritual. It is this desire which involves a reordering of the world's life after the pattern of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Christian therefore will seek social justice not merely to bring equity or happiness into human life, but because in no other way can men be free to establish that fellowship—of Man with His Maker, and of Man with his Brother—by which alone the purpose of life is fulfilled. We want to abolish slums not merely because they are a blot upon modern civilisation, but because a slum—or for that matter a suburb—is a standing obstacle to our fellowship with God; so also we seek peace between the nations not merely because war is horrible and cruel and wasteful, but because the operations of war are always a denial of fellowship with God and with our Brother Man; the so-called "glory" of the battlefield is always a contradiction of the "Glory of God" in Jesus Christ. The same principle applies in every realm; that is, the aim of the Christian is not first of all to make men happy or comfortable or respectable or safe, but always to link Man's life to God's; for only on such conditions can the souls of men be trained adequately and fully for the life of Eternity and for that immortality which is the destiny of the Christian soul.

"We have here no continuing city," says the Scripture, "but we seek for one to come." It is that fact

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of universal experience which sooner or later compels us to take account of "the things which are not seen and eternal." And that is why the viewpoint of Jesus is so true to the facts of life; for he saw all things—the world, the men and women in it, their activities and experiences—he saw them all in their relation to the Life of God, and therefore against the background of Eternity.

The Possibility of Personal Immortality

ELWOOD ANTHONY ROW-
SEY D.D.

Elwood Anthony Rowsey was born at Buena Vista, Va., August 5th, 1898, and took his A. B. at Ashland, Ohio, in 1921. He did special work in Philosophy of Religion at Toledo University and received his D.D. from Oskaloosa College, Iowa, in 1924 and his B. Th. from Auburn Theological Seminary in 1928.

He was Associate General Secretary of the Ohio Christian Endeavor Union in 1920-21, and has been pastor of the First Westminster Presbyterian Church at Toledo, Ohio, since 1922. J. M. Ramsey, editor of *The Expositor*, characterized Dr. Rowsey as "Pastor of a metropolitan church, Chautauqua, Convention, Commencement speaker, world traveler, magazine writer, author of dramatic book sermons, and above all a precious friend of fellow workers."

James Schermerhorn says of him:
"Dr. Elwood Rowsey combines
southern fire vividly with northern
force, and he relates his messages to
life problems."

The Possibility of Personal Immortality

By ELWOOD ROWSEY, PASTOR, FIRST WESTMINSTER
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TOLEDO, OHIO

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

—JOB XIV: 14

OUR view of immortality rests upon our general view of the universe, and our conception of the character and purpose of God. No section of doctrine requires more rethinking. Much in our traditional view is pre-Christian, Jewish and Apocalyptic.

I received a letter recently from a very brilliant professor in one of our graduate schools of theology, and he closed his reference to immortality with this sentence: "It is not being written about in our Religious Periodicals very much at present;—I wonder why?"

I do not attempt to answer that question, but I am convinced that many people who formerly parroted the traditional belief of the elders, are giving serious though silent consideration to this subject.

Many times men and women hesitate to speak of some of the most real experiences of their lives. An outstanding illustration is the muteness of some of the soldiers of the great war. Many of them who passed through experiences indescribably horrible refrain from relating them, even to their friends. There are

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thousands of men and women who think as did the old minister who was approached by a young enthusiast desiring that the old minister give him all of the religious reasons for belief in immortality, that he might argue with a friend. . . . when the young man failed to get the old gentleman to talk, he burst forth with the interrogation: "Have you no religion at all?" "None to speak of," was the gentle reply.

There is a small group who would laugh the entire discussion out of court. There is an ever-increasing number accepting the point of view of Professor Jacks, that the question of immortality forms the background, sometimes unnoticed—often obscured, but always present—to at least three-fourths of the philosophical speculation that has taken place in the world.

Not enough attention has been given to the part it has played as a motive in promoting speculation, and the subject is awaiting treatment by a thinker who is competent to deal with it. Even philosophers who say nothing about it—and it has become a fashion with many to pass it over in silence—owe more to these promptings, both positive and negative, than they seem to be aware of.

In the light of such a statement, it seems appropriate that we consider fairly and frankly the question of Job: "If a man die, shall he live again?" It is not only Job's question—it is a perennial question that must be thought through by every generation.

Thoreau may have satisfied himself when he said: "One world at a time, Parker!" This answer would

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not have brought comfort to Job, and it will not satisfy the larger number who live in our day and generation. I cannot know myself, until I know whether death is a doorway, or a descent into nothingness. Am I a soul, or am I only a body? Am I to live three score years and ten, or am I to live on through the ages?

Paul's logic was, "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." A writer who attempted to enrich this life by denying the next, said: "Now we do not believe in any other life, and we propose to have our share of the good things of the world as they go."

It seems reasonable to believe that we may have our share of the good things of the world without precluding the hope of another life; in fact, it seems more reasonable that we shall share in the good things of this world more equitably if we believe in a world to come. If the experiences of this life had as their purpose the developing and directing of the soul, not only through the gateway of death, but into a richer, fuller, friendlier life after we have "crossed the bar," we should not be so self-seeking in our desires to eat, drink and be merry. Such a view encourages devotion, self-sacrifice and service. These are the good things in this or in the future life.

Some time ago I debated the subject, "Does Death End Life?" with Clarence Darrow, and this was his conclusion: I believe there is not a scrap of evidence anywhere in the universe to prove any such belief. You can buy everything that makes a man at the drug

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store for about five dollars. His structure is wonderfully like the structure of any other machine.

Mr. Darrow seemed quite as confident of his ability to create man as he felt his ability to prove that man's destiny was death, yet I think we can agree that though he has captured many jurors, he has never created one. Though he believes that man shares the same destiny as all other animals, and that his self-consciousness adds nothing of an eternal quality of life, he has never been able to get an acquittal with any other animal in the jury box.

Without discussing mechanism and teleology, let me suggest that if we agree that Mr. Darrow is right in calling the organism an engine, Professor J. A. Thompson is also right in reminding us that it is a self-stoking, self-repairing, self-preserving, self-adjusting, self-increasing, self-reproducing engine and conscious of the end, the larger life.

The general purpose of this sermon is not to answer Mr. Darrow's objections. Voltaire said that immortality had been discussed for four thousand years in four thousand ways. Such a statement strengthens rather than weakens reasons for such a belief. It testifies to the virility of the subject. So has Mr. Ingersoll testified to the vigor of the belief, when at his brother's grave he spoke: "But in the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, 'I am better

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now.' Let us believe in spite of doubts and dogmas
and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of
the countless dead."

The general purpose in mentioning the names of
these men is not to answer their arguments, for if I
had only one sermon to preach on immortality, I would
want it to be positive rather than negative. The men
are referred to as illustrations of the types of modern
minds that do not agree with our affirmations. It is
just as wise to guard against dogmatism as it is to
guard against skepticism.

When man knew least about this world, he sup-
posedly knew most about the other world. We will
certainly be able to remove some of our misunder-
standings if we distinguish carefully between a belief
and an intellectual statement of that belief. It is not
so important for us to defend truth, as to seek honestly
to discover and loyally to follow truth.

It will be well for us to keep in our minds the hap-
penings of history. It was Comte, the French philos-
opher, who said it was no use trying to study the na-
ture of fixed stars; that was something forever beyond
the reach of the human intellect. Shortly after his
funeral, the spectroscope was discovered, and we know
about fixed stars. Some man in England, convinced,
and attempting to convince, that a steamship could
not cross the Atlantic Ocean, had his belief vanish in
the presence of a demonstration. A modern Thomas
in America, who had more time than talent, worked

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diligently to prove that an airship could never fly across the Atlantic. He had a theory, but he overlooked one fact—the fact of Lindbergh.

Let me say now, since I will not have occasion to refer to it later, that we are apt to overlook one of the facts if we fail to consider the work of the Society for Psychical Research. It was Gladstone who said, referring to the work of the Society: "It is the most important work that is being done in the world—by far, the most important." The purpose of the Society is not to commit its members to any theory, but to find out if possible, what is true.

I, personally, have never been able to understand why some ministers assume such an infallible air, or make such a sweeping, dogmatic denial, or show such little interest or sympathy with and in the efforts of men who are trying to ascertain whether or not it is possible to demonstrate the teaching of Jesus in the gospel which these preachers have been preaching since the day of their ordination.

When Mesmer discovered what was later called "mesmerism," his discovery was scoffed at by many of the wise as nonsense. Even a scientific committee, appointed to investigate, made what they thought to be an honest review, and reported the matter as fraud and humbug. What intelligent man in the world to-day would deny hypnotism?

If you think that any such effort at communication can be nothing more than telepathy between living

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persons, may I remind you of the statement made by Professor Douglas MacIntosh—"If mind in its relation to body is independent enough to make telepathy under certain conditions a fact, it seems not unreasonable to think that mind may be independent enough to continue to exist and act when set free from the body at death."

If I had only one sermon to preach on Immortality, I should not hope to assume the attitude of a dogmatist; rather I should prefer to remind all those who hear or read, that ignorance scoffs while wisdom seeks the truth; and then we should pray with our minds and our hearts: "Lord, open our eyes, that we may see wondrous things out of thy law."

As we look to our lines of evidence for belief in Immortality, science says it is possible; philosophy says it is probable; religion says it is affirmable. Science says it may be; philosophy says it should be; religion says it must be.

Professor William Wright, in his *Student's Philosophy of Religion*,¹ has an interesting and illuminating discussion on "Immortality as a Known Fact," and he first mentions Biological Immortality as an unquestionable fact. Whatever may be the truth of the various biological theories of heredity in detail, it is a fact that life physically perpetuates itself.

The second known fact that he names is Spiritual or Social Immortality. In this sense, great men never

¹The Macmillan Company.

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die. I call attention to this discussion because it serves as a point of contact between what Professor Wright calls speculative forms of immortality, and immortality as a known fact. It will be the purpose of what follows to lend emphasis to the belief in Personal Immortality. That the Soul, Self, or Personality is to survive the experience that we call death; that it is to emerge, or "pass through it," to be clothed in a spiritual body—a body suitable for and adaptable to the new environment—is the contention of this sermon.

THE SCIENTIFIC POSSIBILITY OF IMMORTALITY

Professor Wright says: "Immortality of some sort, in which the contents of the individual's consciousness is preserved at death, is possible, so far as our present scientific knowledge goes."

In an effort to discover how a distinguished group of scientists, including physicists, biologists, historians, sociologists and psychologists, would express themselves in reference to belief in Personal Immortality, Professor James H. Leuba gathered, by means of a questionnaire, a large number of answers from this distinguished group. The answers showed that about one-half of the number believed in Personal Immortality.

Professor Wright says, and I think rightly so, that it is evident that those who are in doubt whether or not there is Personal Immortality, do not believe that it is scientifically impossible; otherwise they certainly would disbelieve in it. So it is not a misinterpretation of Professor Leuba's statistics to say that at least two-

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thirds of his scientists regard Personal Immortality as, at any rate, possible.

We can be certain that these figures are not prejudiced in favor of Personal Immortality, for it is a belief in which the author himself strongly disbelieves. One thing was noticed so far as the questionnaire was concerned,—that the number of those who disbelieve in Personal Immortality is greater among the biologists and psychologists, whose fields of investigation bring them into closer contact with questions of the relation between mind and body. The question is, “Does consciousness depend upon the normal functioning of brain cells, and can it survive the destruction of the brain at death?” To assume that it cannot survive is to assert, according to Professor William James, that the function is productive in the sense in which we say that steam is the function of the teakettle; light of the electric circuit; power of the moving waterfall. There are transmissive functions, as in the case of a colored glass, a prism, or a refracting lens, which do not produce the light, but transform its rays in manifold forms. The contention of Professor James is that the mind might be a function of the brain in either one of these senses.

Professor William Hanna Thomson says: “Those reasoners who attempt to explain Personality away by saying that it is only the condition of our make-up at the time being, evidently imagine that we are ourselves, according to the state of the atoms or ions of our brain. This theory is disposed of by the demonstration that

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our mentality is wholly unilateral in our brain, and is made so by nothing in the brain itself, either before birth, or at birth.

“This as you see, compels the admission that the thinker and his brain are two separate things—the brain like the hand, being only the instrument of the thinker, and to think of Personality which thinks, proposes and wills, as automatic, is a self-contradiction in terms. The Soul as a center and agent of mental activity, can change the form and direction of its activities, but its energies themselves never cease. Its spiritual energy can never be spent and vanish. It is that bit of immortal energy that can never die. The Soul, or Self, the first piece of reality we indubitably know, is constituted as a Personality. We think, we feel, we will;—we do these three things and we never do more or less; therefore we see our Soul or Self as a reality, competent to survive the shock of death, and weave around itself a new body, adapted to its new condition.”

Professor McDougal says that all processes alien in quality and behavior to bodily processes, must find the cause of such phenomena in the Soul. The Soul is a being that possesses or is the sum of definite capacities to produce sensations, feelings, meanings, memories, connotations and judgments, in interaction with the body. Such a Soul can survive the body at death.

A most interesting illustration appeared in a scientific journal some time ago, relating how a French

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scientist, Professor Charles Henry,¹ declared that the human Soul—that mysterious thing that is not a thing, which man has accepted only through faith, can now be measured. "It is the first time," says the writer, "science has ever admitted tangible proof of the Soul's existence. Religion is right. We never completely die. There is a certain electrical radiation or biological vibration that goes on and on. Set free by death, it seeks another envelope or body, because only by so doing, can it establish its equilibrium."

It may be difficult for most of us to grasp the full significance of the dependence or independence between body and mind. It may be equally as difficult for us to conceive of Soul or Spirit. We may be helped to an understanding by hearing these interrogations of Mr. Francis Miller: "Did surgical science ever find a thought in the brain of a human being? Did it ever locate an idea in the mind of man? Did it ever find a railroad engine, a radio instrument, a steel foundry, an automobile, a fifty-story building or a Brooklyn Bridge in the head of man?"

And yet he says we all know that these emanated from and grew out of an idea,—an intangible, undiscovered thought in the mind of man. Everything that exists,—every mechanism, every structure that man has created is but the materialization of one of these unmeasurable thoughts or invisible ideas,—yet no surgeon has ever been able to dissect one,—perform

¹ "Measuring the Human Soul," in *Popular Science Monthly*, December, 1925.

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an operation on one, or remove one from the human brain.

What scientist ever saw a thought,—yet who would deny that it is the most powerful thing in the world? Did anyone ever find love or hate in the heart of man, or seated anywhere in his anatomy? Did anyone ever locate courage or fear, joy or sorrow, good or bad, in the organism of man?

To reflect upon some such questions makes it easier, it seems to me, to accept the possibility of continuation of the Soul or Spirit, after the physical body is dissolved.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PROBABILITY OF IMMORTALITY

The philosopher would say that if man is not immortal, he ought to be.

If man ought to be immortal, we need not shy away from a reasonable faith in such a belief, for reasonable faith is a postulate of scientific inquiry. As we find ourselves in the universe, it is natural that we seek to know more about the universe. If we fail in this connection to consider immortality, we take the light from the ever present, yet ever distant urge that gives courage and strength to life.

“We cannot think,” says Professor James H. Snowden, “that the slow, progressive struggle that leads up to its highest form and finally culminates in the personality of man, arrives only to end in nothingness at the top. Such a belief robs the whole process of meaning, and the mathematical conclusion of such a world

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would be, the sum total of the universe equals nothing. We believe, rather, that the same process that carried it so far, logically requires that it go on to the full realization of all its struggles and hopes and prophecies, in the Life Immortal.

"This conclusion," says Dr. Snowden, "is required by the very rationality of the universe. Man himself, thinks the universe, and thereby rises above it, and puts it under his feet."¹

As I seek to understand the relationship that should exist between God, the universe and myself, I do not shy away from law; I discover it as a means to my liberty. They are not enemies; they are allies,—just as I discover that mechanism and spirit are allies; and as I discover my plan and purpose, I see this continual expansion, this entering into richer and wider experiences that brings me to a greater appreciation of the quality of life,—life that opens into infinite vistas,—Life Eternal.

It was such a conception that led Mr. Balfour to say: "We know too much about matter to be materialists." It was such a view that led Professor John Scott Haldane to develop the thesis that the material world, which has been taken for a world of blind mechanism, is in reality the spiritual world, seen very partially and imperfectly, and the only real world is the spiritual world. Immortality is a steadying and building force in our world. Its foundation is respect for human nature, and not contempt for it. The social order is

¹ *Can We Believe in Immortality?* Fleming H. Revell.

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built upon this consummation, and we make stable the social order by a widening vision of the probability of the future of the race.

We are witnessing today in many places, chaotic waste and inhuman brutality, and if we lose sight of the pragmatic implications of immortality, why would not this be true? Any philosophy that throws doubt on the worthwhileness of life is working, whether it is so intended or not, for disorder, discouragement and disintegration.

"The personality of a good man is the most valuable thing we know. If such personalities can survive death and continue to develop and to be of service, the universe is richer in value than if these personalities are bound to perish.

"Personality, as we experimentally know it, is not a powerless, inoperative consequence of manœuvring atoms. Personality is effectively causative. Without doubt, it has been built up within the scaffolding of the brain, and at least temporarily, depends upon the brain. But it transcends its original condition, it rises above the material forces of the world, it shapes them, controls them, commands even its own psychological processes to such good purpose that from new systems of education to new means of locomotion, mind increasingly masters the world, and the boundaries of its mastery are as yet visible. This fact of personality's emergence and controlling power, its subjection of physical processes to spiritual ideals, its transcendence above the world and lordship over it, is the

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most amazing and revealing fact in the universe, and any interpretation of the universe which denies to it regulative influence is like an endeavor to interpret the solar system without noticing the sun.”¹

That these spiritual values and experiences are cut down with the body is not a rational, natural or normal inference. These experiences and values are not to perish in the “fatal refrigeration of a congealed planet.” Ralph Waldo Emerson answers affirmatively:

What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent.

THE RELIGIOUS AFFIRMABILITY OF IMMORTALITY

The religionist has ever clung to some form of belief in life after death. A historian says: “I think there is no exception; no type so ignorant, so degraded, so low, so uncultured, has been found that it did not hold in some form, the belief that there was that in man which death could not touch.”

Such beliefs have developed as life has developed, and I have no intention of tracing that history. Paul says: “He hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.”

We may hope for much that we do not find in the teachings of Jesus concerning death and the future life. He does not discuss the origin of death. Some people lay great emphasis upon Jesus’ statement to

¹ *Spiritual Values and Eternal Life*, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harvard University Press.

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the penitent thief: "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise." Other than such a statement, we have little from his lips as to the abode of the departed spirits. If we examine the teachings of Jesus concerning the kingdom, he says: "The kingdom of God cometh not by observation. If they say, lo, here, or lo, there, pay no attention to them, for the kingdom of God is within you." It seems that Jesus expected the kingdom of God to be established on this earth of ours—that it is here in true and noble hearts.

"God is spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." I am not unfamiliar with the difficulty of obtaining the personal opinion of Jesus without having a letter or even a line from his pen. We must construct his views from portraits by his disciples who held in affectionate memory his sayings and doings. It is almost impossible to conceive of a statement or a restatement of the belief or beliefs of Jesus, that were different from the popular beliefs of his time, without having his sayings colored to some extent by the generally-accepted doctrines of his day.

Jesus takes immortality for granted. Just before the crucifixion, Jesus—according to the portrait of John—is discussing with his disciples the matter of his going away, or the matter of death, or life after death. His destination is to the Father, and his purpose is that they are to be received by him in this prepared place.

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Some one has said that if we are to accept the teachings of Jesus as of authority, then those who have been intimately associated here will naturally gravitate together in that spiritual life, and will renew the felicity and the sweetness of their old-time associations.

Jesus said to the disciples: "You know the way to where I am going";—but Thomas said: "Lord, we do not know where you are going,—and how are we to know the way?" And the answer of Jesus is significant, for, as has well been pointed out, he does not say it is above the sky; he does not say it is off on some distant star in space; he does not point in any direction,—east, west, north, or south; he says: "I am the real and living way; I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Later in the discussion, when Jesus is talking about eternal life, he uses this striking sentence: "And this is eternal life, that they know thee the only real God, and him whom thou hast sent, even Jesus Christ."

Whatever may be our interpretation, it must harmonize with the Christian gospel of the Fatherhood of God, as taught by Christ in the Gospels. This he lived to indicate and died to vindicate. When we speak of these spiritual values and experiences, we are not speaking theories or hypotheses; we are speaking facts.

"Alpha Centauri, is no more of a fact than is Wordsworth, writing the Ode on Immortality. The universe produced both of them. The universe cannot be understood without treating both of them as bases for induction. The cosmos did not stop with newts, but

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went on to Newton; it did not exhaust itself in crystals but produced Christ. Goodness, truth, beauty, love, —these are existent facts, forcibly effectual in our world, and no explanation of existence that treats them and their personal embodiment as accidental aliens does justice to their factual aspect.”

When we speak of life after death, we enter a domain of speculation. We must use certain figures, certain thought forms, and certain inferences, but is not that also true of our physical world today? What are time, space, matter, motion, cause and effect, but instruments that are adopted by the mind for limited purposes? When darkness greets our gaze, is it too much to suppose that light has broken upon the Soul? May not sunset to us mean sunrise to the Soul?

The central purpose of life, as well as the central theme in the teaching of Jesus, points to this belief in Personal Immortality—not that a dead man lives, but that a living man never dies;—“For whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

Death is like passing from one room to another. There is no standing still or slipping backward. Better absolute annihilation than either of these. It is my very firm conviction that we shall enter the next life very much as we leave this one—that heaven is not to be a place of hosannas and hallelujahs—of golden streets and pearly gates, and we are not to have great orchestras banked in balconies of clouds, but that we will go on in a logical process, developing and unfold-

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ing the potentialities of the Soul that have hitherto had no medium for consummation.

Our great control is to be our thoughts. There we will have an opportunity to develop that which can never be developed to a state of perfection here. Do not misunderstand. I am not saying that perfection will be reached immediately upon my passing into the Soul Country. I believe, rather, the opposite: that it will not be reached immediately, but that I shall have shed my shackles and that I will be willing to launch out—not with weights, but wings—not wings that are pictured on angels' shoulders, but wings of thought,—wings of sympathy,—wings of concern,—wings of understanding,—wings of love and mutual consolation; and the purpose of that process will be to develop perfect love, perfect beauty, perfect justice,—three things that I have never grasped the full scope of, in this earthly tabernacle that now provides a dwelling-place for my Soul. That is and is to be God's unfettered instrument of progress.

Afraid of Immortality?

AGNES MAUDE ROYDEN

Agnes Maude Royden, the foremost woman preacher in the English speaking world, represents the women in this series of sermons on Immortality.

Miss Royden first became known when she was the Associate Pastor of City Temple in London during the pastorate of Dr. J. Fort Newton, another of our contributors to this book. Miss Royden was the Associate at City Temple from 1917 to 1920.

Recently she has transferred her leadership to the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.I. She was born in 1876, received her education at Cheltenham Ladies' College and at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She worked at the Victoria Woman's Settlement for three years at Liverpool.

She was a strong force in the National Woman's Suffrage Society and edited *The Common Cause* until 1914, writing and speaking on various phases of the woman's movement.

She recently made a tour of the world and when in The United States attracted great attention; large audiences heard her wherever she spoke. Those who heard her came

away convinced that they had heard one of the greatest woman preachers living to-day. Deeply spiritual and tender, she won the hearts of her American audiences as few male visitors from England do.

She is the author of several books which have been republished in the United States and which have been widely read in this nation, among which are: *The Hour and The Church*, *The Friendship of God*, *Christ Triumphant*, *Sex and Common-Sense*, *The Church and Woman*, *I Believe in God*, etc.

Afraid of Immortality?

By AGNES MAUDE ROYDEN, GUILDHOUSE, LONDON

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

—PSALMS XVII: 15

TO SOME of us at all times, and to all of us perhaps sometimes, the promise of immortality is not so much a hope as a fear. A friend of mine once said to me—"Why do you preachers never preach to those of us who fear immortality? The mere thought of going on and on for ever is not comforting to everyone: it is even horrifying. It is not that we do not believe in immortality and want to; it is that we more than half believe in it and wish that we did not." Then he added, with a twinkle in his eye, that he was tempted to leave instruction in his will that this epitaph should be put upon his tomb:

Don't bother me now,
Don't bother me never.
I want to be dead
For ever and ever.

Such people are not necessarily melancholy people, nor necessarily materialistic, but they *want* "to be dead for ever and ever." They have had enough. It seemed to him, said my friend, that Rodin had some such idea as this when he created that great statue

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called "The Thinker." Many of you no doubt have seen it. It is the colossal figure of a man, sitting with head bent and eyes looking out into space; the brow is wrinkled with intense thought, the face tense with concentration. At what is he looking? Of what is he thinking? "I will tell you what I think he is looking at," said my friend: "he is looking down the ages, age after age, world after world, state after state, and still he sees forever advancing down the corridors of time, himself, his own personality, his difficult troublesome discordant self. And he says to himself (as I sometimes say to myself), 'Shall I never escape? must I go on for ever and ever?'"

Why is it that most of us sometimes share this feeling? Deep and instinctive as is our clinging to life, few remain unmoved by the strange appeal of that haunting line of Shakespeare's—

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Why is the phrase so moving? Surely because it describes our life so terribly well. For most of us it is indeed a fitful fever: that is the pain of it. We have our hot and cold fits. We have our moments of inspiration—even the most materialistic of us—and our hours of flatness and gloom. We have our hours when we see God, and our days and weeks when we cannot see Him but yet are haunted by the vision that we saw. Such moments come to us, perhaps, when we meet those we love, when we worship together, or when some prophet speaks to us words of inspiration. We

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catch fire and have our hot fit. It passes. We go out again into the world where everything seems commonplace and the cold fit comes again. We have been with the friends of our Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration and have said, "It is good for us to be here": but we cannot stay there. We come back down the mountain to the jeering crowd, the futile suffering, and the glory dies out of our hearts—or rather it does not and it will not die out but remains a strange perplexing memory to haunt us; and we wish that it would die, once and for all.

Yet the thought of that glory remains with us and by its light we are forced to mean well and sometimes even to do well; and that is our trouble. If we could be one thing or the other, hot or cold, good or bad, gloriously inspired or completely prosaic. The trouble is that we cannot be any of them for long or altogether. This is the fitful fever that destroys our peace.

Sometimes indeed we see people who seem to live altogether on the heights. Probably we misjudge them and should know, if we knew them better, that they too are sometimes discouraged and unbelieving. Still, they come before us radiant, full of power and assurance; and we envy them. Also we are inclined to envy people of the other type—the people who go on comfortably from day to day, not troubled with the exaltation that comes to us and leaves us so desperate when it departs, nor do they suffer from thoughts beyond the reaches of their souls. Perhaps we misjudge them too: I expect we do. I expect they have

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their moments when they are just as conscious as we are of something beyond this jog-trot life. But, either way, we are tempted to envy people whose life seems for good or evil to be lived on one level, people who do not suffer from the fitful fever of life.

At such times and to such people even the thought of meeting again those whom they love (since, if we are immortal, so must they be) is not enough to take away the dread of immortality. For such people, I realise, that even their love is a fever, though it is the thing that above all we should most wish to be absolutely calm and assured. Love, no more than life, is altogether pure. It seems sometimes absolutely impossible to distinguish between the selfish and unselfish elements of our love. We know from our own experience that only those whom we love can really hurt us, and we know—also from our own experience—that we do often again and again terribly hurt the people who love us. We would make our love entirely “good.” We would have it altogether kind. Again, we cannot; and realising this the sensitive soul begins to dread immortality even for the sake of those it loves. What should we hope? Are we for ever to make of our love a grief? Must we for ever pursue the people to whom we have given our hearts, with our jealousies, our possessiveness, our exclusiveness, our fears that they do not love us as much as we love them, our dread lest they will not love us for ever? Must we, who have so often tormented them here, pursue them into another life with our difficult tormenting

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claims? There is always a fear somewhere in human love, and the fact that we know that it is not so in perfect love only fills us with terror. Our love, it seems, is very far from perfect, and the thought of this discordant passion not only hurting us but wounding those whom we love "for ever and ever" sometimes makes even the bravest of us afraid of immortality and takes the joy out of our "sure and certain hope."

What is that sure and certain hope? Not—for me at least—the mere hope of some kind of survival, but the conviction that discord must die. Discord is created in ourselves by the very fact that we cannot rest content with evil, and from this discord we rightly and deeply desire to escape. It is not, however, from love that we wish to be free but from the fitful fever that touches and shadows *even* our love. We would be delivered from the dreadful self-contempt which comes when we realise that the glorious sense of exaltation, the vision of God, the fulness of love, the inspiration which carried us off our feet for a moment, has left us apparently as limited and narrow, as sordid, selfish and unkind as we were before. It is the promise that our Easter also comes—that "when we wake up after Christ's likeness we shall be satisfied with it"—that makes immortality to be desired.

"We shall be satisfied with it." *Satisfied*. It is a word of heavenly promise. To those who believe it and expect it, immortality is no longer full of dread. We shall be—*satisfied*. That is to say, the discord dies at last. Of course—I see that it must. The very

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fact that it is such a pain to me to be so discordant convinces me that I must go on until this discord ceases. For I see that in my human experience it is the things that are shoddy and mean that do perish, and the things that are good and well done endure. It is a commonplace of our everyday speech that is, what is good lasts. A well-built house, a well-made piece of furniture, even a well-cut garment—these are the things that last. The one absolutely certain quality that is found in all bad work is simply that it does not last. “That is not good work—it will not last.” So we say, not thinking what profound wisdom we utter. “That house—that table—that suit—will last for ever. It is good work.” This also we say and do not know that what we are really saying is the same as the poet’s thought—“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness . . .

And again

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

And again, speaking of evil—

It is the note of evil, for good lasts.

We have not much experience of life, it is true, we human beings. Ours is a very short life and we live on a very tiny planet: but yet it is all that we have with which to guess or reason. And at least it is more rea-

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sonable to guess from what, in our small experience, has at least proved universally true, than to suggest a more tragic guess, based on no reason or experience at all. All the experience we have goes to show that it is the evil that passes, the shoddy that wears out, the badly made that crumbles. So it seems at last that discord also must be resolved, since evil cannot last.

In the still ear the music lies unheard.
In the rough marble, beauty hides unseen
To wake the music, and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand.
Let not the music that is in us die.
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us nor let,
Hidden and lost, that form within us die.

Spare not the stroke. Do with us as Thou wilt.
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred.
Complete Thy purpose that we may become
Thy perfect image, Oh, our God and Lord.

"Let not the music that is in us die." I suppose, for the sake of logical completeness, we must admit that it may die. If all our nature were a discord, we might find peace only by the door of annihilation. If there were nothing good left in us, we must die. But indeed this is a contradiction in terms. As long as there *is* discord it is proof that there is still something of good to survive. I therefore will endure the discord and the otherwise intolerable strain of desiring so much better than I do and dreaming so much more

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gloriously than I live, for the sake of that ineffable peace which shall come when we resolve our discord, not by the door of annihilation, but because that which is good in us is eternal and that which is evil cannot be so.

So, some day, the vision of God that I have seen so fleetingly, remembered so fretfully, so often actually wished I might forget, will be all that I see. The thought makes me gasp. So satisfying it is, so full of joy, that though I desired to forget it I could not, and the thought of it tormented me. If now I should have it altogether and so be tormented no more? Would not the dread of immortality leave me and the joy of it remain?

Probably to many of us the recollection of some moment of pure love for a human being would be, if we were altogether honest, recognised as the greatest moment in our life. A time when for an hour, a day, a week—longer perhaps—we were able to love without jealousy, without greed, without fear, because we were without greed—with indeed nothing but a rapture of reverence in our hearts. This was indeed a time of perfect joy. If we could go to our beloved and give them and find in them such a joy as that for ever, would immortality be worth while?

To me such things seem after all worth enduring much hardness for. It makes the fitful fever of life more than tolerable—radiant even. Indeed, knowing that there may not be a great deal left of me if, at this moment, all that was dishonest, shoddy and mean,

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were taken away, I even desire to have longer struggle in this world or another, that there may be more of me for my friends to love and be loved by in the end of time. So let me go on and on, even if I meet myself again and again in those corridors of time, for the end crowns all. "It is the note of evil, for good lasts." That is true, even if it isn't in the Bible! And all that we know of Christ convinces us that this is the "glorious hope of immortality" that he gave us. This is the meaning of that great phrase—"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." As all that is fallen, all that is evil, all that is mean and shoddy must die, from the very nature of things, for death is in it, so in Christ shall all be made alive. Nothing that is pure, nothing that is lovely, nothing that is good can die—that also is in the nature of things. After life's fitful fever we shall sleep well and when we wake up after Christ's likeness we shall be satisfied with it.

*Do You Dare to Live the
Life Immortal?*

HENRY HALLAM
SAUNDERSON

The Unitarian Church is represented in this volume by Henry Hallam Saunderson. He is a graduate of Harvard University, having received both his M.A. and his D.D. degree from that institution. Dr. Saunderson was ordained as a minister in 1898 and is now the incumbent of the First Parish of Brighton, Mass. He is editor of the *Wayside Pulpit*, which carries his words to literally millions of people every week.

Dr. Saunderson is also an author of distinction. His recent book, *Charles W. Eliot: Puritan Liberal*, was widely discussed and reviewed in the press, with the universal comment that this was a biographical study of

first importance. Steeped in the New England tradition, he interprets religion as a glorious heritage and spiritual adventure. His sermon finds a welcome place in this volume.

Do You Dare to Live the Life Immortal?

By HENRY HALLAM SAUNDERSON

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

—COL. III: I

WHILE men are in the midst of their active life, they are reminded that it must come to an end, and they ask what the far future has to offer. When volume one of the story of life is finished, will there be any second volume in which it is continued? In thinking of immortality, we are too much inclined to put the first emphasis on length instead of on quality. We seek the assurance that life will be projected on a line that runs into the far future instead of seeking now the higher levels of life, where the assurance of immortality will come unsought. The immortal life has begun, and the eternal world is all about us, waiting to be discovered. Men ask very wistfully if there be another life at the far end of this life; and then Life turns to the questioner and asks him if he dares to live now the life immortal, and offers him the priceless reality as a present attainment.

There is a high bluff on the eastern part of the New England coast from which, on a clear day, may be seen a little speck on the horizon—a tiny rocky island.

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Sometimes fishermen, in little boats, venture out to it, and, if the sea is exceptionally smooth, they may make a landing from a little bay of the rocky island. Yet on its rough shores there is always the noise of surf, for the sea is never perfectly calm. The ice and storms of uncounted centuries have polished the rocks. The soil is scanty and almost sterile; and therefore the vegetation is sparse. It offers only harsh conditions for any kind of life.

Yet here the sea-gulls nest in great numbers, and the young gulls begin life under circumstances of great austerity. The restless sea, the flowing tides, the ever-moving winds, and the flying clouds suggest little of sympathy for these little downy creatures. But watch one of them when he has broken his shell. He surveys his harsh surroundings; and soon he stands up and moves about a little. Within an hour he leaves the nest, which is a shallow depression in the rock, and walks directly to the salt water. Without hesitation he trusts himself to the tumbling waves and the flowing tides and the unceasing winds.

He begins the experience of the life for which he is adapted and he fears not the immensities of sea and sky. His first breath is the wind across this desolate island; the first light that comes to his eyes is from this wind-swept sky; and, without instruction or guidance, he turns to the salt sea in the first hour after breaking his shell. An instinct, which is beyond our knowledge or understanding, directs him to his life in the great deep. That instinct does not betray him; and, because

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he trusts himself to the great deep, it sustains him. He has no fear of life's austerities nor doubt of its sustaining power. If he could put into words what his action implies, he would say to the sea,—“Thou hast made us for thyself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in thee.”

It was thus that St. Augustine spoke of human beings surrounded by the infinite and eternal realities of God's presence. We have our little rocky island, the world of our physical senses. But the immortal life is written in our very souls. Around this island are the tides of the Spirit, the winds of the Eternal, the overarching sky of the Infinite. Until we trust ourselves to these measureless realities we do not understand life, nor our own being, nor the spiritual motives that stir within us. We may hesitate to act upon the impulses which impel us toward our normal life in God; but those impulses make us restless. We may seek to disregard them, or to thwart them, and we may misinterpret them; but they never wholly cease. In very simple language, a profound truth was uttered by Phillips Brooks: “We are haunted by an ideal life. It is in our blood and never will be still.” Age after age, the great spiritual leaders of the race have reminded men of this truth.

This little rocky island of our material world does not offer an understanding of our own being, nor of our life. We may be very diligent in acquiring possessions, and still go through life unsatisfied. The material world does not account for the powers we

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possess: the powers of body and mind and spirit. It cannot account for our aspirations nor our highest impulses. It cannot explain even those simple relationships of daily life, our friendships and our affections, —those relationships which make our home and our neighborhoods. In the midst of the commonplaces of daily life we become aware that we have standards of moral value which transcend the commonplace. Why should a man sometimes "lay down his life for his friend"? Why does a mother sometimes "starve for her brood"? Whence does any being, standing empty-handed in the presence of eternal truth, gain the sense of moral values which enables him to say: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth"? Here are eternal values in the midst of our temporal life. Here are immortal impulses in the midst of the things which "perish with the using." Continually we are being startled by the Infinite; and every moment of such insight teaches us that the world we are living in is not essentially a physical world, and that this higher life is not temporal but eternal.

We seek to know our world; but knowledge will not be complete when we have completed an exact survey of our little rocky island and have followed, to their ultimate conclusions, our lines of logic concerning it. Only a limited part of the world we live in consents to register itself on our physical sense-organs. Only a minor area of it is included in the pattern made by the lines of our reason. "The things which are seen

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are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." To know our world we must test the eternal and unseen realities; and this test is made by our living. If we wait for knowledge before making the great adventure of living the life immortal, we shall miss that adventure. If we think it is to be deferred until we come to another world, we shall fail to understand this present world. Immortality stands before us with its supreme challenge, saying, "If ye then *be risen* with Christ, seek those things which *are above*." It asks us this poignant question—"Do you dare to live here and now the life immortal? Are you ready for the adventure of trusting yourself to the tides of the Spirit? Will you live for the sake of the things which cannot perish?"

In the search for the assurance of immortality, men have often sought afar that which can be discovered near at hand. They seek evidence of another world which shall take the place of this world, and of an endless life to open at the far end of the earthly life. They repeat, through the long generations, the ancient question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Thus they assume the reality of death, and postpone immortality to a shadowy future. So much of the argument for immortality bears a ponderous load of material ideas! It puts emphasis on physical death, and all its attendant circumstances. It calls attention to decay and dissolution and destruction, as they seem to be exemplified in what happens to every physical body of man or animal; and then endeavors to recover a faith

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in life instead of death. How great the unnecessary burden under which this supreme faith is called upon to travel!

We gaze too long at the tombs of the world. We ask them to swing open their doors and release that which they never could hold as prisoner. We petition the dust of the earth to restore that which never became dust. We request the graves to upheave and give back that which never entered into the grave. We ask Death to reveal to us the mystery of Life and then we wonder why the answer is not given. We declare that we are seeking the proof of immortality even while we give undue emphasis to all that is associated with mortality. Why address the grave when what we want is the answer of Heaven?

How much there is, of human belief, which uses, as its foundation, the assumption that our immortal spirits are dependent on our mortal bodies! Paul pointed out the folly of that assumption, and reversed the emphasis. The spirit builds the body, and it shall build anew according to its needs. When a sower goes forth to sow his grain, he does not expect to recover from the ground the seed he has scattered. Rather does he go forth in the time of harvest to gather that which the miracle of life has created anew. He forgets the seed which was dissolved in the ground and rejoices in the grain which has grown in the light of Heaven.

In tracing the Christian hope of immortality to its source, men have made the most minute study of the

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tomb near Calvary, and of every recorded word concerning the physical body of Christ. Not enough emphasis has been placed on the beautiful truth that the tomb was in the midst of a garden and that the immortal spirit of Christ was discovered in the midst of the flowers, in the dawn of a day of early spring. We are inclined to forget that the tomb was opened not from within but from without; that the stone was rolled back not by the hands which had been the hands of the Carpenter of Nazareth, but by hands that had never known mortality. The Spirit of Christ never died, never was shut within the tomb, never had its place behind the great stone, and never was imprisoned by the seal that was placed upon that stone. Christ lived the immortal life even while he went about among men; he lived while his body was taken from the cross; he lived while his friends, in sorrow, on that strange Sabbath Day, prepared spices which they afterwards threw away in their joy; he came in the gray of dawn to that garden to meet those who loved him best and to reveal himself to them; but his spirit had not died. Let us not try to imagine his immortal spirit, through the night before the first Easter, sitting in the tomb waiting for release; but rather let our minds hold the picture of his spirit coming, with the first rays of morning light, into that garden where immortality was brought to light.

How strange it is that, in the study of the record of the days that followed, men have sought the material

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things rather than the spiritual; and have endeavored to find proof of immortality in the temporal rather than the eternal! Doubting Thomas stands not merely as an individual, slow of heart, but as the representative of a multitude who demand physical evidence of spiritual reality. Great are the words of approval which Christ spoke concerning a different working of many human minds, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

The greatest proof of the immortality of the Spirit of Christ is the power with which it operated in the time that followed that first Easter. Years after, the Apostle John, who traveled far and wide among the disciples of the risen Christ, observed the moral and spiritual power which was associated with the central faith of these people, the faith in immortality. He said, "Every man that hath this hope in him *purifieth* himself." Human lives were lifted to new levels. Conscious that they were already living the immortal life, these men sought "those things which are above." Moral uplift and spiritual power were the consequences of that greatest faith that the human mind can hold, the faith that life may attain immortal quality and thereby be assured of endless duration.

Such a survey as was made by the Apostle John included journeys in the countries around the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, where there was a comparatively compact community of Christian churches. Yet a survey of the Christian world today would show that

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millions of men derive, from their faith in immortality, that same incentive to live the higher life. And when inquirers come, asking in all sincerity for the proof of immortality, it is not the *logic* but the *dynamic* of it that most surely carries conviction. When the messengers of Christ go out to win men to this faith they may go equipped with argument; but better is it to carry to men the challenge, "Do you dare to live, here and now, the life that deserves to last forever?" Strange it is how the fear of death vanishes when men assert greatly the power of life! When life is lifted to the higher moral and spiritual levels, the conviction of immortality is not difficult to attain.

This is, indeed, an ancient discovery, but it is also very modern. It means finding God as a living Presence. It means making the will of God the guide and inspiration of daily living. It means entering into a close and vital comradeship with Him. Such a discovery is always new for it never can grow old. But it means that life is illuminated with a sudden glory and the world is lighted with a glowing radiance. To the newly opened eyes of the spirit, the unseen world becomes visible. The inaudible voice of the Eternal is heard to speak clearly. This is not an abstract discovery, nor is it reached at the end of a logical process; but it comes as the necessary consequence of living the higher life. To live for the immortal realities means that we are already immortal. To trust the tides of the Spirit means that we learn that we are sustained

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by them. To consecrate life to the doing of the will of God means that we discover the meaning of life and the significance of our own personality. This new meaning in life comes with the greatest moral challenge and the finest spiritual incentive.

This discovery of the Divine Presence does not come by searching afar. "The word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." Yet because God is so vast, men have sometimes thought that He could be found only afar; just as they think of the immortal life as hidden in another world. Age after age there have been great spiritual leaders who have endeavored to impress upon the minds of the people, of their own generation, this truth of the nearness of God and the immediacy of our discovery of Him. To the seeker who imagines that the desired goal is at the far end of a long journey, St. Augustine says, "Thither one journeyeth not in ships, nor in chariots, nor on foot; for to journey thither, nay, even to arrive there, is nothing else but to will to go."

It was of this discovery, just at hand and not remote, that Whittier wrote,

I break my pilgrim staff. I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm;
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

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And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

Sometimes the poet discovers what the theologian misses; and the mystic beholds, by direct vision, what the logician fails to find by his laborious processes. To the weary traveler, who has missed the object of his search just because he has traveled so laboriously, the Divine Voice speaks, saying,—“Be still, and know that I am God.”

The deepest intuitions of the soul shall not betray us but rather bring us to the great discovery. Convictions, too deep for logical proof, assure us that goodness is eternal; that truth is immortal; that integrity is deathless; that love is everlasting. To live for these things guides us toward the discovery of God and the assurance of life everlasting.

Christocentric Keys

FREDERICK FRANKLIN
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Frederick Franklin Shannon was born in Morris County, Kansas, in the heart of the wheat country, February 11th, 1877, and had his schooling in Webb College, Tennessee, and Harvard.

He was ordained as a Methodist minister in 1899 and served his first churches in the mountain state of West Virginia. From his first little church in Logan, West Virginia he was suddenly called to Grace Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he served from 1904 to 1912 and from there went to The Reformed Church on The Heights where he was pastor from 1912 to 1919. Since 1920 he has been pastor of Central Church in Chicago, an eloquent successor to Dr. Gunsalus, famous preacher of another generation.

Dr. Shannon has always been one of America's most eloquent preachers and Chautauqua lecturers as was his predecessor in Central Church, Chicago, but since the days of the Radio Broadcast he has become one of the four or five most popular Radio Preachers, from his centrally located pulpit in Chicago.

He is the author of a round dozen volumes of unusual sermons which have a wide circulation among preachers themselves. Of poetic temperament one of the powers of his preaching is the sense of music, such as Bishop William A. Quayle used to have.

Some of his more popular books are: *The Unfathomable Christ*, *The Infinite Artist*, *The New Greatness*. His address is 6927 Oglesby Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Christocentric Keys

By FREDERICK FRANKLIN SHANNON, MINISTER OF CENTRAL
CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL.

"When I saw him, I fell at his feet like a dead man; but he laid his hand on me, saying, Do not be afraid; I am the First and Last, I was dead and here I am alive for evermore, holding the keys that unlock death and Hades."

—REV. 1: 17, 18

As I understand it, the Christian religion contains within its being a twofold reaction—the reaction of man's soul to God and the reaction of God to man's soul. Within this human and divine reaction is the continuous action of the universe—that is, somewhere within and between the Soul of God and the Soul of Man the vast and immeasurable cosmos is at uninterrupted play, moving ever on toward a goal preordained by Intelligence and Love.

Now, man's reaction to God is not invariably that of peace, joy, and creative calm. Sometimes, as in the text, the reaction is fear, terror, panic, paralysis. "When I saw him, I fell at his feet like a dead man." Such words may be regarded in some quarters as merely a symptom of disease; nevertheless, they are more in league with the loftiest expressions of Christian character and conduct than they are with

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the emaciated and ineffectual editions thereof, amounting, as they frequently do, to something dangerously akin to parodies. Then, also, here is God's reaction to man. "But he laid his hand on me, saying, Do not be afraid." What! Is it possible for one to be filled with terror one moment and then to be lifted by tenderness the next? Does not something like this glow through the very heart of Christian history even while it throbs through the soul of our own troubled day?

My subject is, "Christocentric Keys." I wish to use the text, out of which the subject comes, not so much from the standpoint of exposition as of furnishing an opportunity of expressing my faith and reason in and for the life immortal.

I

CONSIDER THE CHRISTOCENTRIC KEY TO COSMIC ORIGINS AND ENDINGS

"I am the First and the Last." The human mind has always been haunted in a twofold direction. First, as to the beginnings of things. How did the universe come by its initial urge? What was behind the beginning? We see a million effects; what is their cause? Do things make themselves, and then keep themselves going forever and ever? These are some of the questions the mind inevitably asks with reference to cosmic origins, whether in the form of electrons or stars, animals or angels, mud or men.

A second phase of the same problem is: How and when shall the earth, the solar system, indeed the im-

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measurable universe of matter, or of universes within universes, come to an end? Or is there to be an end at all? Is science justified in its conclusion that the material framework of things must either be destroyed or transformed? If so, must the change be wrought by fire or cold? Ultimately, shall it all be burned up or frozen up? Whatever the answer may be, the human mind, whether wearing philosophic, scientific, or religious dress, is continuously walking in the midst of these problems and asking them questions. There are indeed many shut doors within the bewildering universe to which we belong.

Yet, just because a door is shut, does not render the situation hopeless. The very fact that there is a door imparts hope and courage. For a door leads to something; otherwise, there would be no need of it. When we consider, moreover, that a door at least suggests a key that may unlock it is there not a definite increase of hope and courage? Now I believe that God in Christ—the most adequate philosophic and religious formula that has so far made its home in the mind of man—furnishes a competent key, one by which all shut doors must be finally opened.

“I am the First and the Last.” Here is the key named *Infinite Personality*. It is as good as any key that has come within the grasp of man; and a great multitude of the most brilliant minds, as well as the noblest characters, hold that it is much better than any other. I doubt if we shall ever be able to explain, absolutely, the subtle and intricate relations which the

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Eternal Mind sustains to the universe of matter and energy. Yet this fact need not smite us with the paralysis of agnosticism. Rather, it seems to me, should we rejoice in our faith in a God at once so great as to include the universe as the sea includes the waves and so intimate as the body indwelt by the mind that knows itself. I am not interested particularly, just at the moment, what theologic or philosophic cast the thought takes, whether monism, pantheism, or theism. What I am interested in is the fact of the grandeur and goodness of the Godhead unveiled in Christ; and that fact unquestionably is that cosmic origins and endings are within the keeping of a Self-conscious Personality, unutterably good and eternally purposeful. This is just the theistic idea that Mind is before Matter unless, indeed, we think that Matter is fundamentally superior to Mind.

I say that the supreme minds of the world, notwithstanding the variations in their expression of it, believe and teach the priority of the Divine Mind. "It sounds at first singular," says Kant, "but it is none the less certain, that the understanding does not derive its laws from nature, but prescribes them to nature." "The material world is realized idea," says Bowne, to whom philosophy, to be its best, has yet to grow up. Essentially, there is nothing in nature which accounts for the origin of Mind, whether in God or man; and I say this in full view of the long and subtle processes through which, on the manward side, brain becomes the instrument of Mind. Thus, in keeping with the

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high-mindedness of the centuries, the modern thinker insists that "the chemico-physical explanation of the universe goes but a little way. These are the tools of the creative process, but they are not the process nor its prime cause. Start the flame of life going, and the rest may be explained in terms of chemistry; start the human body developing, and physiological processes explain its growth; but why it becomes a man and not a monkey—what explains that?" In all its intellectual search and experiential reaction, man has found but one competent answer, and it falls within the category of Infinite Personality—even the living God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Within all beginnings and all endings, whether of vast island universes or ultra-microscopic electronic systems of wonderful orderliness, religion alone holds the key that can open the immeasurable doors waiting to be unlocked. With infinite insight and incomparable majesty, it says, "I am the First and the Last."

This, then, is the ground of my belief in human immortality. That which is behind and within the universe is Superconscious Intelligence, the Spirit of Infinite Goodwill infinitely aware of Himself, the very God who so loves the world of humanity that He gave and gives His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in him, shall not perish, but have eternal life. God is a spirit, man is a spirit, and the destiny of these two is inseparably bound up with each other. This is either a fact or it is not a fact. Believing it to be the most transcendent qualitative fact the human mind

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can think, I heartily believe not merely in the deathlessness of every individual human, but in the mental growth and spiritual increase of every human individual through all eternity. Therefore, neither infinite time nor infinite matter nor infinite energy can touch, in the smallest degree, that which does not belong in their categories. The human soul is the offspring of the living God, who is not the God of the dead, because He cannot possibly be, without contradicting His own beginningless being, unto whom all humans live and in whom all humans have their immortal self-realization.

What care I though falls the sky
And the shivering earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn!

Let go the breath! There is no death
To a living soul, nor loss, nor harm,
Not of the clod is the life of God—
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.

II

THINK, ALSO, OF THE CHRISTOCENTRIC KEY TO THE DOOR OF DEATH

"I was dead." Men speak of death as The Great Mystery. In this they do well; only the foolish and inconsiderate speak otherwise. Not only mysterious, death is unimaginably familiar, being one of the unfathomable processes whereby life earns its own liv-

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ing. Look anywhere within the plant world. Every root, every flower, every blade of grass, every stalk of corn says, "I was dead." Look at the animal world. Every bird, every bee, every fish, every deer says, "I was dead." In short, throughout the whole natural world, death is the servant of life. All plants and animals owe their being to the process called death. If Infinite Personality is alone commensurate with the concept of cosmic origins and endings, do we not require, also, a very much larger, if not an infinite category, for the meaning of death? Certainly, our ordinary meanings are pitifully small. For, as commonly understood, there is no such fact as death in the natural world. That which appears to be dead, static, inert, is, on closer view, profoundly, deathlessly alive. If this is true, there is little wonder that, in accounting for mind as embodied in humanity, the philosopher concludes that man is "not a planetary or transitory being; he persists as very man among the cosmic and eternal things."

I believe that Christ holds, absolutely, the key to the door of death. He unlocks, for mortals, the awful door before which the ages instinctively stand in awe. How? In the first place, Christ grapples with and solves the terrible problem of sin. And let me add, at once, that our Lord does not deal with sin as a metaphysical theory, a legend out of the past; he faces it as every human being must face it—as essentially an act of mischoice made by every responsible human will. Sin, in this view, allows no one to trace his sinfulness

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back to some historic or legendary ancestor. I myself am the person I have to reckon with in dealing with the horrible fact of sin; neither fallen angels nor fallen ancestors can bear the responsibility which is my very own and not another's; otherwise, it could not be, either in moral justice or philosophic understanding, my sin.

Yet, in creating my own cup of sin, in mixing the deadly draught it contains, I partake of the deadliest death within the whole universe—the death superinduced by sin. This, I have not the slightest doubt, is the fuller implication of the apostle's words that "the sting of death is sin," as well as the formidable significance of the seer's figure concerning "the second death."

Nobody but Christ comes to triumphant grips with the dreadful fact of sin in human life. He tastes death for every man; he alone knows the bitterness, the deadliness at the roots of the will which, by its own responsible mischoices, creates the appalling fact of spiritual death. Only Christ Jesus—Eternity on the planes of time, Deity within the mysterious meshes of the human—he, and he alone, concocts and administers the antidote for sin. Stopping alongside a California highway, I went a short distance unto the field of a sheep ranch. The suggestion had been made that I might see some rattlesnakes—though, I confess, I was not unduly eager to find them. Soon a shepherd happened along. "Do you ever see any rattlers around here?" I asked. "Yes, indeed," he answered, "only

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last week a student from the University of California caught five just beyond where you are standing." "Caught them for what?" I asked, moving back toward the roadway. "Oh, to make an antidote, a serum not only for snakebite, but for other maladies." Well, God in Christ brings His own serum, His own antidote for the poison of sin. Tasting death for every man, he dashes the deadliness of the sin-death from the cup of mortality and restores the victim unto the kind and quality of immortal vigor which ejects spiritual death from the house of life.

In the second place, Christ verifies the fact of human deathlessness. No people have doubted human survival. Individuals have had such doubt and still have it; but mankind as a whole, in its most backward as well as in its most enlightened branches, always instinctively and intuitively affirms the immortality of the soul. Christ verifies this intuition, demonstrates the reality of the age-old dream, proves the fact that haunted Plato's mind and troubled Kant's categories. He says, "I *was* dead; I experienced death, the seeming past tense of life, that I might prove the present tense of spiritual reality, the life which is life indeed. I hold the key that unlocks the door of speculation; at my behest it opens wide upon the homelands of the life that becomes more abundant as the ages multiply."

Verily, the Lord Christ brings life and immortality to light! "Immortality," says Channing, "is the glorious discovery of Christianity. Before Christ immortality was a conjecture or a vague hope. Jesus, by

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His teaching and resurrection, has made it a certainty." In other words, God, in the soul of humanity, gives the theorem of immortality, while God in Christ proves that theorem in the field of history, adding indisputable evidence of it in every individual indwelt by the Holy Spirit, without whom there may be much speculation and little satisfaction. Only the Spirit of God can clarify the purpose of God for spirits created in the image of God; all other means are inadequate, even as the inadequacy of love is apparent to everyone but lovers, who bear the divine self-evidence of love within their soul of souls. "This is the will of my Father," says the Lover of Eternity, "that everyone that beholdeth the Son, and believeth in Him, should have eternal life." And the best treatment that death can expect from Eternal Life is a kind of past tense accommodation which says, after Eternal Life has made its own august uses of death, "*I was dead.*"

III

CONSIDER, FINALLY, THE CHRISTOCENTRIC KEY TO THE DOOR OF LIFE

"And here I am alive forever more, holding the keys that unlock death and Hades." Now, if cosmic beginnings and endings are unfathomable, if death is a profound mystery, a fact bigger and profounder than either is Life itself. Tremendously big words are these: Energy, Matter, Unity, Law. Yet, after all, is not Life a bigger, better, and more inclusive term than

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any or all of the others? If, as our age insists, it is really a living universe with which we have to do, no other conclusion is possible. And standing before the door of life with the Christocentric key in our hand, we have a twofold assurance.

The first is this: Life always has its own way. There may be indirection, circumlocution, countless windings in and out, but never fear! Life always wins. Nothing, it would seem, can ultimately keep life from realizing its own ends. Mortals may never fully know what those ends are; nevertheless, we seem to know enough of the behavior of Life to assert that Life gets its own way in and through the cosmos. Temporarily balked and baffled, Life may be; but permanently beaten, Life never is, nor can be. It somehow stems the tide of matter at every turn, through all its lengths and breadths and depths and heights. I saw a trolley car come to a standstill in the middle of a cross-street in one of our cities. Traffic was quickly blocked; trolley cars, automobiles, and human beings were all caught within the congestion. But only for a time; the human beings did not stand there paralyzed as if nothing could be done about it. As an immediate expedient, some fifty men got around the car and pushed it a short distance. Then another trolley was soon placed behind the dead car and the human power, necessarily inadequate, was no longer required. But the blocked thoroughfare was relieved; the flow of traffic went on again as if nothing had happened. Confessing that it is a crassly mechanical picture for

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suggesting the livingness, the vitality within the universe, it may serve to hint the fact that there seems to be, in view of what we know of the Creation, no reason for assuming that Life can be definitely blocked or stopped, because there is Something within Life that knows what it wants and knows how to get it. So much for the Big Fact of Life—bigger than Matter, Energy, Law, Unity, or anything else—within the cosmic order.

But in the higher realm of religion there is an equal assurance for the Soul. Important as cosmic order unquestionably is; alluring as the study of stars and electrons must ever be, the Soul is not asked to live and move and have its being in them—and for the very excellent reason that it cannot; it belongs in other and larger ranges of reality. Souls live *on*, *in*, and *by* the living God who, in Christ Jesus, was “dead” as mortals say, not knowing what they mean—and is alive forever more, holding the keys that unlock death and Hades.

Surely, one form of modern inadequacy, bandied about not only by certain philosophies but by articulate religious cults as well, is a kind of fanatical emphasis it places upon the impersonal. And it is all the more inadequate because, in supreme values, personal relations are the soul of the individual and of society. Life, at its best, says that I have the right to judge the universe and history in the light of the highest I know. No matter how far down in the scale of being the highest began to be, it is not the beginning but the ending

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that is important. "An idea is what it is on its own account here and now," says Bishop McConnell, in his philosophic post-mortem over Professor Barnes. "If we discover it to be false, it is interesting to see how it arose; and if we find it to be true, its origin is also interesting, but the origin does not tell us whether it is itself true or false."

Now the highest truth I know is God in Christ; no matter how it began or where, I think it is true "on its own account." For here is life transcendent, eternal, beyond all the forms of doom and death manifested in lower realms of being. The uplifted Christ lifts humanity to these high summits where God continually makes "Himself an awful rose of dawn." The fact that vast areas of individual, social, political, national, and international life are blind to the reality of God in Christ does not argue that they shall be permanently so. Gravity did not begin to operate with Newton's discovery. Stars not only were, but kept their orbits for a considerable time before Herschel was born. There must have been music in the universe before even the great Beethoven. So the fact that human beings do not practice the ethical and spiritual laws of God in Christ does not invalidate those laws; the time is coming when they shall be as self-evident as the laws of physics and astronomy. For He is the Lord of Life in every realm. Little by little, and with patience divine, God is moving in upon all godless circles to interpret them to themselves and to disclose the ends for which they exist. And those ends, at once near

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and far away, are revealed in words and meanings so vast, so rich, so various that ages upon ages shall not impoverish their inexhaustible content: "And this is life eternal, that they should know thee the only true God, and him whom thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." In the light of such truth, uttered by the truth Himself, it is well to let Tennyson ask and answer our own question:

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deep
and heights?

Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your bound-
less nights,

Rush of suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of
meteorites?

Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human
state,

Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone
is great,

Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener
of the Gate!

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If I Had Only One

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Sermon To Preach

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